THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

OCTOBER 16, 1948

10¢

Starting A New Serial—

A Wild Western

THE IMPUDENT RIFLE

BY DICK PEARCE

•

The Story Of

AMOS AND ANDY

BY JOHN CROSBY

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America loves these low-swung dreamlines!

THIS FLIGHT-STREAMED STUDEBAKER is so supercharged with eye appeal, it almost seems to swagger as it wheels up.

Sedan, coupe or convertible, there's a showpiece distinction to every new Studebaker. Everyone turns for a second look!

Studebaker owners get accustomed to attracting all this admiring attention before long. But they never stop talking about the deep-bedded, velvet-smooth luxury of the Studebaker ride.

It's a ride that's all the more marvelous because of this dream car's light-touch, sure-footed handling ease.

America's streets and highways are alive with far-advanced new Studebakers everywhere you go today, of course.

But stop in and look them over leisurely at a showroom. New Champion and Commander sedans, coupes and convertibles! A special new extra-long-wheelbase Land Cruiser!

STUDEBAKER

First in style...first in vision...first by far with a postwar car

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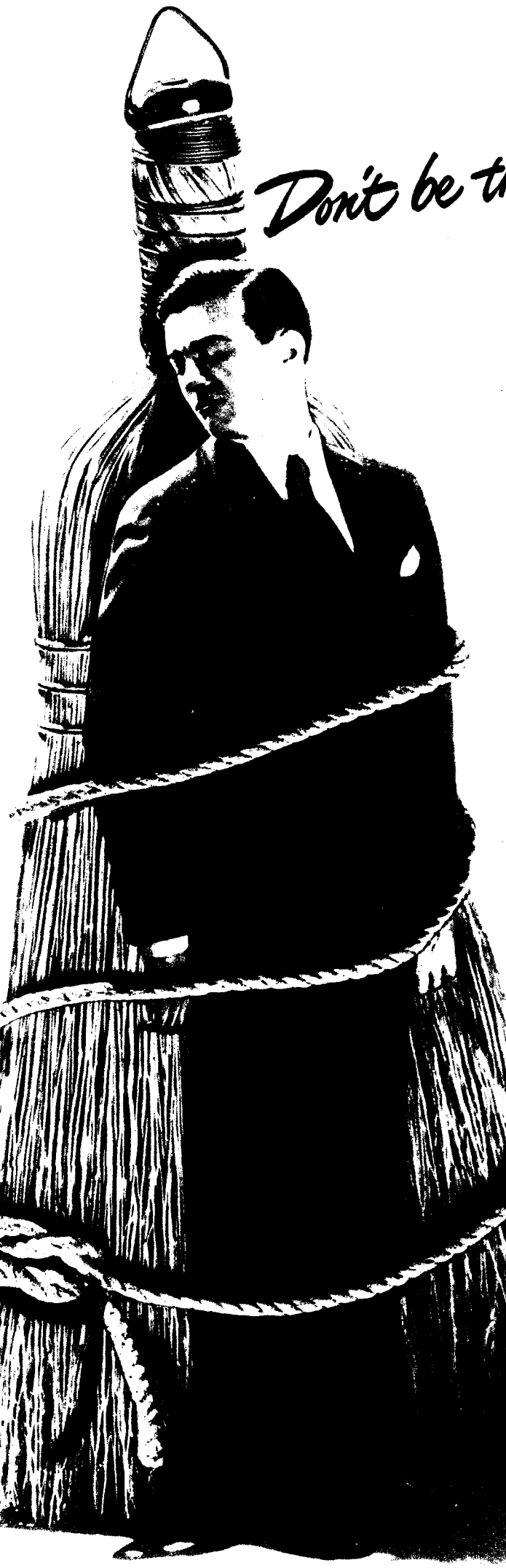

Don't be tied to your WHISK-BROOM!

IF YOU'RE using a whisk-broom to get after those embarrassing telltale flakes of the infectious type of dandruff you're fighting a losing battle.

There's a better way . . . a tested way . . . that has helped countless men back to better scalp health.

It's Listerine Antiseptic and massage used regularly. It treats infectious dandruff as an infection should be treated . . . with germ-killing action.

Flakes? Scales? Listerine Antiseptic Quick!

If you have the slightest evidence of this condition—flakes, scales, or germs—start with Listerine Antiseptic now! Douse it full strength on the scalp, and follow with persistent and vigorous fingertip massage.

As Listerine Antiseptic spreads over the scalp it kills literally millions of scalp germs, including the "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale), a causative agent of infectious dandruff in the opinion of many noted dermatologists.

Quick Results!

You will be delighted to see how quickly ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear, how readily itching is alleviated. Your scalp feels so clean, so cool, so healthy.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

Incidentally, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

Infectious Dandruff? LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC —*Quick!*

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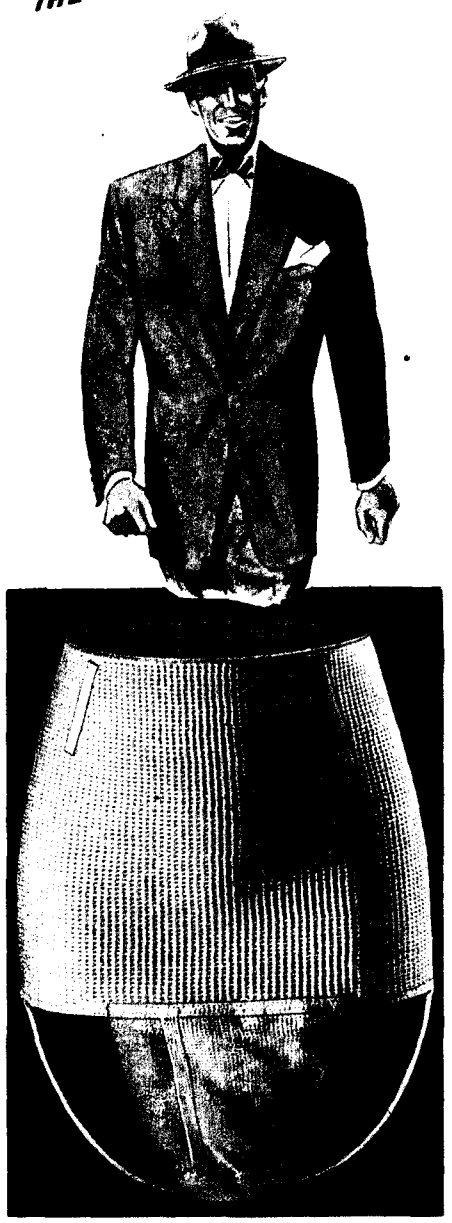
look trimmer, feel better, wear

"Bracer* Royal"

THE FINEST SUPPORTER BELT



HELP YOURSELF stand right, feel right, look right with "Bracer Royal"! It gently pulls your stomach in, your chest goes up, shoulders back. You feel and look years younger, clothes fit better. Many men say it gives real relief from fatigue.

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF, "Bracer Royal" offers you exclusive style and comfort features: full 2-way stretch all-elastic waistband—lightweight, cool, porous! Exclusive *tubular* elastic leg bands—no crease, no curl, no roll! Roomy, no-gape fly-front pouch is *self-adjusting*—perfect for all-day wear!

Ask at your department, men's wear, drug or surgical store for *the finest garment of its kind!* "Bracer Royal"... $5.00

"BRACER*"—a popular priced garment with many of the same features $3.50

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BAUER & BLACK

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The Week's Mail

KANSAS KICKS BACK

DEAR EDITOR: The disgusting article by Collie Small (Kansas Staggers to the Polls, Aug. 28th), in which he casts slurs at th noble state of Kansas, can only be designated as very Small indeed. Kansas has some dirty bootleggers, also some dirty thieves, but to insinuate that the entire population is affiliated with either class shows a small mind indeed. Kansas sets an example that might well be followed by other states.

J. E. SWITZER, Webb City, Mo.

. . . Your article was an insult to the people of this state. However, after realizing that it came from a New Deal source, it means little after all. Your magazine has always been dripping wet, and I find that this author is well named, and is probably quite a drip in his own right. I would advise him to go west of St. Louis sometime and see how the people vote.

A. R. JEFFERSON, Coolidge, Kan.

. . . I have visited in a number of states that are "wet"—the liquor stores always give me a creepy feeling, and I am glad to get back to Kansas, where, at least, liquor cannot be found in the drugstores and grocery stores.

No, of course I do not drink, and I will not be "staggering" to the polls this fall when I vote "NO" to the bill to make Kansas a "wet" state.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging."

MRS. J. R. RICHTER, Manhattan, Kan.

. . . I have lived in Kansas for over sixty years. I vote at every primary and regular election and I have never seen anyone drunk or even slightly

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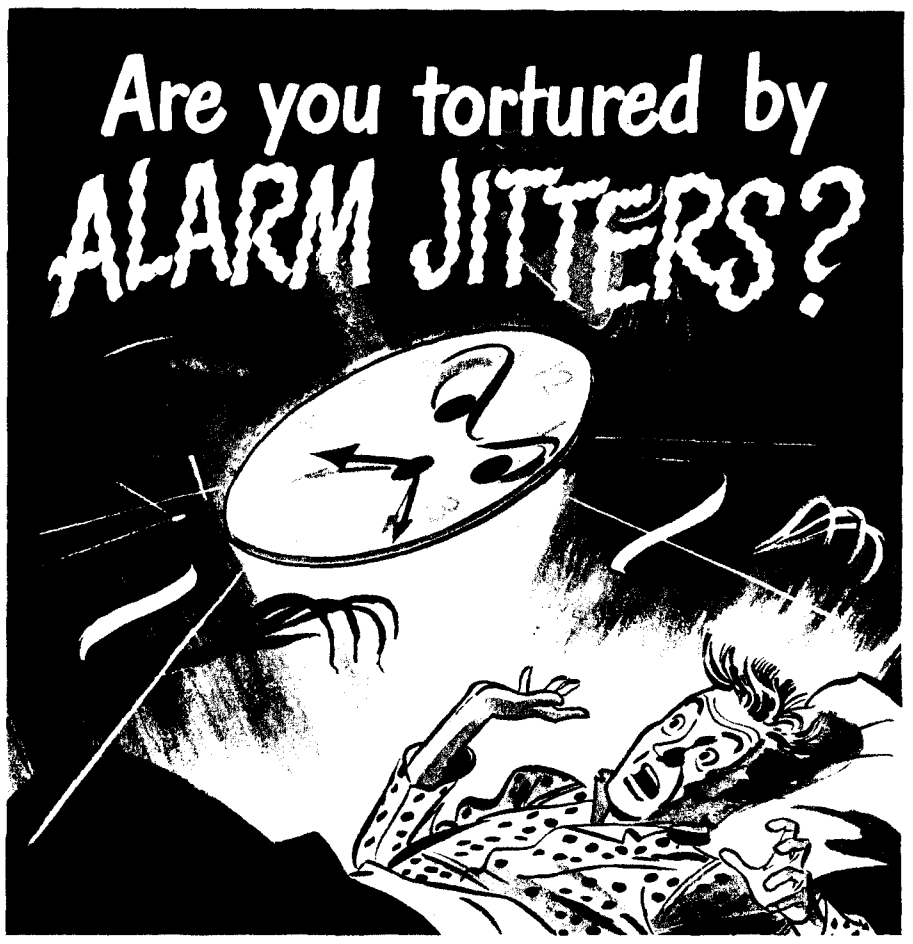

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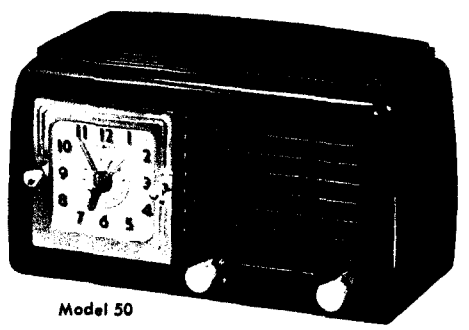
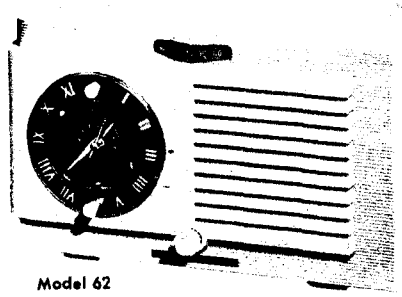


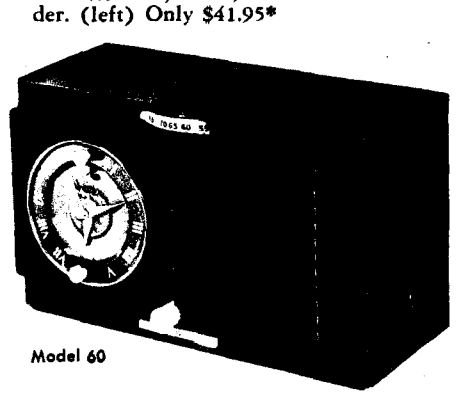
Model 50

RISE AND SHINE! Model 50 remembers to wake you up by turning on the radio automatically. Use it all day long as a table radio, as a dependable G-E Electric Clock. Gem-like rosewood plastic cabinet. (right) Only $24.95*

IT'S ALWAYS "GOOD MORNING!" Model 62 in gleaming ivory plastic is a powerful superheterodyne radio and an accurate G-E electric clock. A three-in-one value...clock, radio, electronic reminder. (left) Only $41.95*



Model 62



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WAKE UP TO MUSIC and you'll wonder how you ever lived without it. Model 60 is identical with Model 62 above, except for the cabinet which is rosewood plastic. (right) Only $39.95*

**Western prices slightly higher. Prices subject to change without notice.*

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-G10C

intoxicated, either at or going to the polls.

It is very unusual to see anyone drunk in Kansas. Kansans vote for prohibition because they believe in it and care too much for children to give them a wet state to live in. ETHEL ADAMS, Parsons, Kan.

. . . Yes, I know dry laws are violated, so are Kansas laws against thievery and murder. Why don't you poke fun at these two also? E. A. DETRICK, Caldwell, Kan.

. . . What I can't understand is why the liquor people want liquor legalized in dry states if there's more liquor consumed in those states than would be if they were wet.
MRS. W. P. CHAMBERS, Lena, Miss.

. . . There is bootlegging in Kansas, yes, but in the 24 years I've lived in Kansas I never saw the bad effects of liquor that I saw in each day of two years I spent in neighboring wet Missouri!
VENA LOVETT, Pittsburg, Kan.

. . . Kansas Staggers to the Polls only puts it mildly. Why don't our stupid Kansas population get hep and let the state be wet, collect taxes and do a lot of much-needed improvement on roads, schools and teachers' wages? · LOIS W. HALL, Wichita, Kan.

OFF OUR TROLLEY

SIRS: I am afraid you bought a phony when you paid $10 for the alleged fact that, circa 1915, it was possible to travel by trolley car from New York to Chicago, with 976 changes. (Keep Up With the World, Aug. 21st.)

First, there was a gap in the vicinity of Little Falls, N. Y., which was never bridged by trolley. Second, the number of changes is ridiculous, involving as it does an average ride per car of a little over a mile, whereas many of the interurbans in the territory between New York and Chicago provided rides 50 to more than 100 miles in length without change of cars.
CHARLES H. BRADY, Jersey City, N. J.

TAUNTIN' TAUNTON

DEAR SIRS: "There Goes Rusty!" (Aug. 21st) mentions the Taunton Dog Track. The leading sentence says, "Taunton is a good name for this Massachusetts track." Though grammatically correct, the sentence seems to hang there meaningless. It makes no sense to me or to anyone I've talked to. Is there some hidden meaning?
ROBERT HALE BRIGGS, Taunton, Mass.

The pun is the lowest form of wit; it should disappear like the jack does not placed on the rabbit. Jack rabbit—get it?

HOT-SHOT ONE SHOT

DEAR SIR: Just finished Pot Shots by One Shot Ross (Aug. 21st). That guy is good for plenty of belly laughs. I wonder how much of that yarn is fact and how much fiction. But fact or fiction it's a swell piece of characterization. Hope One Shot and the author, Santoro, can get together long enough to give us more pot shots.

Judging the "old rebel" by his picture, I bet he's got a million of 'em.
FRED G. KIMBALL, Lafayette, Cal.

Good articles are stranger than fiction; good fiction is stranger than truth. Editorial comment like this is just strange.

NO, NO, IKE!

WALTER DAVENPORT, EDITOR: After careful reading of article, Why Ike Said No, by Marquis W. Childs (Aug. 28th), I am very definitely come to the conclusion that Eisenhower was not the man for the Presidency. Had he held an inviolable conviction, he would not have quibbled in his own mind as to whether his candidacy would have affected this or that party, or this or that consideration. He would have single-mindedly held bedrock to a conviction.

Eisenhower like all the rest is not a big man. There are no big men on the horizon —because no man is God-inspired.
DAVID OKANOFF, Chicago, Ill.

We thought Eisenhower had a bedrock conviction: He didn't want to be President. He's big enough for us.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS

THE EDITOR: In the article, Is Your Child in a Classroom Crisis? by Hoyt and Alice Barnett (Sept. 4th), there is an error. The child could not have an intelligence quotient well above 100 and a mental age less than his chronological age! If the I.Q. is above 100, the mental age must be *greater* than the chronological age (not less). When the mental age falls below the chronological, the I.Q. is less than 100. There are no exceptions. (Consult Lewis B. Terman *Measurement of Intelligence.)* MRS. ROBERT D. METCALFE, Worcester, Mass.

Reader Metcalfe is undoubtedly right—but feeling over 100 and being chronologically half that, with a mental age of 3.1416—we don't follow her.

ORIGINAL CHEQUERS

DEAR SIR: I read with interest the article Traveling Companion (July 17th). A claim is made that Mr. James C. Fargo invented the travelers cheque "in a spell of sheer rage" after a trip to Europe in 1891. It may be correct that in that year Mr. Fargo originated the American Express Travelers Cheque, but by that year travelers cheques issued by Thos. Cook & Son had enjoyed world-wide circulation for 17 years.

Cook's Travelers Cheques were first issued in 1874—when they were known as circular notes—and by the year 1891 were already known and accepted in every corner of the world where travelers visited.
STANLEY WEEDON, Thos. Cook & Son (Bankers) Ltd., New York, N. Y.

DRIBBLER

DEAR EDITOR: When reading Collier's dated July 24th, I came upon page 46 which made me dribble at the mouth. Here in England where we get ¼-lb. of sweets a month (and I have a very sweet tooth), the page of candymakers makes me want to lick the page. JANET SCARR (Age 13), Yorkshire, England

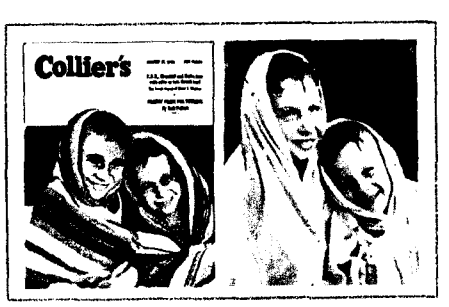
SMALL FRY

DEAR SIRS: When Mr. Richard P. Harmel says in Good News for Little Women (Sept. 4th) there are plenty of size-seven dresses around he must be dreaming.

When I meet my husband at the door, I meet him in a size-ten, not size-seven which I wear. I can find good dresses in my size but evidently women who weigh under 100 and are 5 feet tall don't marry and have children. I wear children's cotton school dresses which make me look six instead of twenty-six. They don't even carry my size in my bailiwick. "QUARTER-PINT," Eola, Ill.

COVER BOYS

GENTLEMEN: I am enclosing a picture of my two boys, Robert, ten, and Richard, five. How do you think they compare with the boys on your August 21st cover? Several of our friends thought it was a picture of our boys.
MRS. ROBERT MOFFETT, Jamestown, N. Y.



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IN CASE OF EMERGENCY...

EMERGENCIES call for immediate action. Good wishes help, but often more realistic assistance is necessary.

One out of every five HFC loans pays medical expenses. Borrowing is frequently the only way to meet a money emergency caused by accident or illness. Household Finance Corporation offers a cash lending service to answer emergency money needs of individuals and families in the United States and Canada.

This money has *great* value. It pays the doctor, the hospital, the dentist. It pays overdue bills, repair bills, unexpected expenses. Penny by penny, dollar by dollar it helps to keep the family "a going concern." It is repaid conveniently, out of income, in small instalments.

There are 445 branch offices of the Household Finance companies. These offices are currently making loans which total about $300,000,000 a year. Yet, every person faced with a money emergency receives the same helpful attention, whether he needs $20, $100, $200 or the maximum amount offered.

We have to *earn* the recommendations of our customers and the resulting new business. In many cases, borrowing is unnecessary and our office managers then suggest some other practical remedy for the money emergency.

Cash lending is only the first step in Household's service to society. Part of this service is the educational program of HFC's Research Department.

This 17 year old development helps families reorganize financially so that money emergencies are less likely to occur.

We invite your interest in our consumer education activity. Write today, without obligation for your *free* copy of "Money Management—The Clothing Dollar," a Household Finance booklet to help you plan your wardrobe and economize on clothing.

Address: Research Department, Household Finance Corporation, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. For nearest branch office, see your 'phone book.

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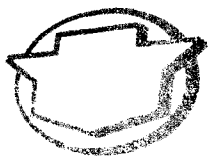
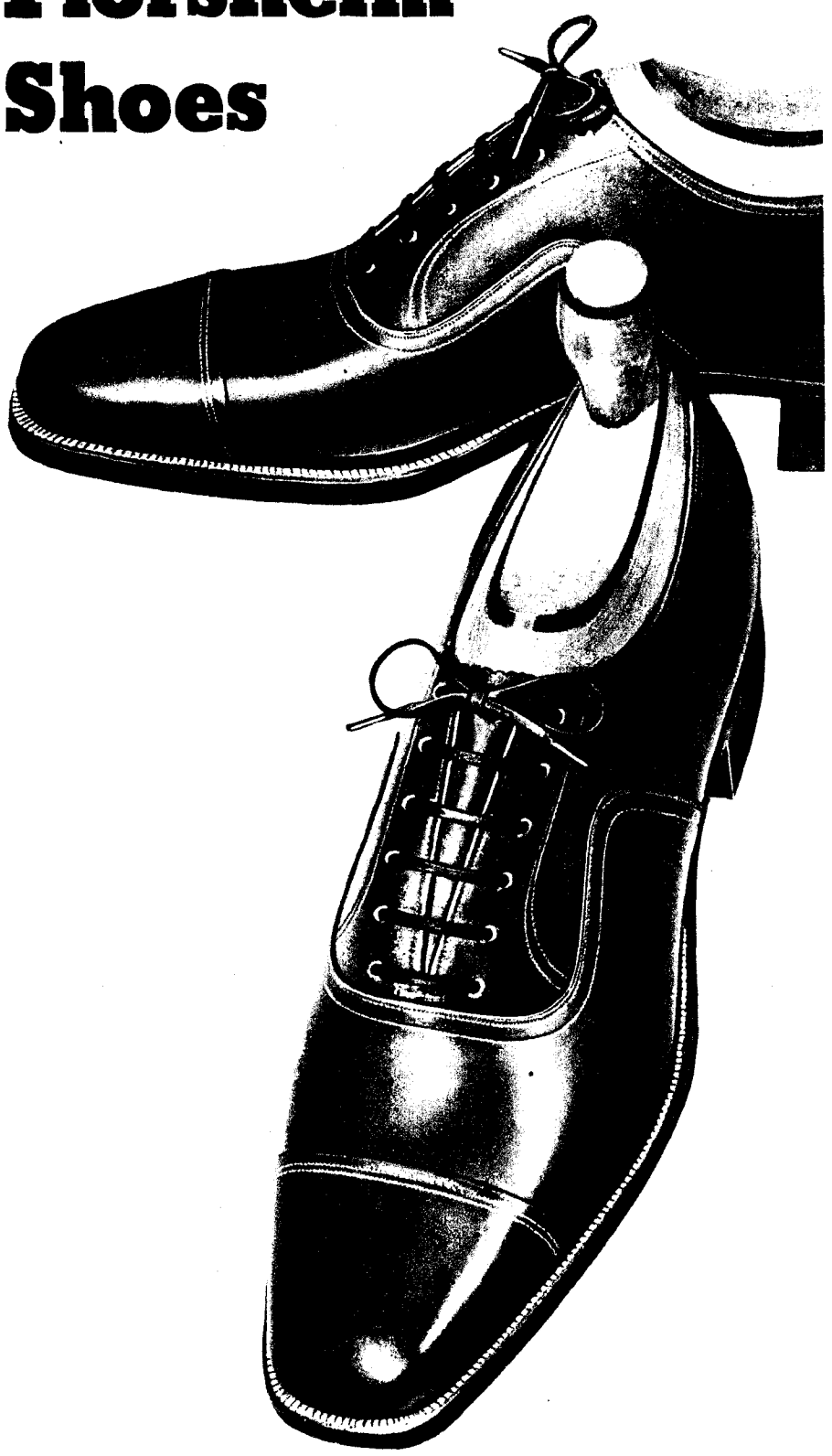


Season after season, year after year men come back again for another pair of Florsheim Shoes—for their style, fit, and satisfaction—and for the famed economy of Florsheim longer wear. By earning, and holding this confidence, through over half a century, the makers of Florsheim Shoes have won leadership in the quality shoe field.

Florsheim Shoes



The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

IN NEW YORK in the spring of 1927, Lillian Alling, a young servant girl, became very homesick and decided to return to her family in Russia, although it meant she would have to walk the 12,000 miles because she had saved only $100 and would not accept lifts from strangers. Equipped with maps, a knapsack and an iron rod for protection, the frail girl passed through Chicago, Winnipeg, British Columbia, the Yukon and Alaska, arriving in Nome, the halfway mark of her epic journey, in July, 1929. Not only had Lillian endured untold hardships, but she had lost her dog. After having been her pet and companion for a year, the little fellow had died back in the Yukon and she, unable to part with him, had stuffed his skin, with the aid of a trapper and was carrying the "body" with her in a cart. Soon after leaving Nome, she was seen approaching Cape Prince of Wales and that was the last time anyone on this continent is known to have seen or heard of her. She had apparently reached the Cape, as she had planned, obtained a boat and rowed across the 36 miles of Bering Strait to Siberia.

THE RAREST OF all lunar phenomena was a February without a full moon while the preceding January and the following March had two full moons each. This sequence occurred in 1866 and is not expected to happen again for some 2,500,000 years. *By Cecelia Russell, Washington, D.C.*

THE HINDUS ARE the world's greatest worshipers of gods and goddesses, having 330,000,000, which is equivalent to eight for every one of the 41,000,000 Hindu families.

LIKE A DREAM that seems to extend over hours but actually lasts a fraction of a second, hypnosis distorts the time sense and accelerates certain functions of the brain to an incredible degree. For example, in a recent experiment made on three persons, each was hypnotized and told that, between signals to start and stop, he was to see a field filled with specific objects and to count their number, soldiers by the first individual, cows by the second and cotton bolls by the third. Although the time between the signals was only three seconds, these persons counted respectively 112 soldiers, 137 cows and 862 cotton bolls.

OF THE MANY crimps who shanghaied sailors on the San Francisco water front in the 1870s, the toughest and most successful was Shanghai Kelly who, for this purpose, operated a notorious saloon built out over tidewater. During the saloon's existence, some 10,000 victims were enticed there, drugged or blackjacked and dropped through trap doors into rowboats beneath the building. Once, when called upon to supply 30 men immediately to each of three ships anchored outside the Golden Gate, Kelly rented an old steamboat and invited the gentlemen of the Barbary Coast to be his guests on a glorious picnic. After the required 90 suckers had come aboard, he cast off, opened his barrels of doped liquor and, within a few hours, had filled his orders for three unconscious crews, a feat unparalleled in the history of crimping.

DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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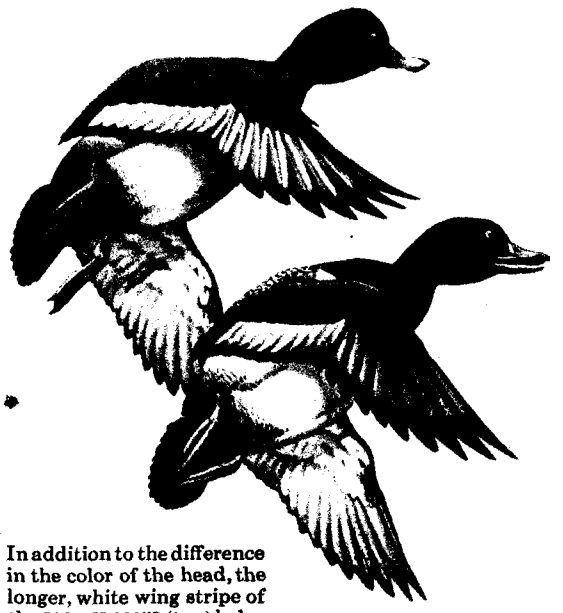
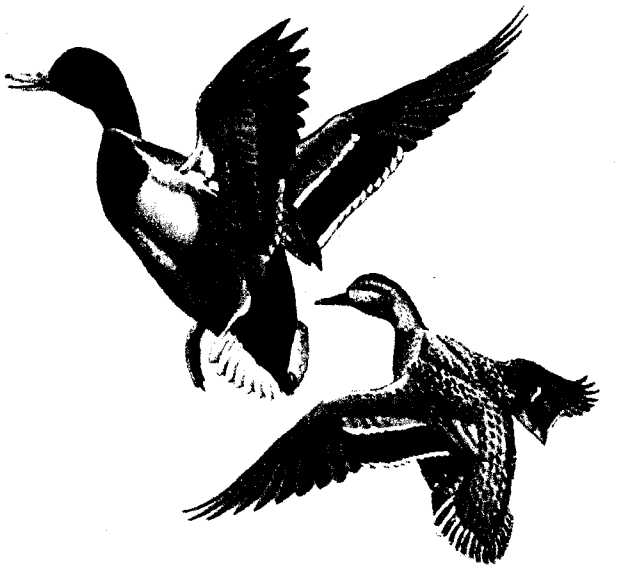


In addition to the difference in the color of the head, the longer, white wing stripe of the **GREATER SCAUP** (top) helps you to distinguish it from the **LESSER SCAUP.**

When you go after ducks

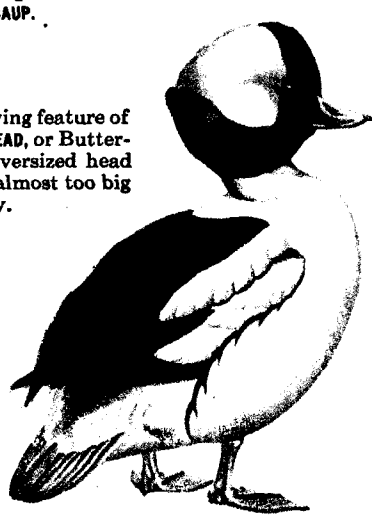
THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE

identify these quackers

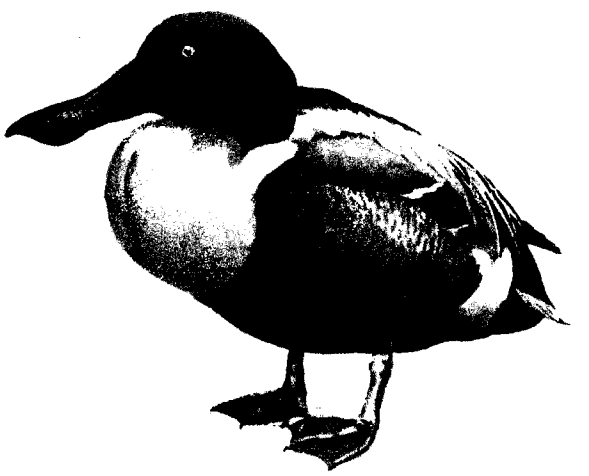


A green head and a white collar identify the **MALLARD** drake. At right is shown the female Mallard, which, like most female ducks, is less strikingly colored than the male, or drake.

The identifying feature of the **BUFFLE-HEAD,** or Butterball, is an oversized head that seems almost too big for his body.

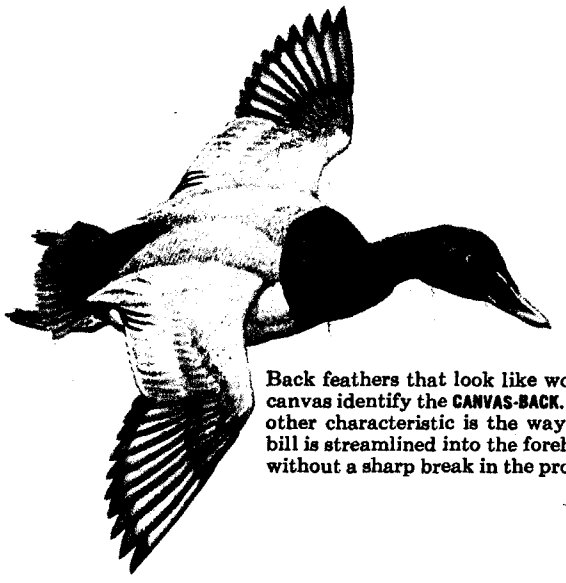


The **PINTAIL** or Sprig-tail is marked by greatly elongated and pointed tail feathers.



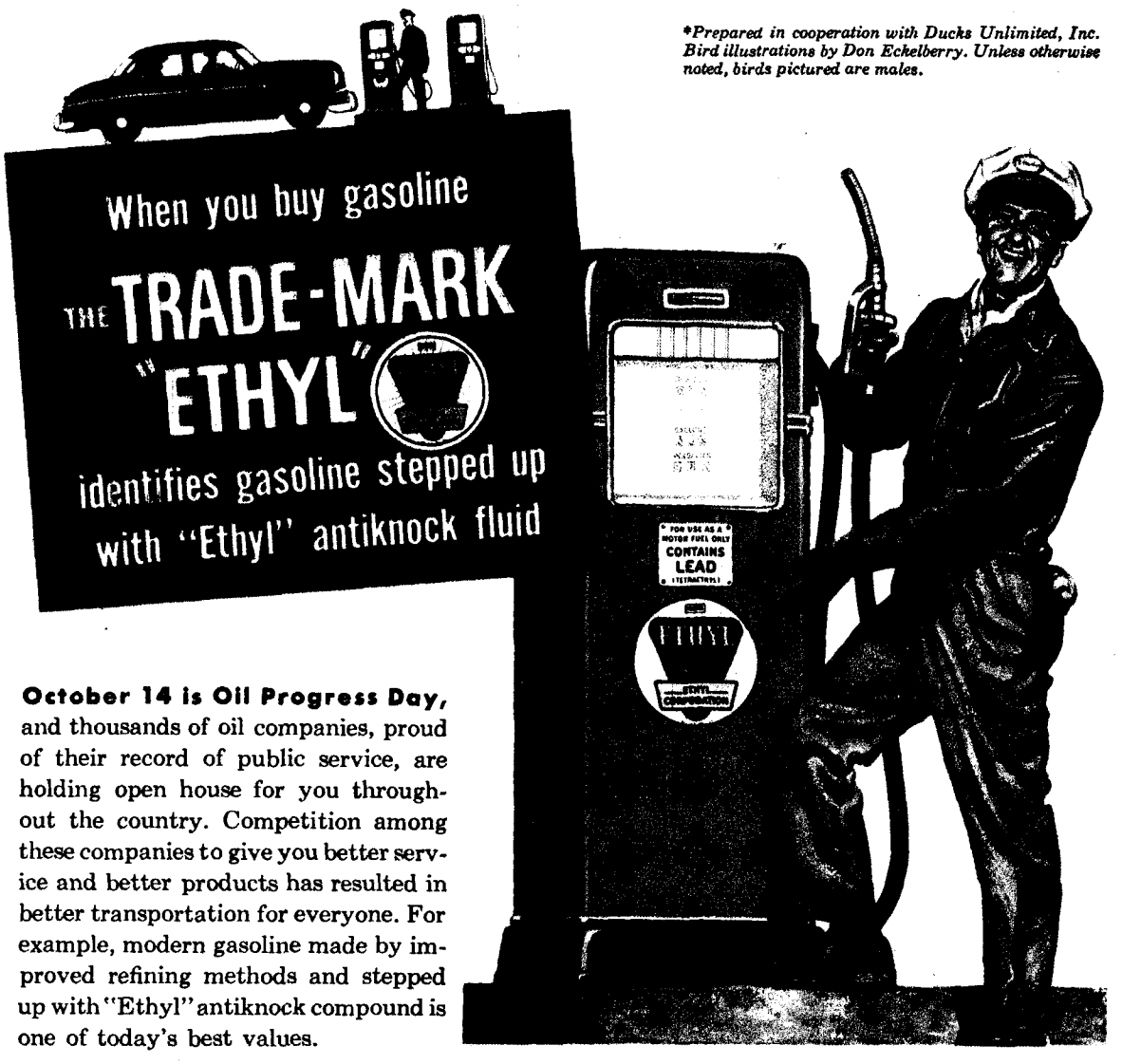
A large spoon-shaped bill identifies the **SHOVELLER** duck.

**Prepared in cooperation with Ducks Unlimited, Inc. Bird illustrations by Don Eckelberry. Unless otherwise noted, birds pictured are males.*



Back feathers that look like woven canvas identify the **CANVAS-BACK.** Another characteristic is the way the bill is streamlined into the forehead without a sharp break in the profile.

You can easily recognize the fish-eating **MERGANSER,** or Sheldrake, by his slender cylindrical bill.



October 14 is Oil Progress Day, and thousands of oil companies, proud of their record of public service, are holding open house for you throughout the country. Competition among these companies to give you better service and better products has resulted in better transportation for everyone. For example, modern gasoline made by improved refining methods and stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock compound is one of today's best values.

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Working Out with Sid Luckman

"Mr. Quarterback" Luckman—Star of Chicago Bears. Memorizes 250 plays by reciting nonsense rhymes to himself. Sid's gridiron workouts pay off in touchdowns... his **Vitalis** "60-Second Workouts" gain him handsomer, healthier-looking hair.

"I keep my hair in training with the **Vitalis** '60-Second Workout!'" says Sid Luckman. Train *your* hair, stimulate *your* scalp as so many headliners do. Start working out with **Vitalis** today.

Product of Bristol-Myers

Use the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

for handsomer, healthier-looking hair

Feel that stimulating **Vitalis** tingle—
So refreshing to your scalp!
And massaging with **Vitalis** routs loose dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.

Now *there* is hair that is handsome and then some! Looks *naturally* well-groomed. No greasy "patent-leather" shine—**Vitalis** contains no mineral oil. Only pure vegetable oil that prevents dryness, trains hair to stay put.

P. S. *Your barber is an expert.* He knows how to keep your hair handsome, stimulate your scalp. Ask him about Vitalis and the individual, sanitary Sealtube application. *Vitalis and Sealtube are Bristol-Myers trade marks*

The Week's Work

This week's cover: Sight Unseen! Mr. W. E. Harper is pointing out the wonders of the Pacific to young Peter Alling, a neighbor at Laguna Beach, California, where the picture was shot by Kenneth McCombs. Mr. Harper is retired and lives alone at the glamor beach

Flight to a Star. . . .

Ernest K. Gann, who garners this week's $1,000 Star Story Award for A Nice New Pair of Wings (p. 18) is a thirty-eight-year-old Lincoln, Nebraskan, educated at Culver Military Academy and Baker's '47 Yale Workshop. Mr. Gann's been writing ever since kidhood, and although he has a couple of best-selling novels to his credit—remember Island in the Sky and Blaze of Noon?—he shrinks from being dubbed a capital-W Writer. "I hold a theory: Live the thing first, then put it down," he says. "I know it's copybook stuff, but I actually use it, and it's certainly paid off."

When he hasn't been working from dawn to dawn, Mr. Gann has traveled extensively. "I am officially a 2,000,000-miler in aircraft alone. As a result I now hate travel of any sort passionately. Because I have to move around, I drive a jeep. Otherwise I hate cars, too."

Short and stocky, Mr. Gann has been told he looks like a first mate on a tanker, with a voice resembling a bullfrog with influenza. He's played polo for some years, sails his own schooner in two oceans, holds a pilot's license, and paints and draws well enough to realize he's a frustrated artist. He plays the concertina with what he terms dubious talent; has a full-dress suit hauled out only for weddings, christenings and funerals.

Mr. Gann smokes—and sometimes drinks—Bull Durham, and blackstrap Jamaica rum only. "My real friends keep a vacuum cleaner handy for use after my departure," he explains, "while my wiser ones keep a bottle of blackstrap on hand for my use and avoid drinking it themselves."

"Actually most of the material in the article came to me the way most things seem to in my life. I know Gillet Ketchum, learning-problem expert at the Pennsylvania Institute. A couple of casual anecdotes about his work, and it seemed clear it was something everyone who reads Collier's, including me, ought to know more about. . . . Hannah Lees."

Question Hoarder. . . .

After Ray Josephs, crack authority on Latin America, published his best-selling Argentine Diary in '44, he started on a lecture tour which covered 225 cities. After each lecture came the question period, and Mr. Josephs—we're informed—would shrewdly keep a record of every question.

Using the questions, Josephs recently put out another book, Latin America—Continent in Crisis. He also used the same questions in pinning down Haya de la Torre, subject of his fine article Uncle Sam's Latin Salesman (p. 62).

On one interview alone, Josephs started at noon, kept firing questions until midnight, typing the answers like mad on a portable all the while. He spent five weeks more dashing up and down the Andes for more material.

POWELL

Ham Fisher (right) dedicates fresh-carved statue of Joe Palooka (see p. 28) on lawn of the courthouse at Bedford, Ind.

Upside-Down Land. . . .

"Dear Ted Shane: I'll bet you're hoping to hear that my son can't read and my daughter can't do arithmetic except upside down and that's how I happened to write Bright Kids Can Fail (p. 58). My son, as a matter of fact, does read upside down most of the time, but it's less a psychological than a posture problem. I'm afraid both Sandy, eleven, and Nanny, ten, hand us their hostility straight, i.e., 'Do you *have* to be a writer, Mom?' 'Gee, Mom, that hat looks like something in the funny papers!' As a result, they read and write just fine.

A War Idyl. . . .

"I am thirty—of average height, weight and intellect—and I should like to become even more average by getting married and siring two and two-thirds children," reports the author of A Man for Dalphine (p. 38), James J. Simonds. "I graduated from Lafayette in '39, with the delicate shell-like beauty of my ears undamaged by two years of varsity wrestling.

"As for how A Man for Dalphine was written, I was turning an idea over in my mind, slowly, so as not to burn it—I couldn't seem to get it down on paper—when I started thinking of the time I'd spent in Aberporth during the war. I knew a girl there and I'd about decided to write her a letter, when past my window stalked the biggest, most dictatorial-looking cop I'd ever seen, I began wondering what would happen if he were the girl's father and intercepted the letter," concludes Mr. Simonds. "And that's the only truth in the story. The rest is all lies." . . . TED SHANE

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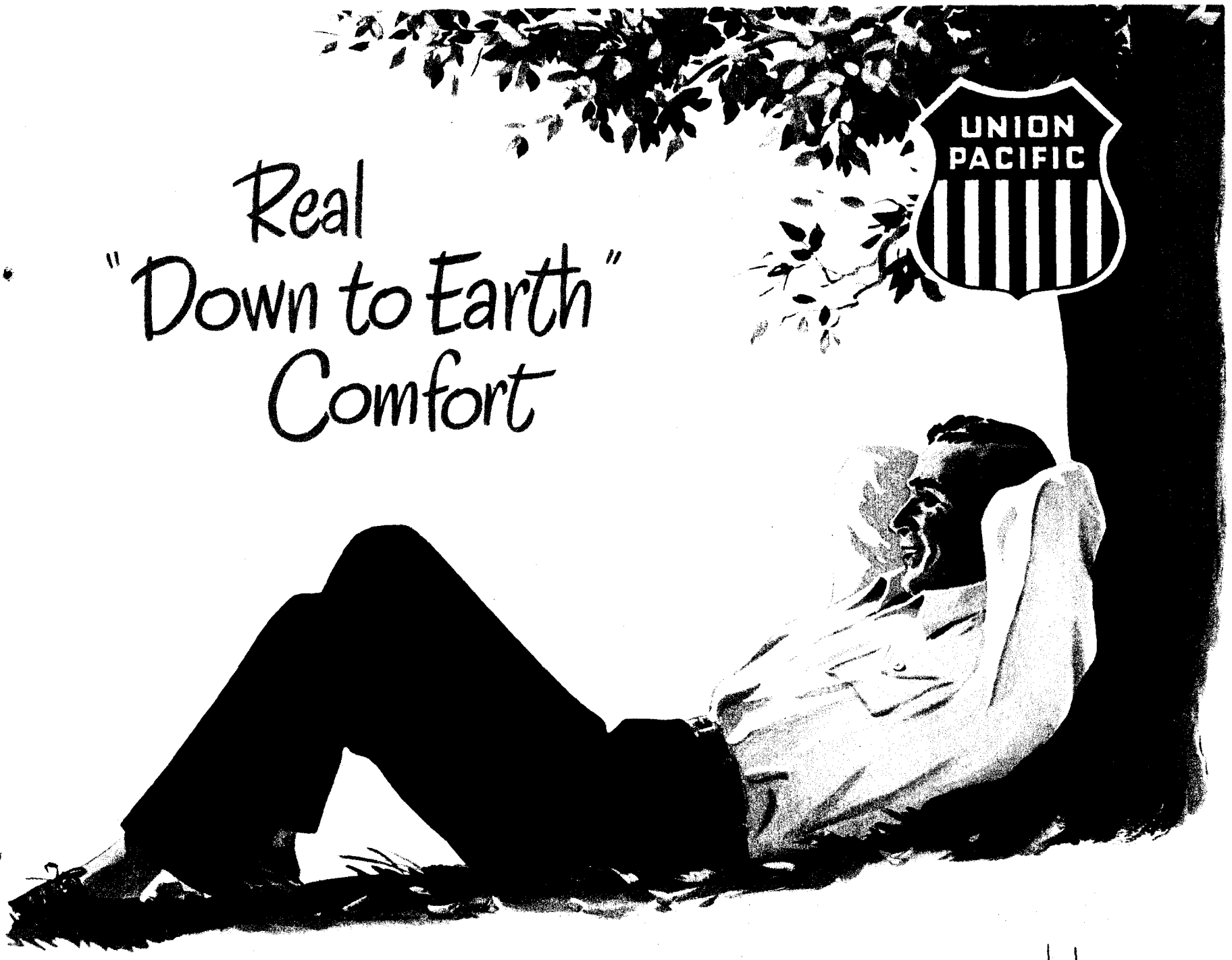

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And, to top it off, there are tasty Dining Car meals that quicken the appetite . . . congenial moments in an attractive Club Car and—for family groups—helpful Stewardess service. All these advantages are yours when traveling on one of Union Pacific's famous—

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 122, NO. 16 OCTOBER 16, 1948

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The Impudent Rifle

Beginning a romantic new serial of the American frontier by the author of Sweet Water. It is the story of a fighting man who earned the love of two good women—and the fear and hatred of a very respectable number of evil and dangerous men

By DICK PEARCE

PART 1 OF A SIX-PART SERIAL

THE riverman reached for his pole, and called forward to Royall, "That's her. Get ready, Lootenent." Royall lifted his shako from the open trunk, blew gently at a speck on its white lace trim, and jammed it on his head.

"I'm ready," he said. He closed and locked the trunk, swaying as the flatboat tilted to the riverman's vigorous poling. Then he jumped with a light step to the top of the trunk, facing upriver, rolling his shoulders to settle the coat to them and setting the visor of the shako straight above his eyebrows. The steamboat rode into full view through the morning mists. It wallowed slowly down upon them, emitting raucous groans, gathering slight speed as it followed the half-clear water of the Ohio into the yellow current of the Mississippi.

Royall scanned it eagerly, feeling the quick rise of excitement. The sweet ache of imprisoned energy, stored up by these spring days spent aboard the smaller, cramped, flat-bottomed craft, ran all through him. He wanted to walk, to run, to leap. He could do none of these things. So he danced three steps of a fast little jig, whooped at a sedate heron overhead, then leapfrogged the low shanty roof to the stern.

The riverman spoke without turning his head, "That's the Rachel all right. She'll go all the way. Sure you want to try?"

"Sure," Royall said.

"It's your funeral," said the riverman. The current was reaching for the ark now, and he tugged in his pole and slouched back. He glanced at Royall, and his mouth opened in astonishment.

Then his eyes went over Royall item by item, beginning at the lace trim of the shako, dropping to the bright silver epaulets, the snow-white facing of the long coat with its white bone buttons, the blue and buff pantaloons and the polished black boots. The whole was a recognizable uniform. It was not, however, a customary one. A uniform is supposed to shine, but with a kind of correct dullness. This one gleamed. It sang of the richness of its

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN

"Did Sean tell you he is going with us?" Royall asked. He expected to see confusion in her face. Instead she flashed back, "That's none of your business"

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fabrics. It proclaimed the perfection of its tailoring. It boasted of the jauntiness of the man it adorned.

Royall accepted the scrutiny without embarrassment, grinning too. He saw and understood the pleased anticipation that spread across the boatman's face. For Royall was fully aware that he was a spectacle, a rare bird of plumage that would be the target of every challenging eye on the frontier. He intended it so, and could not for the life of himself do otherwise.

"You shouldn't 'a' put on that rig," said the riverman.

"Regulations," Royall said. "I'm about to enter a public conveyance."

"Maybe you are and maybe you ain't. You don't know river captains. Anyway, you shouldn't 'a' done it."

Royall laughed. The uniform felt good. Always, when he put it on after a lapse of days, it gave him this particular feeling. It was as though he had put on something inside of himself, too, something that gave him a new measure of confidence. He rolled his shoulders again, watching the steamboat bear down toward them.

"How do I do it?" he asked.

"Start hailin' him when he gits in yellin' distance. Yell yer head off."

"He'll stop. You watch." Royall clambered forward to the stack of his possessions. There were three large trunks, new, iron-ribbed, bound in tan leather. There was a small, well-worn saddle portmanteau. Next to it was his cartridge box. Over it, carefully propped and wrapped in old nankeen against the river damp, rested his rifle.

He jumped again to the top of the trunk. The steamboat was near enough now to come alive with sound. He could hear the clank of the big side paddles, the coughing of her 'scape pipes and, more faintly, the singsong of a leadsman. The indifferent faces of the few passengers at the larboard rails assumed their individual shapes.

Cupping his hands he shouted, "Ahoy!" The word sounded absurd in his own ears and he followed it quickly with, "Captain of the Rachel!"

A passenger at the saloon-deck rail raised a hand as if in casual greeting. There was no other sign that he had been heard. He searched for some figure that he might recognize as the captain or the mate, or even the purser. None was visible except the pilot, sitting high above the decks in his little glass house.

Royall waved his arms and cupped his hands again. "I want to come abooaard!"

THE pilot gave him one bland, condescending stare, then returned his eyes to the river. Royall saw the man pull comfortably at a cigar, then roll it with his tongue and lips to the other side of his mouth. He wore a high-crowned white beaver. Just behind him a metallic water pitcher picked up a gleam from the sun.

Royall yelled again and again as the steamboat came serenely on. In a few seconds it would be abreast.

"I tole you, Lootenent," said the riverman.

"Steer in closer," Royall demanded.

"Cain't. He's jealous of his paddle boxes. If I git any closer he'll chunk firewood at us."

Aft on the main deck a crowded jumble of humanity and cargo came into view—men and women in the strange garb of Rhinelander immigrants, children playing, whole families stretched on quilt pallets, a red rooster pushing its head through a crate on top of a hogshead. A small boy pointed at Royall, and instantly all the children were staring at him. More faces appeared at the saloon-deck rail, and a man shouted something at him and laughed.

"Damn you, Captain, stop that thing!"

"No use gittin' mad, Lootenent. I tole you."

Royall did not hear. He was consumed suddenly with a headlong purpose, and the object of his purpose was the man high in the pilothouse. That man sat up there so disdainfully, proclaiming by his every glance and gesture that he saw and knew things not given to contemptible creatures below. He asserted by his manner that he was unapproachable, arrogantly claiming the whole wide river as his own by special right.

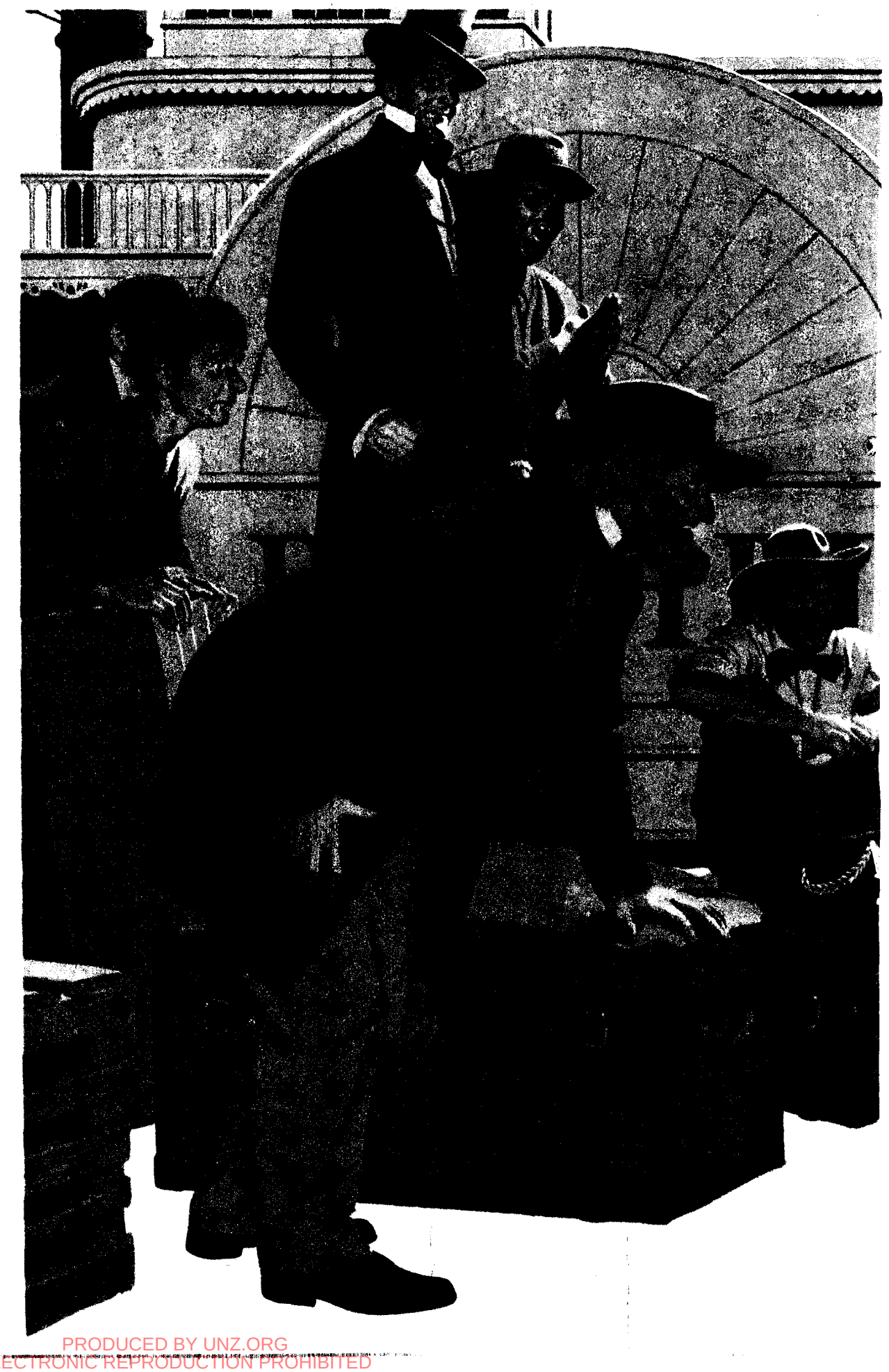
Dropping to one knee, Royall stretched a hand down and brought his rifle to him. Thin, resisting cord held the nankeen sheathing snug about its barrel. He jerked at them with a fierce impatience. Already the big boat was past him, the man in that lofty perch floating sedately away from him. His paper cartridges were wrapped in an oiled packet against the river dampness, and that too resisted his fingers. He stopped suddenly. This would not do. Load by command. Get the rhythm. "Handle your cartridges!" "Prime!" "Shut your pans!" "Charge with cartridge!" He thought the familiar words, and instantly his hands flew into economical motion.

"Here now, young feller." The riverman's voice was startled.

Royall swung the rifle high and then steadily down until he found his target, firing in the moment before the riverman could put the clumsy ark hard over. He saw the bright blob of the metal pitcher lift and spin away. He saw the pilot turn to stare down at him in astonished slow motion, then drop from sight with the jerkiness of fright. He heard the riverman say, "Now you've done it for fair," and then he saw passengers running at the rail and heard the steamboat's bell clang peremptorily.

But mostly he heard the roar of the rifle, booming on and on in a stillness that was vast and deep and yet entirely in his own head. The distant Missouri shore, the steamboat with its paddles now threshing in reverse, the little boat beneath his feet—all these receded from the window of his mind and were momentarily gone. There was only the echo of the shot moving farther and farther away like distant thunder.

At length it too was gone, and only the lonely stillness inside him remained as he acknowledged that he had committed once again a rash and impetuous act. No, not impetuous. Through every motion of that heedless shot he had known what he was doing and what the probable consequence



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would be. There had been no blindness of anger in it. Yet he had not been able to stop himself.

The boatman's voice reached to him. "Runnin's no good now. Just look at 'em."

Three men with rifles emerged from somewhere onto the main deck and ran aft, stumbling through the deck cargo and the frightened Rhinelanders. A stubby man in a brass-buttoned coat ran behind them, waving a pistol aloft in his fist and yelling commands. The big paddles churned against the current, and the steamboat lost all headway.

"Fer Heaven's sake," pleaded the riverman, "throw that gun down 'fore they shoot!" He steered directly toward the steamboat, holding the steering oar with one arm and raising the other above his head in token of submission.

Still on his knees, Royall stretched forth and returned the rifle to its cradle over the portmanteau. He made it an act of deliberation, fighting the need to look up at the pointed rifles. Then he rose and stood with feet wide apart upon the trunk, facing the steamboat, his eyes bright, his smile fixed and impudent. This could mean serious trouble. A familiar sense of pleasure moved through him as his mind raced ahead, examining and deciding upon a course that would appear to be as ridiculous as the act he had just committed. It was a problem in tactics, and he studied it with a swift intensity. It would work. But it must be made to appear an altogether insolent piece of folly.

The rifles followed them as they drifted slowly closer. The captain ceased his hoarse commands, leveled his pistol at Royall, then waved it aloft again furiously. Men rushed to the saloon rail until it was lined solidly. Royall made out one group of three standing far forward on the saloon deck, as though consciously keeping apart from the others. They were a young woman with a portly man on her right and a tall young man at her other side. Something in their attitudes suggested an unnatural watchfulness.

The riverman said wonderingly, "If you was aimin' at what you hit, you're a lot of shootin' man. But I never suspicioned until right now that you was a fool, too."

Royall answered without turning his head, "I aimed at the water pitcher. And I think I'm a fool, too, but maybe a special kind of fool."

The four with guns followed them forward as the riverman sheered away from the paddle box, then steered in opposite the forward companionway. He tossed a rope to a deck hand. Royall kept his feet with difficulty as the boat rocked in the churning water from the paddle, then bumped the hull of the steamboat and was made fast. He could have jumped down. But that would have destroyed some of the assurance with *(Continued on page 74)*

Royall threw the whole lifting weight of his body behind the blow, trying for the kill. He must end this quickly. He must search out the new danger here

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Newspapermen gather here in Teletype Alley at the National Press Club to keep tab on the latest news

Headline Heaven

The National Press Club Building in Washington funnels page-one stories to a news-hungry world. At one time the Club was so broke it could not pay its rent. But now it's a thriving enterprise

CALVIN COOLIDGE was President, Texas Guinan was greeting suckers in her gaudy New York saloon, tin boxes were full and there was at least one chicken in every pot. Prosperity cast a golden glow over the land but its heady rays failed, somehow, to penetrate the shabbily comfortable quarters of the National Press Club in the old Albee Building, Washington, D.C. Here was an island of gloom in a sea of happiness. The Club was, as usual, broke.

Solemnly the Club's board of governors met to see if some way could be found to raise $400 for next month's rent. As the meeting adjourned the participants, more solemn than when they had gathered several hours before, were buttonholed by an ebullient character named James William Bryan, an early member of the Club. They were inclined to give him the brush-off. Brother Bryan was always as full of quaint ideas as he was of good spirits and energy. But one of the governors, Homer Dodge, a well-mannered gentleman, took time to listen to him.

"Why must we always be worrying about the rent?" inquired Bryan. "Why don't we build a great big office building, rent space to all of the newspapermen in town and have permanent quarters for the Club?"

"And how much," Dodge asked, "would such a project cost?"

"I'd say about $10,000,000," said Bryan.

"Very well, Brother Bryan," said Homer, "you are not doing anything today. Will you raise the $10,000,000?"

Dodge forgot the incident. He was playing cut-rate poker with some of the boys one evening and was summoned to the telephone. New York was on the wire. It was—Jim Bryan!

"For Pete's sake," the familiar voice was saying, "come up here right away. Not tomorrow morning. Now . . . I want you to get in on something. Never mind why. Just come. And don't tell anyone."

Back in that card-index brain of his, Homer Dodge had stored the pertinent facts on the life and accomplishments of James William Bryan. He reviewed them as he rode sleepily to New York. Bryan was a Tennessean. He had been a newspaperman, printer and promoter. Dodge came out of his doze with a jump. Bryan had organized and publicized the World War I Liberty Loan drives. He had sired the Congressional Country Club, built the Flora Macdonald College at Red Springs, North Carolina, and had fathered the Croatan (Shooting and Hunting) Club in Virginia.

In the New York speak-easy designated by Bryan as their rendezvous, Dodge found representatives of a big construction company, a prominent law firm and a Wall Street bank. The builders were willing to erect the required building, the lawyers were ready to clear away all legal obstacles and the bankers were willing, even anxious, to finance the project. James William Bryan had sold them a multimillion-dollar bill of goods.

That historic meeting took place in August, 1925. Bryan already had an option on a storied acre of land at 14th and F Streets in Washington, across from the Willard Hotel. It was the site of the old Ebbitt House, one of the great Civil War hostelries, residence of Presidents, setting for inaugurals. There also stood the two-story house in which Aaron Burr had his law office when he shot Alexander Hamilton.

To hold his option on the land, Bryan had to have $12,500. The money was raised on a note signed by him and cosigned by 12 other Club members, including Homer Dodge who now says, "Hell, I didn't have 12,500 cents."

But Washington bankers who advanced the money could not have failed to observe on the note the signatures of Banker John Joy Edson and Banker Robert Harper and John Hays Hammond, the rich mining engineer. Nevertheless, all who signed are known to this day as The Signers and are regarded by their colleagues with something of the reverence accorded certain other more famous signers in our history.

The National Press Building Corporation was formed. Common and preferred stock were offered for sale. Otto Kahn, the Wall Street banker, sent a $25,000 check for stock. Andrew Mellon, then Secretary of the Treasury, bought $50,000 worth. The Fox Film Corporation put up $500,000 and agreed to lease, at about $250,000, a theater in the building. By December 22, 1925, all contracts were signed and the cash to buy one of the costliest chunks of real estate in Washington and to finance construction had materialized.

Workers with Gilded Picks

On January 6, 1926, the first brick was pried from the Ebbitt House with gilded picks by Bryan and Henry L. Sweinhart, Press Club president. And on a mild April afternoon in 1926 what was probably the most thoroughly publicized cornerstone laying in history—and the phoniest—happened at 14th and F Streets.

The event compelled attention. The gentleman who troweled the mortar on the stone was Mr. Coolidge, in hard, high collar, cutaway and striped pants. Every Washington correspondent, foreign correspondent and photographer in town was there as was the usual coterie of Cabinet members, diplomats and politicians. No one seemed to notice that the cornerstone was not in its proper place but right out on the sidewalk. The foundations for the building were not yet ready to receive it. The great brown acre-large hole where the building was eventually to stand held at least four feet of water. The walls of the excavation kept crumbling inward. Until engineers solved the problem created by Washington's proximity to sea level by building a gigantic concrete raft to "float" the building, the cornerstone rested in a lawyer's safe!

And that was how the National Press Building was born. It grew to its full 14-story manhood, finally, in 1928, but not until the boys had wangled a special Act of Congress permitting erection of a structure higher than 11 stories. The zoning law arbitrarily limited all building to that height to prevent domination of government structures by commercial buildings. But it was found that the Willard Hotel, then the tallest edifice in town, attained a height of 140 feet and that the Press Building could have 14 stories within that limit. Hence, the special Act of Congress introduced by the late, white-maned Senator Copeland of New York was passed by both Houses of Congress, and signed by the President—to make Bryan's dream come true.

Today the National Press Building is the best-known edifice in Washington, after the White House and the Capitol of course. Its fame is not attributable to historic associations and even less to architectural beauty. Although considerably handsomer than government buildings like the State Department's horror on Pennsylvania Avenue, the National Press Building is definitely not one of the capital's more inspiring structures. It is architecturally undistinguished, a squat, square and strictly utilitarian pile of stone and steel, faintly Italianate in design. But it is a glamorous building, at least as interesting to tourists as the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument or the home of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

This is partly because the building is the permanent home of the National Press Club whose prestige in the provinces is considerably higher than in Washington itself where it is renowned chiefly for its excellent and comparatively inexpensive bar.

The Club owns the building through the National Press Building Corporation, or it will when the Club pays off certain mortgages.

The building's glamor derives from being (more or less) the work hive of some 400 Washington correspondents, those fabulous gentlemen who, legend has it, mold public opinion, make and break Presidents, Cabinet members, generals, senators, congressmen and big and little bureaucrats of all kinds. These men occupy about a quarter of the building's 1,001 offices.

In the eyes of laymen these reporters and pundits have acquired a glamorous aura of omniscience and omnipotence. The schoolteacher from Keokuk is certain, when she gazes at the National Press Building through the glass roof of a rubberneck bus, that she is looking upon the News Center of the World. Or, as Mr. Carlisle Bargeron, an incurable sentimentalist of the newspaper trade, once called it, "The News Cauldron of the World."

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EDWARD BURKS

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By FRANK GERVASI

There is some basis for Mr. Bargeron's romantic notion and for the fascination with which the schoolteacher from Keokuk and a multitude of presumably more sophisticated persons regard the National Press Building. Most Washington news is gathered by the building's usually hard-working tenants. In the building, news is digested and written. And from there it is shipped—by telegraph, telephone, cable and the mails—to its destinations over the nation and the world.

Most of the country's biggest papers—the Buffalo Evening News, the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, the Christian Science Monitor, the New York Herald Tribune, the Wall Street Journal and the Cincinnati Enquirer, to name a few—have their offices there.

Those Who Remain Aloof

A few of the major journals, notably the majestic New York Times, remain aloof from the National Press Building as do some of the more influential pundits. The Times prefers the intellectual troposphere of the Cosmos Club and the Metropolitan Club to the more earthy atmosphere of the Press Club. But this doesn't mean that the Club or its building lacks class.

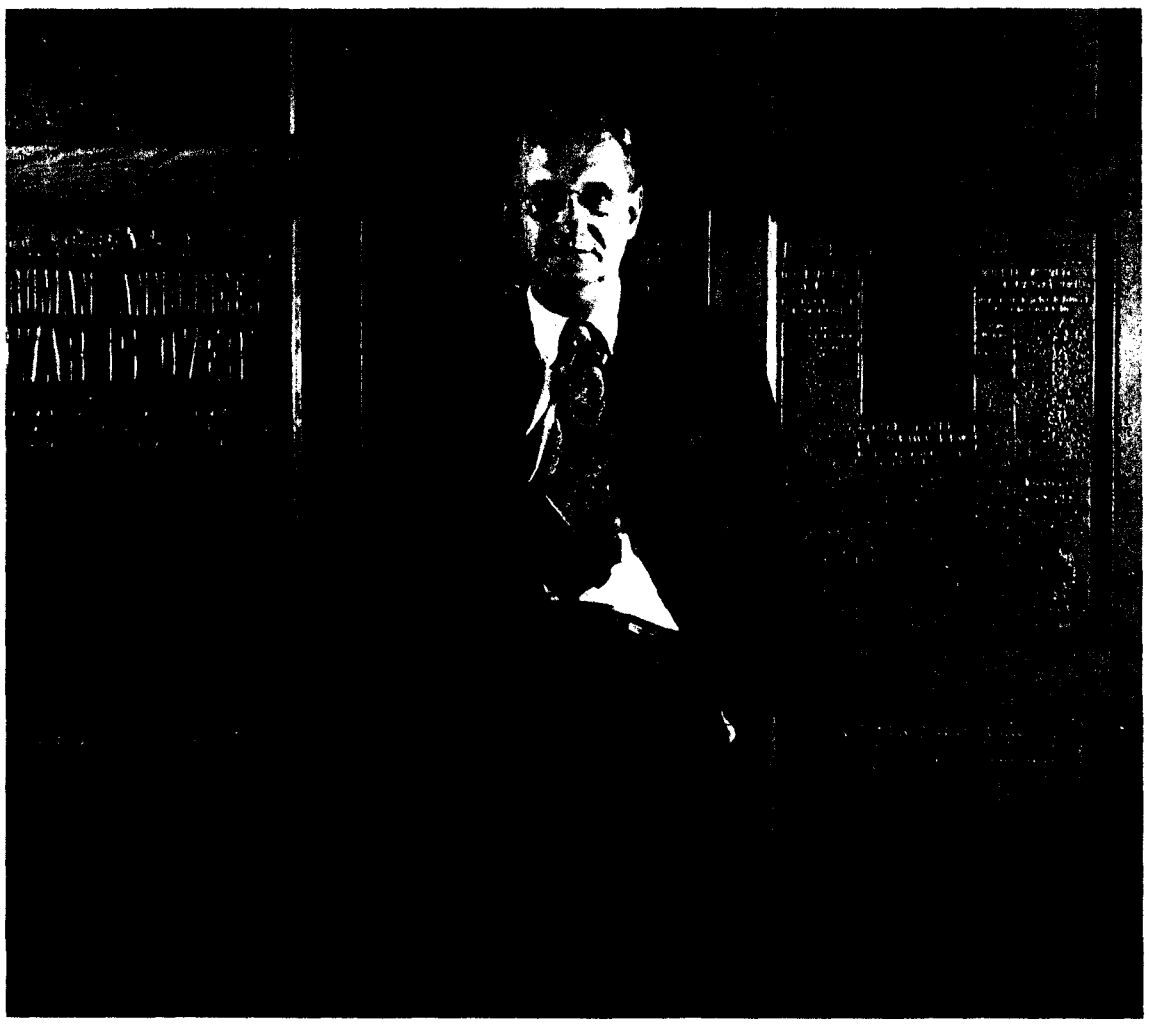
On the contrary, the building's tenants and the Club's habitués include such working reporters as Columnist Thomas L. Stokes; George W. Stimpson, who found journalistic pay dirt in the Bible; the impeccable Roscoe Drummond, of the Christian Science Monitor; the egg-shaped Barnet Nover, of the Denver Post; Lyle Wilson, of the United Press; Ken Crawford, of Newsweek; the almost venerable Jim Wright, of the Buffalo Evening News and Richard Strout, Pete Brandt, Bert Andrews, Paul Ward, Felix Belair, Charles Van Devander and scores of others. If any men "mold public opinion" in America, these do.

What Great Britain knows about our country it learns, principally, from the London Times and from that lean and balding Mephistophelean character, Sir Willmott Lewis who can tell you, within a chair or two, just how many Senate and House seats the Republicans and Democrats will win in any national election. He knows America better than most American political experts and is far more articulate and readable. He has been, for 25 years, Britain's most successful unofficial ambassador to this country.

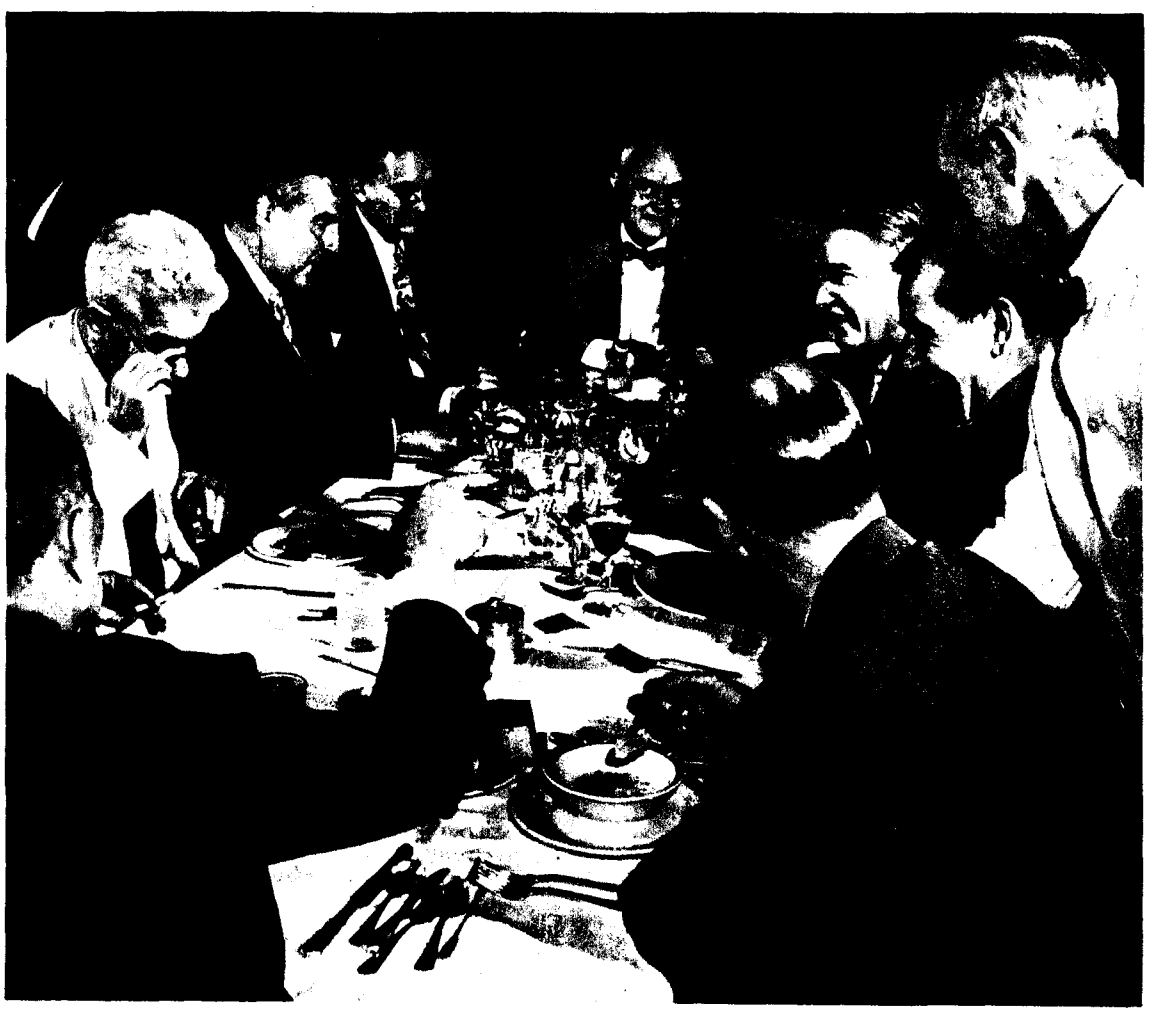
But the building isn't entirely populated by newspapermen. Approximately three quarters of its offices are inhabited by lawyers, architects and insurance agents and about as ill-assorted a group of tenants as it is possible to find in a building of comparable size anywhere. Crowded into one cubicle with two experts on radio law, for instance, is The Termite Control Company. The gold lettering on the door of another announces, simply and tersely, "Mr. Smith." On one floor of this utterly masculine building there is, unexplainably, a ladies' hairdresser.

The newspapermen also have in their building platoons of lobbyists. For many lobbyists, occupancy of an office in the National Press Building is a negotiable asset. Due to the circumstances of its name—suggesting familiar association with the nation's press—and its location in the geographic heart of the capital, the building is one of the best business addresses in the country.

There are many kinds and degrees of lobbying. And there are nearly as many names for them. Some lobbyists call *(Continued on page 64)*



Joseph H. Short, one of the busiest men in Washington. A correspondent for the Baltimore Sun, he is also president of the National Press Club, where entertaining celebrities is only one of his very many duties



A club luncheon. Left to right: Frank Gervasi (pointing), Collier's; Homer Dodge, Committee for Constitutional Government; Duke Shoop, Kansas City Star; President Short; James Derieux, Collier's; Charles Van Devander, N. Y. Post; Bert Andrews, N. Y. Herald Tribune; and Sir Willmott Lewis, London Times

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A Nice New Pair of Wings

By ERNEST K. GANN

He flew to an altitude never attained by mortal man. For exploits like this no airplane alone is sufficient. There has to be a spectacular dope at the controls

ILLUSTRATED BY MELBOURNE BRINDLE

IT MIGHT be easier for both of us if you start at the beginning. Now how did you get in this thunderstorm in the first place?"

"Don't you know?"

"I was preoccupied at the time."

"Well—the thunderstorm was just east of Boonville."

"I know that."

"Of course. Well—things happened one after the other."

"Go on."

"My radio was out. Couldn't get a thing on it. Not a single thing except the sound of bacon frying."

"You might have foreseen that."

"I had to let down to find out where I was."

"So?"

"I was beginning to worry about my gas."

"You didn't take on enough?"

"Not really, I guess. Before I hit the thunderstorm I ran into some surprisingly strong head winds."

"Why were they surprising? Didn't you check on the winds before you took off?"

"No. Frankly, I didn't have the time. I guess I've always been just a little late on everything. It seems to have worked out always that way. This time I ran into a friend of mine, who happens to be a girl. I honestly had no idea she was even in that part of the country because someone told me she had moved out West. Anyway, there she was at the airport gate seeing her new mother-in-law off to Chicago. After our first embarrassment eased off, we went into the restaurant and had some ice cream while we talked.

"Her name is Caroline and it always seemed when the two of us got to talking, time just came to a stop. It's been that way ever since we were little kids together— I guess since the day her mother had a rolled-up rug in the back yard and we crawled inside of it together and I kissed her. We were sort of married then, or so we pretended, and I like to think it would have worked out that way in the end.

"Anyway, we were talking and talking in the restaurant and laughing and sort of supposing what it would have been like if we had finally wound up together. The first thing I knew, it was after four o'clock. My plane had landing lights but I wasn't sure they would work, so I naturally wanted to get back to Raleigh before dark."

"Why were you uncertain of your lights?"

"Last week I made a flight from Raleigh to Washington at night. They worked on the way up but not on the way back."

"Didn't you have the lights repaired?"

"No. This friend of mine, Charlie Keim, said if I would wait a few days he would fix them for me and there would be no charge. So at the time this happened I was still waiting, and consequently had to get back as early as I could. Now it was already four o'clock and I figured that if I got off right away and used a little extra cruising power I could just make it. I guess I figured a little off on that."

"A little."

"Anyway, when I finally got in the air I was surprised to see how fast my gas was being consumed —with all the extra power."

"You seem to have been surprised by many things. Didn't you figure a flight plan before you took off?"

"Yes, I did. Roughly, that is. I didn't actually write it down on paper because I didn't have a pencil. I sort of wrote it down in my mind. I've done that several times before."

"Under the same circumstances?"

"Not exactly, of course. Maybe seeing Caroline again and going over old times together upset my thinking. I suppose it was the first time I fully realized she belonged to another man. I wasn't mad about it—after all she got the news in 1944 and how could she think I'd ever be back? The Germans treated us all right, but they took their own sweet time sending through our serial numbers and it was months after I went down before I felt like writing anyone. It was just one of those things and the almost two years she waited wasn't quite long enough. As I say, I wasn't mad about her marrying Paul—I was just sorry about the whole thing."

"YOU did not have your landing lights repaired because you were waiting on a friend who was otherwise engaged. You took off in more or less of a hurry because you wished to reach your destination before dark. You did not file a formal flight plan because you could not obtain a pencil, and you did not examine the wind and weather situation because you were pressed for time. Is that substantially what happened?"

"Yes. Then I ran into this thunderstorm and all hell—pardon me, all manner of things went wrong."

"I suppose they would."

"There was a lot of fire in the sky and very heavy rain. I didn't mind that so much, although it always makes you feel very small and lonely. I was too busy trying to keep the ship right side up on instruments. The turbulence was giving me a bad time."

"Why didn't you turn around and go back where you came from?"

"I thought of that for a while and then I said to myself that certainly this was nothing compared to the flak over Germany during the war. And so I finally decided it would look pretty silly to Caroline if I came running back with my tail between my legs after all she thought of me. She would have left the airport but I knew I could never resist calling her on the phone at least and maybe having a few last words with her.

"You see, while we were having our ice cream she told me she had been very happy with Paul and he had been a wonderful husband to her. But she said she would always remember me as not being afraid of anything and that's the way she thought a man should be. I guess when she married him she didn't stop to think that Paul had always been sort of timid and careful about everything he did."

"You knew him then?"

"Slightly. We all went to the same school, but Paul was always an honor student and I was just the opposite—so we never had too much in common."

"And so you continued into the thunderstorm because you wished to maintain a reputation for physical courage?"

"Yes. I guess that had a lot to do with it, and I hate to say it, but inside of me maybe I wanted to be compared to Paul and he wouldn't stack up so well.

"Finally it was too late to turn around and about then I knew I had to do something soon, or I would be lost. Like I said, my gas was going fast and I knew I couldn't afford to stay lost for long. When I ran into hail and it made that awful noise, I knew neither the ship nor I could stand it much longer. I also knew the country below pretty well. Caroline

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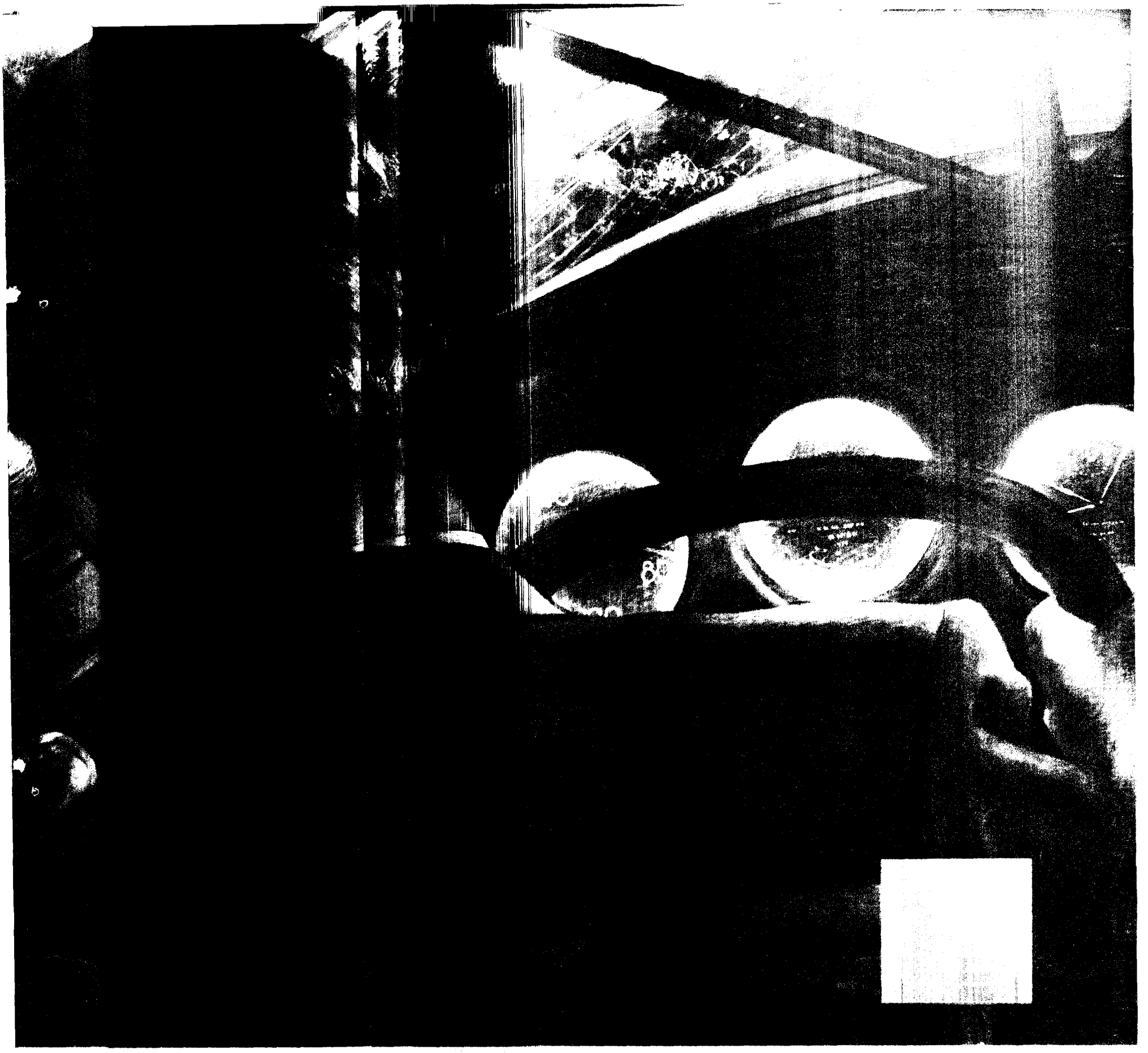

I wished **I was down there with those people,** maybe just sitting down for dinner. The lights slipped behind me and I almost hit a windmill. I started to pray

and I used to drive up through the Big Smokies during summer vacations in an old car, and I thought that if I could get below the thunderstorm I would certainly recognize something."

"Was it wise to descend when you knew there were mountains somewhere in the depths below you?"

"I didn't like it, but I had to take some kind of a chance, now. I throttled back and let down as easy as I could manage. Around two hundred feet per minute. It seemed to take forever and I certainly did a lot of sweating. I broke out at six hundred feet. It was much darker than I thought it would be."

"Did you recognize anything?"

"Not at first. It was raining—pardon me, it was raining very hard. I got my contact map out from under the seat and flew around in circles for a while. I had much less than a mile visibility and I didn't want to hit anything. Finally I saw a little town. The people in their houses were just turning on their lights. The town looked exactly like a place called Dilling. The road I used to drive along with Caroline ran right through it. In fact it was just outside this same town that Caroline and I sort of officially decided to get married.

"I can remember everything about that afternoon. It was the summer before the war, on a Saturday. It was raining hard then too, and the top of my car had about ten thousand holes in it. Finally we were getting so wet we decided to stop under a big tree and wait until the rain was over. We got out of the car and stood in the driest spot we could find, laughing all the time about how Caroline's hair was sopping wet and streaming down her face and neck. She said she looked like a drowned rat, but I told her she looked like a mermaid. Finally she was getting so cold she began to shiver. It was a good excuse to put my coat around her and my arms, too—to keep her warm.

"As wet as we were, there was something magical about our being together under that tree. Her face was all shining with moisture and it felt cool and smooth when I touched it. I'll never know why I chose just that particular moment, but I asked her to marry me as soon as we finished school and she laughed and said that since I was saving her from pneumonia it was only fair that she should.

"I couldn't spot that same tree from the air this time—it was too dark, but I was sure it was the same town and the same road. There were quite a few cars on the road and they were all going east like they should have been. The car lights and some neon lights along the road made the wet pavement shine. I don't know why I thought of it at the time with so many other things on my mind, but the pavement looked like a polished black tube with diamonds rolling down it."

"Was the town Dilling?"

"I was sure it was. I marked down my time over it on the map and—"

"I thought you didn't have a pencil?"

"That was a funny thing. *(Continued on page 70)*

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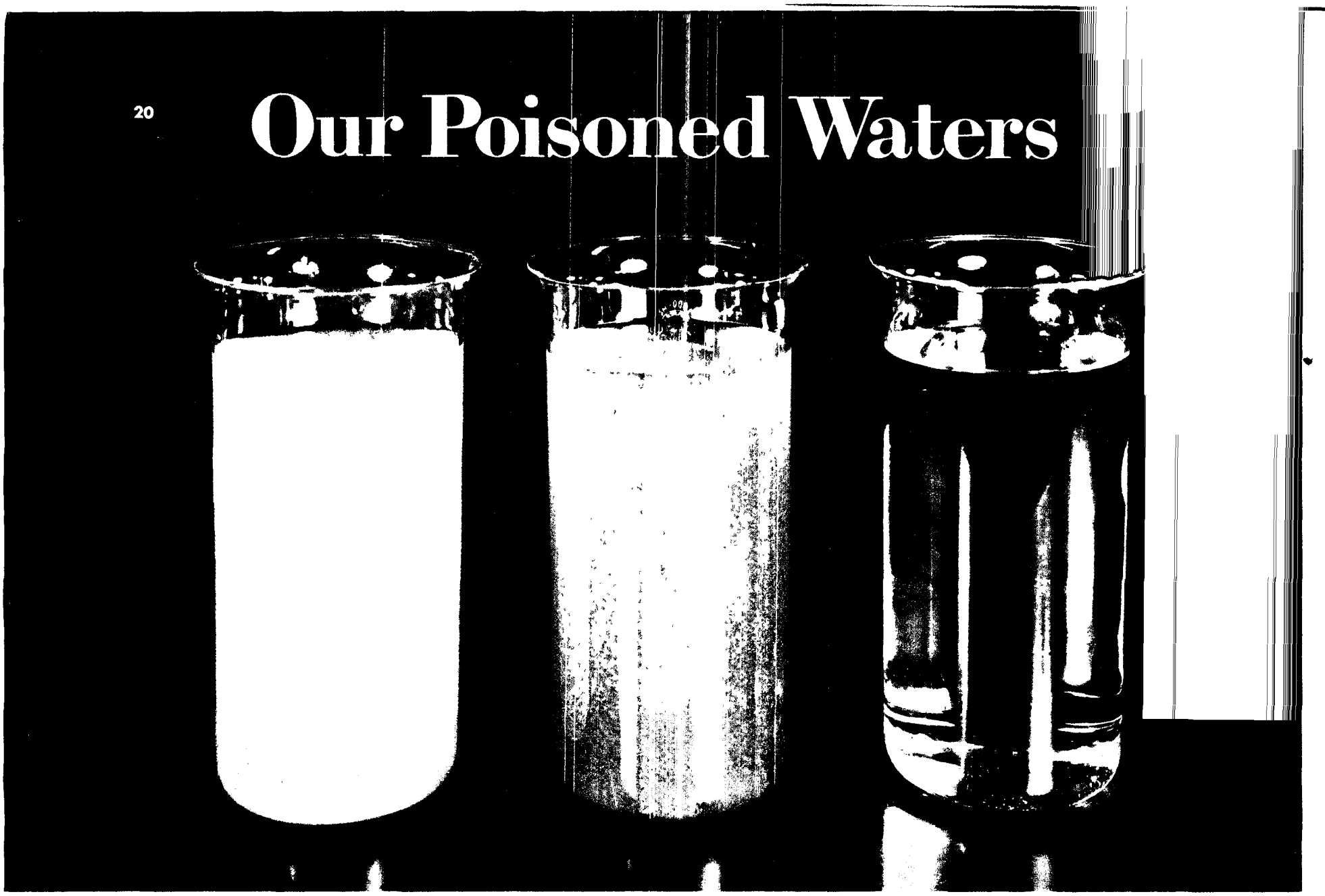
Our Poisoned Waters



FEDERAL SECURITY AGENCY PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE

The left-hand glass hasn't milk in it. It's raw sewage water—deadly poison—undergoing chemically-induced sedimentation. In glass No. 2, impurities have settled. After these are filtered out, the water goes into No. 3—your drinking glass. In most cities, an additional chlorination process is necessary

By BILL DAVIDSON

The life-streams and rivers from which we get our drinking water contain organic pollution equivalent, in former Surgeon-General Thomas Parran's pungent words, "to 8,000,000 dead and disintegrating mules dumped into our waterways every year"

IN ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, on December 11, 1940, a repair job was being done on two of the city's huge water mains. One pipe controlled the flow of water from the grossly-contaminated Genesee River into the city's fire hydrants; the other let purified water from the chlorination plant into the drinking system; a single valve, for emergency only, connected the two systems. A workman unintentionally turned this emergency valve. And before the mistake could be rectified, 5,000,000 gallons of bacteria-laden water from the Genesee poured into the city's drinking supply. Warnings went out over the radio every ten minutes: "Boil your water!" But within a short time 35,000 people had been stricken with gastroenteritis. Only brilliant emergency medical work prevented fatalities.

The shocking thing about this story is that it highlights the extent to which we have poisoned our waters—so that such incidents can, and do, happen.

In 1943, Governor (now Senator) Edward Martin of Pennsylvania was asked to address his old Pennsylvania National Guard outfit as it embarked for combat in Europe. The ex-Commanding General of the 28th Division was shocked to learn that the Port of Embarkation was New York City.

"And why," thundered the governor to the War Department, "cannot a Pennsylvania outfit leave from a Pennsylvania port?"

"Because," the War Department answered, "the Navy refuses to bring more ships into the Delaware River. They say that (a) the smell is unbearable, and (b) the water corrodes the ships' sides."

This is the water (laden with acid industrial wastes, deadly bacteria and human excreta) from which Philadelphia derives part of its drinking water—and, once upon a time, used to fish and bathe in. But Philadelphia and Rochester are not the only examples. The same thing happens throughout the country. For most of our fancy tiled bathrooms and chrome-and-glass factories still empty their virulent wastes directly into our streams—the method of disposal used 10,000 years ago. In ancient days, such practice resulted in cholera, typhoid and dysentery epidemics that wiped out millions of people.

The only thing that protects us from the same fate today is a handful of excellent waterworks employees who filter, settle and chlorinate the water from our open-sewer rivers to render it foul-tasting but bacteria-free. Nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of ten thousand nothing goes wrong. The trouble is you never know when the one mistake in 10,000 is going to hit you.

As rare as the mistakes are, they happened 327 times between 1938 and 1945, resulting in 111,320 cases of disease.

In Henderson, Kentucky, in 1940, a feud raged between two factions among the employees at the water purification plant. One faction hit on the usual brilliant idea to court favor—economy. Where better to economize than on expensive chlorine? So they cut down the chlorine content in the water. The water came from the filthy Ohio River, and it contained the acids, excreta and bacteria of Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Cincinnati and hundreds of other towns upstream. The result? One-fifth of the population of the town in sickbeds and hospitals—2,500 cases. Again, quick medical work prevented big business at the morgues.

But aside from human life, there are other losses, estimated by former U.S. Public Health Service Surgeon General Thomas Parran at $100,000,000 a year. Our coasts and inland waterways are dotted with the rotting bathhouses of once-beautiful beaches, now marked with red danger signs reading, "Warning! Polluted water. No swimming allowed." Bridges are corroded by the acids, and shellfish suck in typhoid bacteria from human wastes, resulting in hundreds of oyster and clam beds being shut down.

A pathetic spectacle is played out every spring in the Willamette River in Oregon. The regal Chinook salmon spawn there in the headwaters of the stream, and the young make their way to the sea. A few years later, the mature salmon head back unerringly to the place where they were born. They come up the Columbia River and turn south into the mouth of the Willamette. Then they

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run into an invisible but deadly wall—pollution from the city of Portland. The excreta and rotting organic matter in the water have used up the oxygen, and as the big, beautiful fish head into the area, they contort themselves in an effort to draw breath. They twist and turn in agony. Then they die, literally drowning in the water. Some escape back to the sea and perish there for lack of spawning. The others get washed up on the shores of the river. (In the fall, when the river is high and the pollution more diluted, traffic proceeds satisfactorily.) After years of this, Portland finally is planning to divert its sewage from the Willamette River.

The cost of our poisoned waters runs high. In the course of this pollution investigation for Collier's, I saw dead shad and herring by the hundreds cast up on the shores of the Delaware River (the Fish and Wildlife Service of the U.S. Department of the Interior reports a 45-mile stretch of the river from Pennsville, N. J., to Riverton, N. J., in which the oxygen content of the filthy water is close to zero). In Pennsylvania, I saw streams running bright yellow with sulfuric acid from abandoned coal mines; in Southern California, human wastes wash up on the beaches. I saw the nearly biologically deserted Illinois River, once the source of the biggest inland fishing industry in the country, now almost devoid of marine life. In Rhode Island, clam diggers showed me Narragansett Bay shellfish beds crowded with plump untouchable clams that should be marked with a skull and crossbones. And in Cincinnati, I looked at the graves of victims of the cholera epidemic of 1849 and the subsequent typhoid and gastroenteritis outbreaks. All had been killed by the Ohio River.

It was the dread cholera in 1849 that first pointed up the mass poisoning of our waters in the areas where our population was concentrating. To give you an idea of what it was like before that, William Penn wrote in 1683, "As many as 600 shad were taken with one sweep of the seine in the Schuylkill River" (a tributary of the Delaware); and Henry Hudson informed the Dutch East India Company, "The River (the Hudson) teemed with the finest fish, among which was the shad and many kinds less delicious. There were plenty of sturgeon which the Christians do not make use of but the Indians eat them greedily. Herring were in myriads." Until 1850, New York Harbor and the Hudson, Harlem and East Rivers were lined with over 100 miles of bathing beaches. Ellis Island (now the U.S. Immigration Station) once was known as Oyster Island, and its owner, Samuel Ellis, was famous for his banquets, every food item of which was taken directly from the island and its waters.

One of the Ellis menus included raw oysters, steamed soft-shell clams, pickled shad, smoked sturgeon, caviar, fish chowder made from striped bass, broiled lobster and wild duck.

Those Days Are Gone Forever

No one, of course, expects our streams to return to this state of primeval purity. But at least we can eliminate the danger of disease and restore part of our lost multimillion-dollar fishing industries. A few steps already have been taken on the long way back. Most of the time, unfortunately, it took an epidemic or the threat of epidemic to bestir us out of our national lethargy.

In December, 1924, for example, a mysterious outbreak of typhoid fever occurred simultaneously in widely separated cities, principally in Washington, Chicago and New York. The mystery deepened when it turned out that many of the 1,500 victims were wealthy people. As the epidemic spread, a desperate hunt was conducted to determine the cause. Every victim had to fill out a questionnaire listing everything he had eaten in the preceding two weeks.

Finally, it was discovered that most of the original victims had consumed raw Blue Point oysters. Moreover, most of the oysters that caused the trouble were traced to a packing company in West Sayville, N. Y. This packer had properly tonged his oysters offshore, but then, to keep them fresh, he had sunk them in a crib in the polluted waters near his wharf. The oysters had filled themselves with typhoid germs, and had passed them on to the people who devoured them—150 of whom died forthwith.

After that, oysters became as popular as so many morsels of cyanide, and shellfish eating dropped as much as 75 per cent in some sections, and down to a neat zero in New York City. The ruined clam and oyster industries thereupon turned to the government and begged for federal supervision, to restore public confidence.

As a result, the U.S. Public Health Service now sets standards of water quality for shellfish beds, and the state authorities close down local beds whenever the bacteria count goes above those standards.

Other epidemics traceable to water pollution gradually led to remedial measures being taken by isolated communities. Up until ten years ago, for instance, Milwaukee, like most cities, fouled its own water supply, pouring its sewage into Lake Michigan and then drawing it back into its water purification plant. But one afternoon in 1938, something went wrong (to this day no one is quite sure exactly what happened). The chlorine suddenly failed to kill the bacteria in the water, and 30,000 people fell violently ill with diarrhea, vomiting and crippling stomach pains.

Collier's believes the cleanup of our poisoned waters is so vital to the health and safety of America that we would like to receive letters from public officials and private citizens telling us of their local pollution problems and how they have been solved. Collier's feels this is an excellent means of spreading information to those communities needing an improvement in conditions. Next week the problem of our poisoned air will be presented in a second article by Bill Davidson.

When the epidemic was over, a loud outcry went up, and the city government decided to do something about it once and for all. Today, all of Milwaukee's sewage is funneled into a modern treatment plant, where a group of harmless bacteria (of the Zooglea family) literally eat the virulent organic matter and convert it into harmless gases, solids and clean water.

The effluent pours out into Lake Michigan. Other bacteria take another crack at the solids. The solids (called "sludge") are then dehydrated under great heat to kill any remaining germs, and are bagged and sold (with an added dash of chemicals) under the name "Milorganite." This is one of the finest fertilizers on the market, and Milwaukee can't keep up with the demand. "Milorganite" is paying for the new plant.

Another example of the danger many cities face is the experience of Gadsden, Alabama. In 1920, the superintendent of Gadsden's water purification plant went away on vacation. A few days later, faulty operation of the water treatment plant caused 35 people to come down with typhoid fever. There was some agitation then to do something about the city's sewage pouring into the Coosa River, but when the epidemic didn't spread, the agitation died down.

In 1941, the superintendent of the water purification plant became ill and was away from his post for some time. Again (in one of the great coincidences of medical history) a hose became disconnected and the drinking water was contaminated. This time Gadsden wasn't so lucky. The toll was 10,000 cases of gastroenteritis.

At the state level, some good work has been done. Maine, with no more logging wastes pouring into the Penobscot, Narraguagus and Dennys Rivers, is trying with the help of the federal government to replant the near-extinct Atlantic salmon that once ran by the millions in all East Coast rivers north of the Hudson. Last spring, the first salmon caught in the Bangor Pool and sent—as a gift to President Truman—was a marked fish put there three years before. It had come back. In Pennsylvania, the cleanup is in high gear now, under the prodding of Edward Martin and his successor, Governor James H. Duff, a member of the pollution-fighting Izaak Walton League.

Perhaps the best job has been done in Illinois, where a firebrand Health Department Chief Engineer named Clarence W. Klassen has been charging up and down the state armed with a persuader in the form of a strict law calling for fines of $100 a day for polluters.

The Illinois law was passed in 1929 when state Assemblywoman Anna Wilmarth Ickes, first wife of ex-Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, got a pollution-abatement bill through the legislature by proclaiming, "As a housewife, I would be put in jail if I used the housekeeping methods practiced by cities and towns in this state."

Today, Illinois has cleaned up nearly 85 per cent of its industrial and domestic sewage wastes. Unfortunately, however, the filth in rivers doesn't stop at state boundaries. As Senator Martin told Congress, "Bradford, Pennsylvania, is almost at the head of the Allegheny River, but it helps dump sewage into the front door of New Orleans, 1,700 miles away." This truism notwithstanding, it took 51 years to push the first bit of federal control legislation through Congress.

Federal Aid in War on Pollution

The blessed event took place almost unnoticed in the midst of Congress' adjournment rush last June, when the Senate and the House both passed a watered-down version of the Taft-Barkley Water Pollution Control bill. The new legislation provides for federal loans to states and communities to build sewage treatment plants. It leaves police powers against polluters with the states, and it allows U.S. Surgeon General Leonard A. Scheele to take action against a violator, through the Justice Department, only if the state consents. The U.S. Public Health Service's pollution research laboratory at Cincinnati is given funds to assist industries in working out new methods of eliminating industry's wastes.

Some experts call this law a sell-out to industry and the states, claiming that its near-lack of federal police powers puts no compulsion on either industry or state to clean up, especially where industry plays footsie with the state government. Others, like Dr. Scheele, feel that it is a hard-won beachhead.

The big hope for America lies squarely on the financial angle—the fact that people are beginning to realize that, with federal assistance, money can be saved or even made on pollution control. Wheeling, West Viriginia, for instance, currently spends a small fortune in superchlorinating, dechlorinating, double coagulating and double sedimenting its drinking water. When the Ohio River is cleaned up, much of this money can be saved.

In 1932, an engineer at Springfield, Illinois, discovered that the methane gas produced by the action of the Zooglea bacteria in the sewage treatment plants can be burned as fuel in gas engines. Today, the treatment plants in dozens of municipalities are run on sewage gas alone; and Cedar Rapids, Iowa, generates so much electricity from its sewage gas engines that it puts the power on the lines and sells it. Many other cities, like Milwaukee, now sell sludge fertilizer.

In Chicago, when the price of coal is high, the city uses its sludge as fuel in its furnaces (it burns like peat); when the price of coal is low, the sludge doubles as fertilizer.

The Illinois Health Department estimates that at today's building prices, the installation of a complete sewage treatment plant averages $15 to $40 per citizen. For a city of 100,000, this would come to about $2,500,000. (The U.S. Public Health Service believes that the Illinois cost figures would be about the average for communities anywhere in the country.) The operating expenses of the plant can be reduced tremendously by *(Continued on page 81)*

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Saturday Fever

Kelly was the best player they had, and a lot of people—including the millionaire who had paid Kelly's way through school—got mad when he decided to sit out the big game

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FROM where he was, in the deep safety position, the other players looked small to Kelly. He stood with his hands on his hips, completely relaxed, and watched the opposition center duck his head and snap the ball. Slender and indolent, Kelly waited as the punter took that urgent step. He watched the ball rise, tumbling end over end, and automatically said, "Short." His cleated shoes quickened over the smooth turf; he was angling toward the side line after the falling ball. It was barely in his arms when he saw the blurs rushing up, so he went nimbly out of bounds.

The rushing blurs came up close and stopped, but they did not touch him.

"Not today, boys," said Kelly, spiraling the ball away underhanded. He trotted back onto the field and was in the huddle when a substitute tapped his shoulder. Kelly pulled out and went to the side lines. It was late afternoon and the stands were empty. Behind him, the two squads went on with their scrimmaging.

Ogilvie was sitting on the end of the bench, staring at the field. "Don't you run them back any more?" asked the coach politely.

"Why?" Kelly asked.

Ogilvie glanced up. He was a dumpy man in a battered felt hat. "No particular reason, except that's the way you win football games. You could have cut with that one. You used to."

Kelly nodded grimly, face glistening with sweat. "Sure. I used to think the corn came canned, too. Why should I get broken up in practice, just to give these dummies something to shoot at?"

Ogilvie's mouth pursed. He was an extremely patient man, and he coached for a living. "All right," he said. "All right."

Kelly walked to the far end of the bench and lay down. He was breathing lightly, shielding his eyes from the late sun with one hand. His legs felt tight. When someone shoved his foot, he looked down and saw that it was Dub Tolbert, the sports writer for the Call-Times.

"The great man himself," said Tolbert, squatting down. "How about this Munro game?"

Kelly laughed, still shielding his eyes. "What do you mean, how about the Munro game? They got four teams and a band. We got one team as good as their third string, and two flute players."

Tolbert was chewing on a blade of grass. "But we got you."

"I know," said Kelly. "We got me. That's the only reason it's worth discussing."

The sports writer grinned and looked out over the field. The two squads were scrimmaging doggedly under the fading sunlight. Tolbert asked Kelly if he were going to turn pro later on, and the recumbent player yawned and said he guessed so. Tolbert watched him for a few seconds, shook his head, and walked up the side line. Ten minutes later, when Ogilvie shouted, one of the substitutes had to shake Kelly out of the dream he was having about Sari Henderson. Flopping erect, the blond boy nodded and fitted on his headgear. . . .

The first string was on defense, and Kelly watched the line pile up two plays. He thought the next one would be a pass (the second-string tailback wiped his hands while signals were being called), so he eased in. When the ball carrier popped out of a hole over left guard, Kelly had to pivot sharply. He knew he could run the man down, but drowsiness was still on him, so he only made a flashy dive that fell short. The ball carrier twisted away and scampered for a touchdown. As he got up, Kelly was aware that his teammates were watching him. From the turf, from the places where the play had stranded them, they looked him over with puzzlement in their eyes, like a herd of helmeted animals. Because he was about all they had, and it was obvious that he was not trying.

LATER, after he had showered, Kelly was standing before his locker, dressing, when Witkoski came through the doorway. Other players were flipping shirts and shoulder pads, and Witkoski was cursing them with ferocious good humor.

"How about the new Bergman movie tonight?" asked Kelly casually, when the fullback was even with him. Witkoski's percheron head lifted and his dark eyes stared at Kelly.

"No," said the fullback quietly, and went on by.

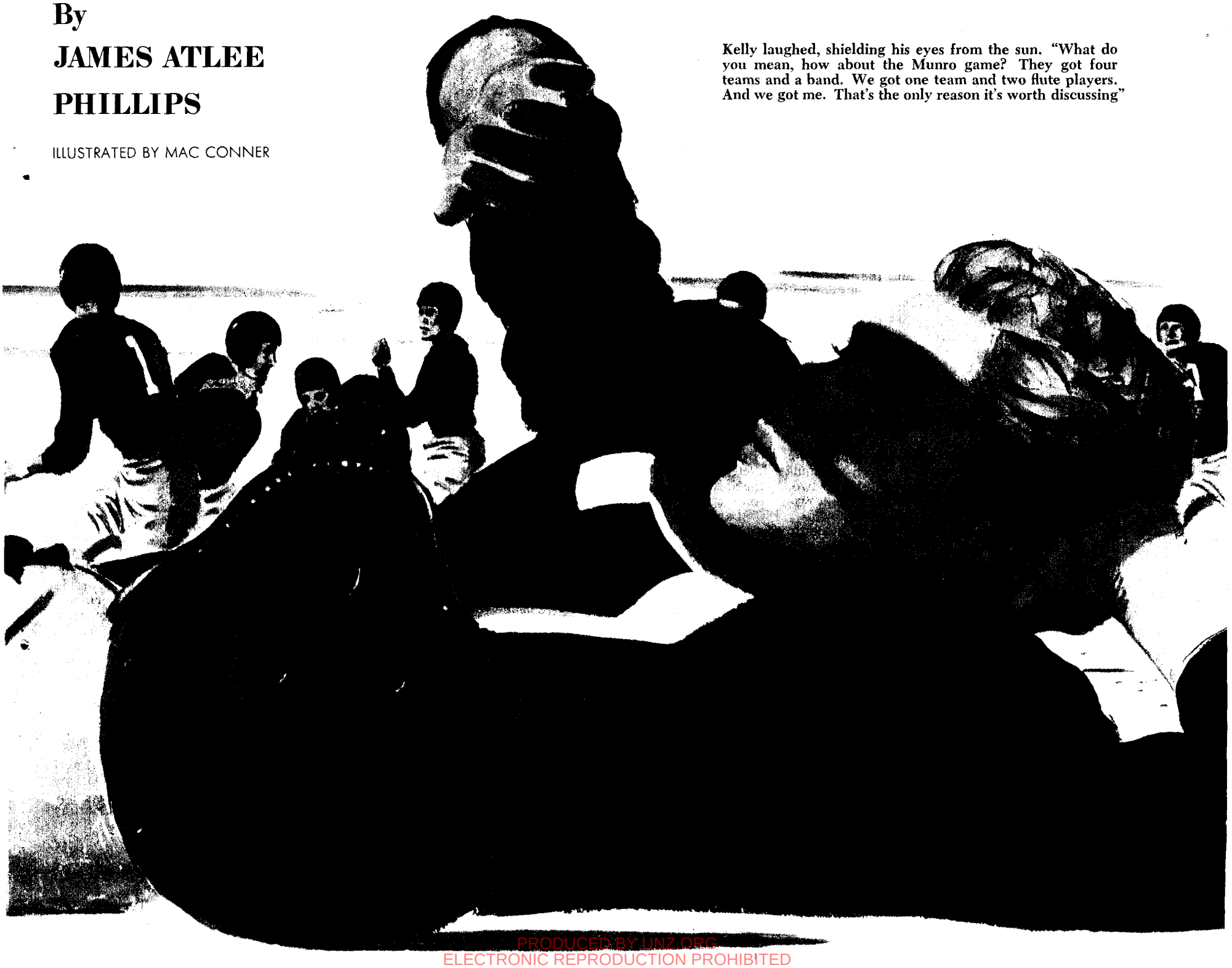
It was a small thing, quickly said. Kelly turned and reached for his wrist watch. He was aware that the horseplay had died down, that the other players were being careful not to look at him. Tilting the hat on his head, he walked down the cement tunnel to Ogilvie's office. The coach was sitting there. "Got a minute?" asked Kelly.

"Sure Mike." Ogilvie glanced around and waved at the other chair. For a few seconds they were both silent. Beyond the window was the quadrangle. Students were *(Continued on page 40)*

By

JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER



Kelly laughed, shielding his eyes from the sun. "What do you mean, how about the Munro game? They got four teams and a band. We got one team and two flute players. And we got me. That's the only reason it's worth discussing"

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How Boss Crump Was Licked

THE moment he brought the coon into the campaign, E. H. Crump, the big boss of Tennessee politics for two decades and leader of one of the last big-city machines, let himself in for something. At the start of the recent Democratic primary, he took a full-page newspaper advertisement to denounce me as "a pet coon." In it he said I was distracting attention from my 10-year record in the U.S. House of Representatives by turning my head innocently like a pet coon filching something from his master's drawer.

I replied immediately, "I may be a pet coon, but I'll never be Mr. Crump's pet coon."

Of course, it was an old Crump trick to ridicule opponents by calling them animal names. On various occasions, he has called them hogs or frogs or Australian whampoos—mythical birds that fly sideways rather than straight on. Tennesseans had always laughed—and voted the Crump ticket.

I capitalized on it the next time I went to Memphis to address a luncheon crowd of more than 500 citizens who had mustered nerve enough to attend an anti-Crump rally. When introduced, I bowed stiffly to the chairman, and pulled a coonskin cap out from under the table and put it on.

From that point on, people began to laugh. As they laughed, they began to cast off the shackles of fear holding them to Crump's political throne.

Of course, it took more than stunts to beat the Crump machine. The coonskin cap merely dramatized a grim, determined campaign on the part of thousands of people who set their jaws to free themselves, once and for all, from one-man rule.

Last fall when I first considered challenging the Crump machine, people thought I was "teched in the haid." The politicians, and to some extent the people themselves, were sold on its invincibility.

"You can't beat the combination," they said.

By "combination" they meant the ingenious methods by which Crump had extended his control of Memphis to include the whole of Tennessee. In Memphis, he had named the mayors and city and county officials and congressmen for nearly 40 years. In the state as a whole, his control dated back 20 years.

During that period he practically named six governors and four United States senators. The last Tennessee senator to take his seat without being beholden to Mr. Crump was former Secretary of State Cordell Hull, back in 1930.

Mr. Crump controlled Tennessee because he controlled the Democratic party, which outnumbers the Republican party by about three to two. When Crump candidates won in the Democratic primary, election in November was sure to follow.

The key to his control over the Democratic party lay in the 60,000 majorities he could pile up in Memphis, the state's largest city. The mechanics of controlling the Democratic party, however, varied in the three grand divisions of the state.

East Tennessee is predominantly Republican, but the Republican organization there, headed by former G.O.P. Chairman B. Carroll Reece, has long played "footie" with the Crump crowd. It was a neat trade: The Crump boys simply refrained from offering Democratic opposition in county races there, insuring the G.O.P. local control. In return, Republicans voted in the Democratic primary for the Crump state-wide slate.

Middle Tennessee is sternly anti-Crump, and west Tennessee has pockets of Crump resistance. Spotted throughout the state were several tight little county machines—and Crump allied them to his cause. Their election judges also knew a thing or two about miscalling ballots.

The anti-Crump professionals, buffaloed by the

The author in his coonskin cap

60,000 votes Crump controlled in Memphis, were in no condition for effective combat. They were certainly respectful of Crump's superior political acumen. And they were definitely discouraging to my own candidacy.

What they failed to appreciate, however, was the latent anti-Crump sentiment. Thousands of people all over the state wanted a change, and wanted it badly enough to do something about it.

These people were impatient with the brand of statesmanship Crump was peddling. As a young University of Tennessee veteran phrased it, "Why do we have to wait so long for a change?" The most important factor was the decision of Gordon Browning, a former congressman and governor, and veteran of both World Wars, to run for governor against the Crump-backed Governor Jim McCord, on the issue of bossism.

I announced for the Senate in November of 1947.

Crump immediately commented that he would "just as soon vote for Representative Marcantonio, the oxblood Red from New York."

It was clear he wouldn't support me, but far from clear just whom he would support. For he was even then in the process of changing Tennessee's senators, ditching his own Senator A. Tom Stewart and backing another candidate, Circuit Judge John A. Mitchell, a two-war veteran and excellent jurist, but not widely known. The sheer effrontery of the shift disgusted people and bolstered our hopes. It indicated the Big Boss was either losing his finesse or else becoming careless of popular reaction, in the sureness of his invincible position.

Before Christmas, I set out on my first meet-the-people tour. It was rough sledding. I wasn't very well known outside of Chattanooga and my Third Congressional district. People even had trouble remembering my name. The Crump crowd got to mispronouncing it "Cow-fever" instead of "Key-faw-ver," but that boomeranged on them: It made people remember! I decided to by-pass the politicians who generally doubted my chances and reach out to the people. I set out to form a campaign organization of people without a political past.

For state campaign manager, I wanted Charlie Neece, a thirty-two-year-old west Tennessee lawyer from Paris and a complete novice in Tennessee politics. Charlie said he couldn't make the financial sacrifice of the job full-time, but agreed to do all he could. It turned out that he did all he could and full-time, too.

We set out to create a full organization: a woman state director; 10 men and women to head the drive in each Congressional district; a chairman and chairwoman in each of the counties, and a committee for each of the major cities.

"I've never been in politics before," people would say. "I'll help, but let someone else take the lead."

Around the first of the year we were so discouraged we went to Silliman Evans, publisher of The Nashville Tennessean. Silliman was a "foreign frog" in Mr. Crump's animal book, because he had fought Crump for more than a decade. Although defeated time and again in state-wide races, he had succeeded in making middle Tennessee an island of hostility to Crumpism.

"You'll get the managers by and by," said Evans, "if you make impression on enough people. You've got to conduct a personalized campaign, and shake hands with 10,000 people between now and June 1st when you open your tour."

We set out to follow Evans' advice—Charlie Neece and I, and my redheaded wife, Nancy, when she could find someone to care for our children.

Nancy turned out to be a great campaigner. When I met people, she would jot down the names. Charlie would talk to the politicians in the meantime, if they would talk to him. But if they were too cold, he would take the names, and Nancy would work the other side of the street with her Scotch brogue.

At the end of the day we would have an envelope full of names. Through my Washington office, I wrote each one a personalized letter. Between January and June, we literally shook 25,000 hands.

This led directly to votes. I remember walking out into a cornfield to hunt up one De Kalb County leader.

"Hello, Judge," he greeted me across the rows. He thought I was Judge Mitchell. "I told my wife if you came to see us we'd carry this box for you."

"But I'm not Judge Mitchell," I explained.

"Well, the judge should have come—but since he didn't and you did, we'll carry the box for you."

He did: Kefauver 193; Mitchell 8; Stewart 4.

Just as Evans predicted, our amateur campaign managers began to step forward as people began to know us personally. These amateurs did a prodigious amount of work.

A group of University of Tennessee students formed Kefauver clubs on every campus in the state. When June came these college members went home to organize and work in the precincts.

The organizing done, we turned our minds to strategy. Strategy in politics is the fine art of discovering the opposition's weakest points and getting there with the "mostest" if not the "fustest" votes.

We decided Memphis was the place for our "mostest" effort. Previously, it had been assumed that city would go as Crump went, so why waste effort on Memphis? We had to in order to win.

Memphis was hard to crack. E. H. Crump had gone there 58 years ago as the son of a genteel Mississippi family. He had got a job in a harness firm and incidentally fashioned a political bridle to slip over the head of what was then a rip-snorting wide-open river city.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN MALONE

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By ESTES KEFAUVER

CONGRESSMAN FROM TENNESSEE

Old Ed tried to ridicule Kefauver with a pet coon gag but Estes topped that with a coonskin cap and rode to victory on the laughs

He bridled the city in 1909 in a strong-arm race for mayor. He went into the insurance business and became a millionaire. He served two terms as mayor; eight years as county trustee; two terms as congressman and the rest of the time as plain boss.

He never lost an election in Memphis proper from 1909 on. He ruled through showmanship, cajolery, jobs, vituperation—all mixed with a little muscle on the part of Memphis policemen, and a lot of extraordinary political sagacity.

Over the years the Crump organization had used every sort of device to silence opposition. Store owners who got out of step would find parking signs suddenly erected in front of their places of business. Their elevators would be condemned by city inspectors. Restaurant owners found they would be cited for operating a "health menace."

As a matter of fact, about the only businessman I know of who ever bested the machine used somewhat the same tactics I employed with the coonskin cap. He operated an undertaking establishment with an ambulance service.

When he got crossed up with the city machine, a motorcycle cop was detailed to sit outside his establishment. Every time an ambulance came out of the undertaker's drive, the motorcycle cop would tail and tag him for "speeding." Finally, in desperation, the undertaker took a full-page advertisement in the paper: "Only ambulance service in town with police escort."

People began to laugh at the Crump crowd, and the motorcycle cop was assigned to regular duty.

Resentment was especially strong among labor and Negroes. Labor had become organized, 20,000 strong, and had armed itself with poll taxes. It was going to vote this time—silently, but solidly anti-Crump.

Negroes had been deeply offended because the Crump city administration had tried to make them view the Freedom Train, with its treasured load of documents like the Constitution and Bill of Rights, on a Jim Crow basis. Negroes had long *been voted* in Memphis by the Crump organization. This time they were going to vote their own votes.

A few weeks later, 10 leading citizens were asked to form a committee to handle my Memphis campaign. Seven responded. But that was enough.

The day the Committee of Seven was scheduled to organize, Crump ran the "pet coon" advertisement. But the seven would not be bluffed. They stood like so many pillars of granite when the heat was applied. They received threatening telephone calls and their pasts were searched for some damaging information.

But they proceeded to organize in the wards and precincts. On Election Day they lined up 1,000 watchers at the polls—and did they watch!

While Memphis was being softened from within, Gordon Browning was marching round and round the walls of Jericho. Throughout unoccupied Tennessee he was denouncing bossism.

My own audiences grew with the fame of the coonskin cap. I made 194 speeches after first putting it on. Crowds stood for hours to see it.

My election watchers were outnumbered in some precincts as much as one to twenty. But they were square-jawed and determined. When I left the city to go to Nashville, I was convinced the ballots would be called as marked that night in Memphis. They were—and we held Judge Mitchell's Memphis majority to 10,000. We even carried 25 of the 126 Memphis precincts. Stewart got virtually nothing at all in the city. I rolled up the largest anti-Crump vote in all E. H. Crump's history, and Gordon Browning did almost as well. We were, of course, nominated.

The Crump machine was crushed.

Collier's for October 16, 1948

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Mister Crump observes a cotton carnival crowd. He is happy. But this was before he lost the primaries

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The Little wife, who can't bear to see Columbia scored on, starts the game with an ear-busting scream. She's with Mrs. William Kirk, the author's sister, and Mr. Kirk

She Dies for Old Columbia

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Someday, Loretta Little will really see a football game. But not till her famous husband, Columbia's Lou Little, stops coaching. Now she just dies

EVERY Thursday night during the football season Loretta Little starts to get very weak. She gets weaker and weaker as the long hours pass, and she finally collapses completely as the whistle blows to start the game at Baker Field on Saturday. Loretta Little is the wife of Coach Lou Little of Columbia, and her weekly demise in Seat 11, Row A, Section 29 has in recent years attracted very little attention at all. Like Radio City, the pigeons who beg for crumbs on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Grant's Tomb and the Flea Circus, the weekly death of Loretta Little is now accepted as just another New York City phenomenon.

When the whistle blows to send Columbia into action on Saturday, the eyes of Loretta become glazed; the pulse of Loretta flutters and then stops; the breath of Loretta comes in gasps and then ceases. To all intents and purposes she is as dead as yesterday's newspaper. No one around her pays much attention because they know that, like members of the Saiva sect in India, she is twice born—and will again come to life as soon as some Columbia student streaks across the enemy goal line for a touchdown.

When she does awake, it is not the gentle awakening into life that the philosophers of India tell us about; she wakes with all verbal organs working at top speed, chanting a hymn of praise for the Columbia student who had been so adept at lugging the pigskin. Mrs. Little has been known to die twelve times during the sixty minutes of play, a record never achieved even by Goraksha, the swami who held the dying championship of India in the 13th century.

Mrs. Little will never forget the first time she died. It was just after she married Lou Little, in 1924. Mr. Little was coaching Georgetown then and his team was to play the highly favored Fordham eleven. It was the first time that Mrs. Little had ever watched one of her husband's teams in action.

"I was all right during the first few minutes of play," she explains. "Then gradually I began to die before my very eyes and there was nothing I could do about it. It was a warm day, but I found I had a horrible chill. I felt as though someone were pressing a cake of ice on my neck. Then I began to see small red spots in front of my eyes. The spots got bigger and bigger and suddenly exploded. The next thing I knew I was lying on the counter of a hot-dog stand and someone was saying with disgust, 'The lady fainted, that's all.'

"The man was a fool. I hadn't fainted; I had died. We played NYU the next week and I died three times during the game, but happily the stands were very crowded and I was wedged in between two big men, so I didn't fall or anything. In fact, no one even noticed it."

The normal, uninhibited woman who isn't married to a football coach might well say at this point, "Well, for Heaven's sake, if she suffers so every time she sees a football game why doesn't she stay home on Saturdays and listen to the Married Life of Henrietta and Henry?" That is a good question which I submitted to Mrs. Little.

"I tried it," she says sadly. "That was back in 1932. I had a slight cold and Lou made me stay home. But of course I had a radio and I heard the game. Well, I never spent such an afternoon. Toward the end of the game a neighbor dropped in and found me dead. She called a doctor, who found that my little cold had developed into pneumonia. The excitement and uncertainty and being all alone were too much for me."

"It must have been a *(Continued on page 36)*

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Loretta is relatively calm, but the storm's gathering. The enemy team is always a definite threat—to her sanity, if not to Columbia

Yaow! The trance is broken when her hero of the moment, the Columbia ball carrier, romps safely across the goal line with the pigskin

Oh, brother, make that kick! The try for point after touchdown calls for a really tremendous pressure of sheer, Little woman will power

Ahhh! That did it. The goal posts embraced the ball very nicely. Relax, sister, relax, and let the game go unsupervised for a moment

The kickoff's the signal for fiercely clenched teeth, tensed muscles. The score's 7 to 0 for Columbia, but what's gonna happen now? Ow!

Playing all eleven positions at once is very wearing. A little light nourishment seems indicated, just to gather strength for the next play

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

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Joe Palooka and Me

NUMBER 2 IN A SERIES DEVOTED TO AMERICA'S TOP COMIC STRIPS

By HAM FISHER

IT WAS probably the result of prenatal influence. Mom had done some writing and could draw a lemon that almost looked like one. When I arrived in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in the 1900s I had already decided to be a cartoonist but Pop was a hard-boiled businessman and had complete contempt for my aesthetic ambitions, so I worked for him until he went broke. Then, to help the family finances, it was the usual story: laborer, truck driver, salesman of everything from brushes and neckties to insurance.

At night I drew pictures, studied the work of the best draftsmen, read all the classics I could borrow or burgle. Mathematics and kindred subjects bored me and I barely lurched through high school. If there had been anything further back than the last of the class I'd have been it.

My first cartoon sale was to a Wilkes-Barre paper and from then on I was off, as reporter, special writer, cartoonist and part-time advertising salesman.

One day while passing (did you get that—passing?) a poolroom, a local fighter stopped me. "Hi'ya, Ham?" said he. "How about I an' you havin' a game of golluf?"

This had the effect on me of a large economy-size A-bomb. Here, made to order, was the comic-strip character I had been looking for—a big, good-natured prize fighter who didn't like to fight; a defender of little guys; a gentle knight—I ran back to the office, drew a set of strips and rushed to the newspaper syndicates. They turned me down colder than a pug on the canvas. This went on for eight years.

Meanwhile, though, I had become half owner of a newspaper at home for which I worked night and day and which was a tremendous success until eventually it folded. After that I landed in New York and began selling advertising for The Daily News, meanwhile offering Palooka to anyone who would look. No takers.

Then I met President Charles McAdam of McNaught Syndicate who sent me on the road selling features.

I promised each editor I saw that on my next trip I'd bring the most colossal, terrific and stupendous feature of all time. They showed interest so I showed Palooka.

In 25 days I sold 30 big cities and after that, Joe was no palooka.

The armed services used Joe for recruiting, hygiene, languages and custom guides during World War II. Goebbels called Joe "the most vicious of anti-Nazi propagandists." But the job could never have been done without the yeoman service of my two assistants, "Moe" Leff and Phil Boyle, and I'm ashamed to say they usually sit in the background while I take the bows.

Anyhow, Joe and I ride merrily along loving the job—and thankful my mom could draw a lemon that almost looked like one.

WELL I'VE GOT A SON. HE'LL CARRY ON MY BUSINESS.
I'M GONNA BE A CARTOONIST.!!
I'M GONNA BE A CARTOONIST.
GEO. McMANUS
PLUTARCH
HAMMOND FISHER YOU'LL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING... YOU'VE FLUNKED ALGEBRA, GEOMETRY, CALCULUS, CHEMISTRY..
I'M GONNA BE A CARTOONIST.
TEACHER
HERE'S A CARTOON ABOUT THE WHISKEY BARRELS THAT DISAPPEARED FROM THE POLICE-STATION.
HMM. NOT BAD. HOW'D YOU LIKE A STEADY JOB ? REPORTER AND CARTOONIST.
SAY HAM, HOW ABOUT I AN YOU HAVIN' A GAME OF GOLLUF ?
I GOT IT YEOWWW
HE'S... HE'S GOTTA CLICK.. IT'S A CONTINUED STORY... I....
THIS JOE PALOOKA'LL NEVER GO. NOPE... WE WANT GAG STRIPS.
HEY HAM.. WE NEED AN EDITORIAL.. A STORY ABOUT THE BIG CITY HALL DEAL.. SOME MORE ADS.. AN THE...
I'M GONNA TRY THE SYNDICATES AGAIN. SAY CAN YOU LEND ME TWENTY BUCKS FOR FARE TO N.Y.?
1927
MY PAPER BLEW UP IN MY FACE... I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU A GREAT COMIC STRIP.. WHY THIS'LL BE.. LISSEN MR. McADAM..
YOU'D MAKE A GREAT SYNDICATE SALESMAN... TELL YOU WHAT... I'LL GIVE YOU A JOB... AS A SALESMAN.
1929
I'VE COVERED MOST OF THE COUNTRY IN FIFTY DAYS... SOLD ALL THE PAPERS McNAUGHT FEATURES... AND PROMISED TO COME BACK WITH THE GREATEST COMIC STRIP OF ALL TIME
WHEN THEY FIND OUT IT'S MY OWN... WONDER IF THEY'LL THROW ME OUT ?
N.Y.
HERE I AM AGAIN MR. KNIGHT... UH... I'VE SOLD IT IN ALL THE CITIES ON THE WAY...
WHY YOU MODEST VIOLET... THIS IS YOUR OWN STRIP... HA HA I'LL TAKE IT.
1930
LOOK HAM, YOU THINK YOU PORTRAY ME AS YOURSELF. YOU THINK OF YOURSELF AS BEING HANDSOME, STRONG, IDEALISTIC, BRAVE, MODEST...
B-BUT YOU ARE... ME...
GWAN YA SAP. I'M YOU AN I RESENT IT.!
1935
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA... WE'LL USE PFC JOE PALOOKA FOR RE-CRUITING AND TRAINING ...ETC... WE NEED YOUR CIRCULATION FOR MANY PURPOSES...
THANK YOU GENERAL I HOPED YOU COULD USE MY MEDIUM.
1939
MISTER FISHER... THEY WANT YOU TO MAKE A NEW MOVIE CONTRACT.. THE RADIO WANTS TO RENEW THEIRS, YOUR BOOK HAS PASSED THE TWELVE MILLION MARK.. AND THEY...
PLEASE BETTY... TELL EM I'M.. WELL I'M BUSY.. I'M GOIN' OUT.!
BRINGG
BRR-R
1947
HONEY I FEEL THAT NOW I CAN ASK... JUST SAY THE WORD AND THE WORLD IS MINE.
WHY KNOBBY WALSH... I MEAN HAM FISHER... WHY OF COURSE I WON'T MARRY YOU.
1948
IT MUST BE WONDERFUL. I'M GONNA BE A CARTOONIST TOO.
PHOOEY! LISSEN... YA DOIN' ANYTHING FOR DINNER TONITE... I'M LONESOME !
FISHER

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Look under "D"

IF YOU'RE searching for words to describe the magnificence of Four Roses, you'll find them in the dictionary under "D."

But, to save you time, we've put a few of them together in this special Four Roses version of a dictionary page.

For example, like so many enthusiastic friends who praise this whiskey's superlative flavor, we think you'll agree heartily with us on words like "distinctive," "delightfully different" and "distinguished," to describe the soft, mellow perfection of Four Roses.

And, finally, if you haven't tried Four Roses recently, "D" stands for "Do!" "Do" step up to your bar and say: "Make mine with Four Roses, please!"

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

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Amos 'n' Andy—Ain't Dat Sumpin'

By JOHN CROSBY

This unquenchable pair has been incorpulating Harlem humor for 20 years. They've had the longest run in radio network. Faithful listeners show no signs of becoming regusted

The faces aren't as familiar as the voices. The top man is Gosden (Amos); the one below, Correll (Andy)

WHEN the history of American folklore is written, some space will have to be reserved for the small, sunlit portion of Harlem inhabited by Amos 'n' Andy, de Kingfish 'n' Madam Queen, Shorty 'n' Gabby 'n' Sapphire 'n' Ruby 'n' Henry van Porter and about 160 other characters, all of remarkably distinctive personality—and all created and, at one time, all played by Charles J. Correll and Freeman F. Gosden.

The little airtight world of Amos 'n' Andy is a sort of Glocca Morra in blackface—infinitely desirable and totally unobtainable. Here the problems of birth and death, marriage and divorce, wealth and poverty, while no different from those of the outer world, somehow assume an air of gaiety and fantasy; human frailty is presented in softer, more endearing outlines and all the perplexities of life are approached with the lilting innocence of childhood.

Not long ago, as an example of the nature of this private world, de Kingfish was trying to ship Andy off to Alaska to homestead for three years. This enterprise would greatly profit de Kingfish while costing Andy all the effort, the sort of business dealing de Kingfish specializes in. Andy objected to this particular project because it was too cold in Alaska.

"De kind of cold you gits up dere is a warm cold," said de Kingfish who talks pure nonsense with disarming self-confidence.

"H'mmm, Alaska," mused Andy, who is just as lazy as de Kingfish but not as bright. "Ain't dat de place where de days and nights is six months long?"

"Dat's right. So when you come right down to it, you'll only be dere for three days and three nights."

"Yeah, I could go huntin' up dere, too."

"Oh, yeah! Polar bears. Penguins. Might even shoot a few igloos."

"Igloos?"

"Yeah," said de Kingfish, who has never been at a loss for an explanation, "small animal wid horns. Looks sumpin' like a cantaloupe."

"You sho it ain't too cold up dere?" inquired Andy, still suspicious.

"No. De days is only thirty degrees below zero. Course de nights might be a little chilly. After you git dere, if you find you needs it, git yo'self a mink hat an' mink-lined coat."

"A mink-lined coat? I hear dey is respensive."

" 'Course dey is respensive here. But up dere you cuts out de retailer. Cuts out de wholesaler. Cuts out de jobber. You deals direct wid de mink."

"Sounds good," said Andy, now well on the hook. "Now how is I gonna git to Alaska?"

"Well, dere's lots of ways. If you go by automobile, I'd git on Forty-second Street and head west. Just don't fogit to make a right turn at Seattle."

With this brand of comedy, unique in radio, Correll, who plays Andy and Henry van Porter, and Gosden who plays de Kingfish, Amos and many other characters, have established Amos 'n' Andy as an American institution as beloved as the hot dog and almost as permanent as Niagara Falls. On March 19th, Amos 'n' Andy celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the oldest nationally known program on the air, technically the most perfect comedy show (with the possible exception of Jack Benny's), and still, after twenty years, among the ten most popular radio programs.

In a poll of sixty-five radio editors taken by Variety, Amos 'n' Andy were selected as one of the best of the popular programs. In an industry which has never hesitated to pirate successful ideas, Amos 'n' Andy have never been successfully imitated by anyone and in recent years no one has even attempted it.

Amos 'n' Andy were born in an elevator at radio station WMAQ in Chicago. Correll and Gosden, who have been fast friends since 1920, were already Chicago's favorite comedy team. For two years over WGN they had enchanted Chicagoans as Sam 'n' Henry, a blackface couple who bore a remarkable resemblance to Amos 'n' Andy. In 1928, they switched to WMAQ and, since WGN owned the names Sam 'n' Henry, they were forced to think up new ones. The pair tried out and discarded a host of ideas and were still undecided when they took

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We've Got Youngsters of Our Own

. . . YOU BET WE DRIVE SAFELY

● There's no secret why we truck drivers are safe and courteous drivers. We're trained to be.

But we also have *right-at-home* reasons why we drive safely.

We have youngsters of our own—and we don't want them injured. As parents and drivers we know that youngsters sometimes forget. We know they sometimes run from behind parked cars into streets.

We know also that motorists don't always stop or slow down coming out of side streets; and that sometimes they round blind curves on the wrong side.

With us *Safety Is No Accident.* It is the reward of everlasting watchfulness.

* * *

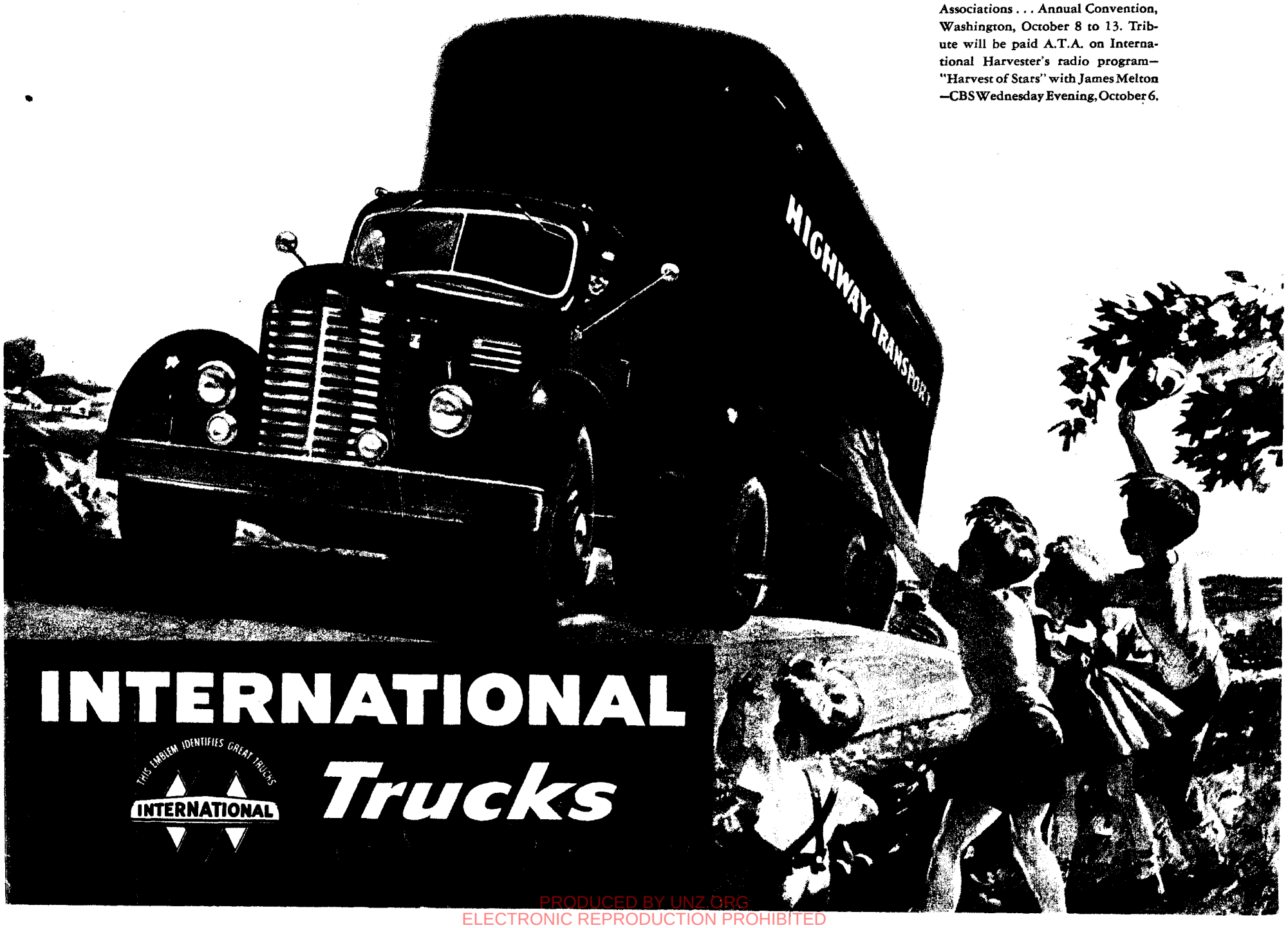
Because safety and courtesy are things we strive for, International Harvester has given us this chance to speak our little piece—as a plea for safe driving and courtesy on the highways of the nation.

Motor Truck Division

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY · Chicago

Other International Harvester Products
FARMALL TRACTORS AND MACHINES
INDUSTRIAL POWER . . . REFRIGERATION

THIS advertisement published in support of the Safety and Courtesy Campaign of the American Trucking Associations . . . Annual Convention, Washington, October 8 to 13. Tribute will be paid A.T.A. on International Harvester's radio program—"Harvest of Stars" with James Melton—CBS Wednesday Evening, October 6.



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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the elevator to the studio for their first broadcast March 19, 1928.

The elevator man, they found, was a friendly soul who welcomed each of his regular patrons with a wisecrack. On the way up he took on a passenger with the remark: "Well, well. Famous Amos." Then, when a carpenter got on, he said, "Hello, Handy Andy."

A few minutes later, Correll and Gosden were on the air under the names that have been with them ever since. One year and five months later they were on the full NBC network earning $100,000 a year, the highest price in radio, and almost immediately they set the backwoods ablaze. "I'se regusted" became a national catch phrase.

Their imprint on American speech, while not permanent, seemed at the time distinctly menacing. Soda jerks everywhere greeted orders with the words, "Check and double check." "Ain't dat sumpin'" was, and to some extent still is, the stock expression for wholehearted approval or various degrees of dismay. "Hold de phone" resounded through speak-easies and the halls of Congress. Millions of Americans quivered for weeks as Andy fought and finally won a breach of promise suit brought by Madam Queen.

The craze for Amos 'n' Andy—like Jimmy Walker, like prohibition, like Peaches Browning, like the Charleston—was just a small part of the larger lunacy known as the '20s and the greatest wonder of it all is not that Correll and Gosden started it, but that they survived it. Death or obscurity have overtaken almost all the other great names of that dizzy and wonderful age, but Amos 'n' Andy are still around and doing well.

Their Public Asserts Itself

From the fairly sensible and infinitely more mature vantage point of 1948, the position once occupied by Amos 'n' Andy in the public's affections is almost inconceivable. The stock-market crash in 1929 caused scarcely more rumpus than the decision of Correll and Gosden to move their broadcast time—they were then heard five times a week Mondays through Fridays—from 11 P.M. Eastern standard time to 7 P.M. The Secretary of State of Colorado and 100,000 other listeners of the Far West stated their "regust" since they couldn't get home from work in time to hear it. The sponsor was threatened with a boycott which was called off only after Correll and Gosden agreed to broadcast twice—once at seven, again at eleven.

Two Pittsburgh hotels, inaugurating a custom which spread through the country, suspended dining-room service between seven and seven fifteen and turned on the radio. Motion-picture houses picked up this practice in order to lure a few customers to the theater before seven fifteen. The screen went dark for fifteen minutes while loud-speakers brought the patrons the latest doings of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company Incorpulated.

In fact, it was virtually impossible to avoid Amos 'n' Andy. A man could take a walk almost anywhere in America and loud-speakers perched on stores or radios in private homes would confront him with the latest details of the loyalty of Amos, the shiftlessness of Andy, the perfidy of de Kingfish.

Correll and Gosden, a pair of level-headed and very hard-working showmen, found to their astonishment that they were as much public property as the bears in Yellowstone National Park, and could get away with just as much. They actually borrowed two dollars from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (later repaid) under the benign blessing of Jesse Jones. They dropped into the White House to show President Hoover how to "unlax" and passed along some advice on "the unreployment sitchiation."

Somewhere in the late '30s, the tumult died. With a depression behind it and a world war ahead, the country had other things to think about. Also, in the intervening years, a revolution had occurred in radio. Radio's pioneers—Amos 'n' Andy, Stoopnagle and Bud, Tony Wons, the Street Singer—had fashioned an intimate form of entertainment designed to please a few people in a living room. Correll and Gosden wrote all their material, played all the characters including women, and performed in a locked studio which even the sponsor was forbidden to enter.

But presently radio was invaded by the stage stars and the vaudevillians—Ed Wynn, Eddie Cantor, Phil Baker, Jack Benny. This group brought with them all the trappings of vaudeville—the gag men, the big bands, the girl singers, the master of ceremonies—everything, in fact, but the seals. Above all, they brought the audience with their laughter and applause and what is known in the trade as the big boffola or belly laugh, a hideous noise quite different in quality and sincerity from the low chuckle Amos 'n' Andy provoked.

Year after year, Amos 'n' Andy lost listeners to the big boffola; the line on the audience graph in Correll and Gosden's huge Beverly Hills office sank slowly but steadily toward the right-hand corner and would ultimately, they knew, drop right off on the floor. In 1943, after two years of discussion and thorough exploration, the veteran comedians bowed to the trend and inaugurated their present half-hour, once-a-week program employing actors, singers, a big band, five writers and, of course, an audience.

It was a big step. Even with the program's diminishing popularity, Amos 'n' Andy were in a class by themselves. In undertaking a big show, Correll and Gosden were competing directly with Benny, Bob Hope, Fred Allen, Cantor and a lot of others who had been in this field way ahead of them. Nevertheless, Correll and Gosden lost little time in reasserting their authority. Last season, they were as high as third on the Hooper rating and, if they keep up that pace, they may again be the nation's favorite radio comedians.

Amos 'n' Andy was and still is character and situation comedy whose humor depends largely on story line rather than on gags. In recent years, the loyal, lovable Amos has been pushed pretty well into the background in favor of the fast-talking and magnificently unscrupulous Kingfish (also played by Gosden) whose schemes for turning a dishonest dollar are wildly ingenious but so complicated they work but rarely.

Methods of the Kingfish

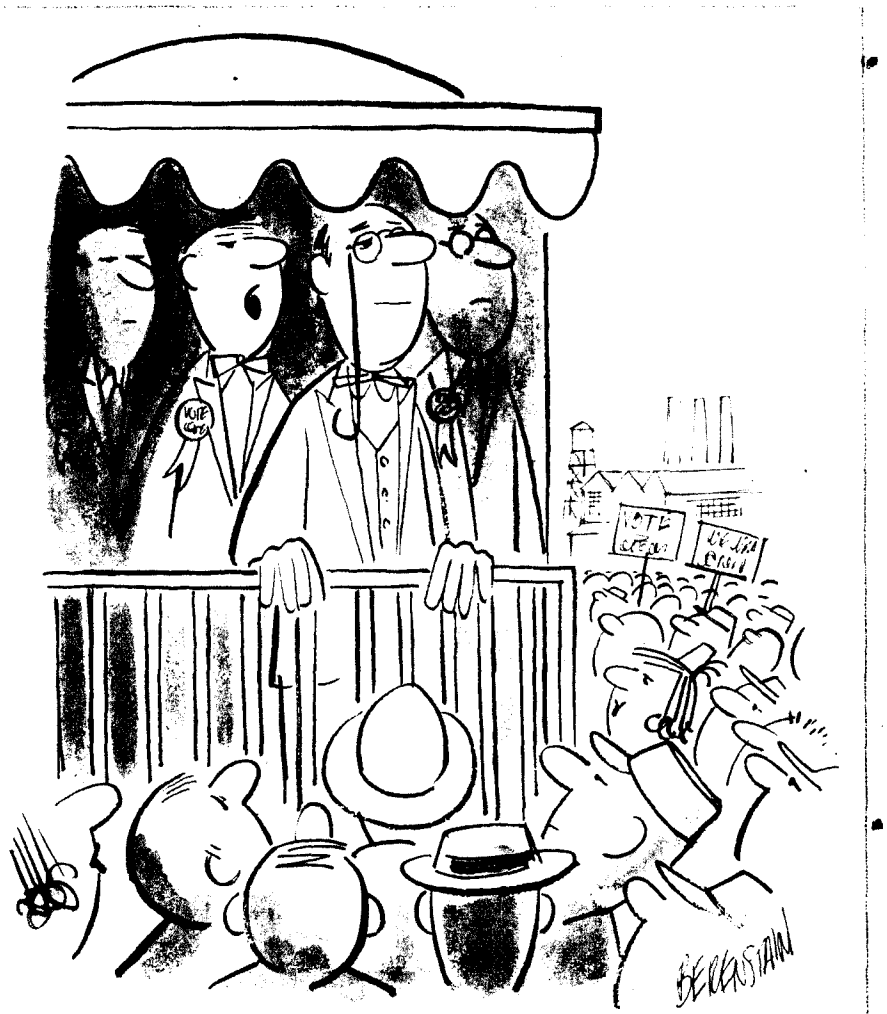
The title de Kingfish—his "real" name is George Stevens—stems from his position as headman of De Mystic Knights of de Sea, which is just one of several dozen fraternal organizations he belongs to. "A member," says de Kingfish, "is admitted solely on de basin of his character, backgroun' and in*tegry*. An' if he ain't got dat, he gotta have ten dollahs in cash." The Knights are little more than a racket employed by de Kingfish to fleece the lodge members by means of bazaars, dances or beauty contests. A recent beauty contest illustrates how this is done. The rules, as laid down by de Kingfish were:

"Rule 1: You gotta be a woman.

"Rule 2: You gotta be a woman wid two dollahs."

This particular contest presented de Kingfish and Andy with a rather nasty dilemma. The winner was a girl whose hair, eyebrows, complexion, teeth—in fact, virtually all of her—had been purchased at Barton's Drug Store. "Who gits de prize?" inquired de Kingfish. "De girl or de drugstore?"

During his long and shiftless lifetime,



"You are now in Rocksfield: population, 23,000, mostly industrial, two stockyards, big glass works, number of small manufacturers, voted Democratic in '36 and '40, went Republican in '44—start talking"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

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You can be sure... if it's Westinghouse

All radio-phonographs may look pretty much alike to you . . . but there can be a big difference in the listening. You will get far more enjoyment out of a set that's built *up* to a standard than you will from one that's built *down* to a price. And you don't have to be an expert to tell the difference. You can be *sure* if it's Westinghouse.

Westinghouse radios and radio-phonographs are available in a wide variety of models. The one shown here is the 186, which has exclusive Automix record changer, Electronic Feather reproducer, and Rainbow Tone FM. The bow-front cabinet is a Westinghouse classic. Home Radio Division, Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Sunbury, Pa.

Listen... and you'll buy Westinghouse

Listen to Ted Malone every morning Monday through Friday ABC Network

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOLEPROOF

brings it back again

The Guarantee
THAT MADE
HOLEPROOF FAMOUS
NOW ASSURES YOU
DOUBLE-THE-WEAR

Nylon socks by Holeproof

Buy a pair of these smooth, handsome Nylons . . . regular length or shorts . . . All Nylon or your favorite Nylon combination with silk, wool or cotton. Give it "the works" on wear. If, within 60 days it hasn't proved pure satisfaction in every way . . . wear, washability, fine appearance . . . send it back for a new pair FREE! Prices . . . 75c to $1.75 the pair at fine stores everywhere.

DuPONT NYLON is tough, resilient, easy to wash, easy to dry, longer wearing.

Besides all Nylon and Nylon-content socks, Holeproof brings you a new, wider selection of other handsome socks for every occasion from 55c to $3.50 the pair in regular or short lengths.

Men's socks by

HOLEPROOF*

*®HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN. IN CANADA, LONDON, ONTARIO.

de Kingfish has been employed only fitfully and usually disastrously. He sold insurance once with such vehemence he was an intolerable nuisance to the lodge members for weeks. "Heah he comes, Amos," shouted Andy during this phase. "Spread out!" His arguments as usual were persuasive.

"Now look heah, Andy. Lemme tell you about dis double indemnity wid de accident feature. Jus' suppose you was up in de Empire State Building—way up on de 79th floor. You lose your balance an' fall from de 79th floor to de sidewalk. My company will pay you $15 a week as long as you live."

"Dey will, huh?" said Andy.

"An' another nice little feature about dat part'lar accident. De time of de payments don' start from de time you hits de sidewalk. Dey start from de time you leaves de window."

However, selling anything as orthodox as insurance is distasteful to de Kingfish. He is by nature a promoter whose sales talk would have delighted Mark Twain. He rises to his true heights when he tries to sell Andy one of his vast quantities of gold bricks. Recently he was trying to ship Andy to Arabia in pursuit of some nefarious scheme or other. Andy objected because it was too hot in Arabia.

"Dat's all been changed by de Franco-American Spaghetti Treaty," said de Kingfish smoothly. "Dey opened up de Suez Canal to let de breeze in. Now look heah, Andy. At one end you got de Suez Canal and at de other end you got de Polish Corridor. Why, it's de only country dat's got cross ventilation."

Mother-in-Law Trouble, Too

Besides the avoidance of employment which horrifies him, de Kingfish's greatest problem is his mother-in-law who visits the Stevenses once a year and stays six months. "My daughter likes to eat once in a while," this redoubtable battle-ax often informs de Kingfish. "She also likes a roof ovah her head an' a bed to sleep in."

"Dat's de trouble—you's spoiled her," de Kingfish mutters.

Correll and Gosden shun topical jokes, particularly the ones played to death by other radio comedians. They have never used a Sinatra joke and they went through the "Open the door, Richard" mania looking resolutely the other way. When a current topic does creep in, it has the Amos 'n' Andy flavor imparted to it. During the war, for instance, de Kingfish pretended to be in the Army briefly to win his way back into the graces of his wife and in pursuit of that aim, wrote Andy a letter which is one of the briefest and most pointed communiqués in military annals:

"Dear Andy:

"Just a line to tell you I done arrived in Africa and I already done drive the enemy back eight miles. Please excuse the rest of dis bein' writ in pencil. My fountain pen was just shot outta my hand."

In some 4,800 separate radio programs, Correll and Gosden have played a total of 160 different people. Over the years they have winnowed this imposing cast down to sixteen of the most durable and most sharply defined characters, of whom Correll and Gosden still play eight.

Amos, sweet, hard-working friend of Andy's, is still running the Fresh Air Taxicab Company Incorpulated and is now married to his old flame, Ruby. The couple have two children. Despite his numerous love affairs, Andy is still unwed, though once he went through a marriage and an annulment all in one program. Other regulars include Sapphire, the luckless wife of de Kingfish; Gabby, the politician; Shorty, the barber; Henry van Porter, a phony society leader; Lightnin', the world's slowest human; and Stonewall, a lawyer whose clients fare very badly.

Stonewall's advice is distinguished by a macabre common sense. On the subject of safe driving he once advised Andy: "De fust and most important rule is never hit a pedestrian unless de light is wid you." To a client who phoned to tell him his jailers had shaved his head and cut a slit in his pants leg, he counseled cheerfully: "My advice is—whutever you do—don't sit down."

Correll, who was born in Peoria, Illinois, fifty-eight years ago, and Gosden, a Southerner from Richmond, Virginia, who is nine years younger, first met when they were employed by a Chicago firm to organize amateur theatricals around the country. Their first broadcast was over a New Orleans experimental station where they ad-libbed for ten minutes. To their knowledge only one person heard the program—a lady four blocks away who phoned and said the program came through fine.

Superficially, they resemble their radio characters in that Correll, who plays the boastful and flashy Andy, is a perpetual wisecracker and lives in one of Hollywood's show places; the smiling, gentle Gosden, who plays the sensible, unassuming Amos, lives in a modest home that hasn't even a swimming pool.

Both men are among the hardest-working and most respected citizens of Hollywood. Despite their years of popularity, they feel that neither they nor anyone else has a permanent grasp on the public's esteem and that a few bad shows could extinguish them overnight. They are at their offices at 9 A.M. and quit at 5 P.M. five times a week.

Though they still do much of the writing themselves, they now have a staff of writers to help them. Their present half-hour show burns up more material in a week than they once used in three weeks and sometimes the writing team, possibly the most expensive in radio, turns out three scripts a week before Correll and Gosden are satisfied.

Though they no longer do all the work, they still supervise every exit, every entrance, every sound effect, every inflection on their program. They even arrange the seating of the cast on the stage and have a hand in the selection sung by the Jubalaires, the magnificent Negro quartet, augmented by a white octet, on their program.

Their microphone technique, which is closely studied by younger men in radio, consists entirely, they say, of minute attention to detail.

"We comb the show with the finest comb we have," they say.

The Biggest Deal of All

And, after twenty-four years, they're still capable of jolting the industry back on its heels. A month ago the veteran comedians did just that when they sold Amos 'n' Andy, including their own services for twenty years, to the Columbia Broadcasting System for $2,500,000 payable in three years.

This outright sale of their precious creation, much like the sale of one's business, is taxable as a capital gain (25%), and not as salary (the boys used to pay Uncle Sam around 80%). It provides a comfortable annuity for their families, and sets a number of other tax-harassed comedians to wondering why they hadn't thought of it first.

In light of their ages and physical condition—Gosden has been ailing for several years—there's some doubt as to whether the pair will last twenty years.

In the event of death or disability, CBS could continue Amos 'n' Andy with other actors—but again, there's a grave question as to whether other actors could handle the show. Correll and Gosden's successors in Chicago as Sam 'n' Henry lasted just four weeks.

But that's something for CBS to worry about, not Correll and Gosden. It looks at long last as if de Kingfish had really pulled a good one.

COLLIER'S

"I see where my dopey first husband is somebody else's first husband again"

JOHN RUGE

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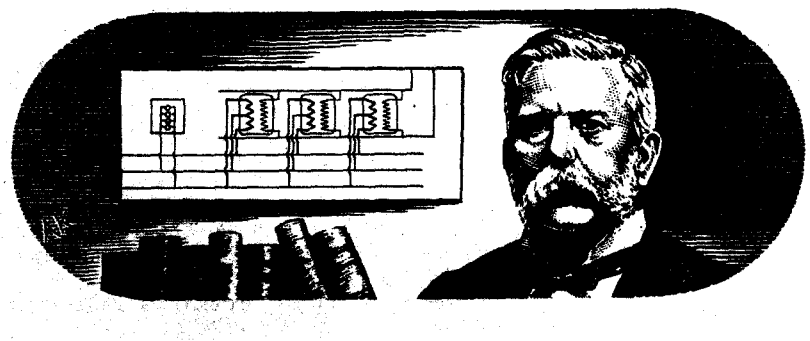
An American Original *means Something Better*



GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE (1846-1914), the American electrical genius whose 15 years' struggle to develop and perfect the *alternating current* gave America and the world something better.

THIS AMERICAN ORIGINAL is the first gin of its kind ever made in America. Its pale golden color is a natural color—nothing added but patience in the making. Sip it to see how SEAGRAM'S EXCLUSIVE PROCESS makes it *naturally smoother.* Mix it to prove how *naturally dryer* it makes your Martini.

Just ask ANYONE
who's tasted it!

An American Original
Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
distilled dry Gin
A pale golden gin of rare mellowness and superb bouquet made by an original and exclusive method...the first pale golden gin of its kind ever made in America
...distilled & bottled by
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.
Lawrenceburg, Indiana

Distilled from American Grain. 90 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Talk About Your Cats-MEE-OW!
PLEASE, GIRLS! EVERYONE KNOWS DAN AND I ARE ALL SNARLED UP! CAN'T YOU PULL IN YOUR CLAWS AND HELP A FRIEND?
RUTH, YOUR DENTIST IS THE ONE TO ASK FOR HELP ON— ON BAD BREATH, HONEY! WON'T YOU SEE HIM?
AND NO PUSSY-FOOTING!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH— HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES — STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE CLEANS TEETH BETTER THAN COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! AND I SIMPLY LOVE COLGATE'S DELICIOUS WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
MY COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CONNECTION FIXED DAN AND ME UP TO PURR-FECTION!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

SHE DIES FOR OLD COLUMBIA

Continued from page 26

thrilling game to turn a cold into pneumonia," I suggested to Mrs. Little. "What was the score?"

"Well, actually," she said, "I guess it wasn't as close as it had seemed on the radio. Columbia was playing Middlebury and we won 46 to nothing."

That is the only time Mrs. Little has missed a game played by a Lou Little-coached team since their marriage.

Last fall I suggested to Mrs. Little that I accompany her to the Columbia-Dartmouth game at Baker Field. She agreed. She phoned me on Thursday evening. Her voice was weak.

"I phoned the Weather Bureau," she wailed, "and they predict a muddy field for Saturday. How will Gene ever be able to pass with a wet ball? And if he does pass, how will Bill ever catch the ball. And how will poor little Yabo keep his feet in the mud? And I'm worried about Hank's leg."

Adroit questioning brought out the fact that "Gene" was quarterback Eugene Rossides; "Bill" was All-America pass-catching specialist William Swiacki; "poor little Yabo" was Ventan Yablonski, Columbia's pile-driving 193-pound fullback, and "Hank" was 230-pound tackle Henry O'Shaughnessy.

"It will be the same mud for both teams," I suggested hopefully.

"Well, if you're going to take that attitude," she said angrily—but then her voice faded and she cried piteously, "Tuss is so smart. I bet Tuss has figured on a muddy field and all his plays are designed to go in mud."

Rival Coach Inspires Fear

More adroit questioning revealed the fact that "Tuss" was Tuss McLaughry, the Dartmouth coach and one of her husband's closest off-the-field friends. The great admiration Coach Little has for Coach McLaughry had instilled a fear complex into Loretta Little. She now recounted several gridiron upsets engineered by Coach McLaughry, and she practically replayed every one of the games Brown University played in 1926, when under Coach McLaughry's aegis it went through an undefeated season.

"So you see how tricky Tuss is," Mrs. Little said firmly. "I only trust that man when the football season is finished."

Mrs. Little phoned three more times that day to give the weather report and to discuss the tricky Coach McLaughry. It was obvious that she was beginning to die. Her phone calls began again early Friday morning. It was a clear, crisp day, but Mrs. Little was very apprehensive about the weather.

"We better get an early start," she suggested on her fourth call.

"Sure," I said, making a weak effort at sarcasm. "Let's leave about 10 A.M. and bring a picnic lunch."

"That's a good idea," she said brightly. "We can get there in time to watch the band rehearse."

The phone woke me very early Saturday morning. "Did you ever see such a day?" she gasped.

I said I'd take a look. It was raining solid sheets of water.

"I'm sure the subways will be flooded," Loretta wailed. "And it's so bad they've taken the cabs off the streets. Lou has our car, so maybe you better bring yours. Otherwise we'll never make it."

"My car is a convertible," I protested. "It isn't built for this kind of weather."

"I love convertibles," she said. "I'll be waiting at ten for you."

Then she hung up. Obviously her mind had cracked under the strain. I grabbed my picnic lunch and walked a block to the garage, arriving exhausted and completely drenched.

Mrs. Little was waiting in front of her apartment house.

Over her mink coat she had draped an old trench coat of Lou's, a souvenir of World War I. She wore a heavy hood that covered her head and most of her face. She had on a pair of huge mittens obviously made out of breast of Airedale. They did everything but bark when we took off in what any erudite naval man would have spotted as a gale of hurricane proportions.

"I thought you had a new car," she commented brightly.

"It was new when I left the garage," I told her. "But it is not an amphibious vehicle. On Madison Avenue a tugboat crossed the port bow and sliced off a bit of the fender."

"Look out for that truck ahead of us," she cried.

"Look again," I suggested. It was not a truck. It was the Queen Elizabeth moored safely to Pier 55 in the North River.

"I didn't sleep a wink last night," Loretta sighed. "I felt so awful that Lou wouldn't let me go to church with him this morning."

"He showed good sense," I said. "I bet Noah, too, went to church when that other flood came."

"Lou was so worried about the game he didn't even notice the rain," she said. "He goes to seven-o'clock Mass the day of every game. I had a good breakfast ready for him, but he couldn't eat a thing."

"Does he die every Saturday, too?" I asked.

She nodded miserably. "Yes, but not until after the game. Then he just caves in."

We made a nice landing just behind the Baker Field stands. The rain slackened for a moment. It was 12:30, but there was no life anywhere. There wasn't another car in the huge parking space. There wasn't a sign of the Columbia

OUNCE OF PREVENTION

BARNEY TOBEY

ON THE SKIDS

Beware the scatter rug, my friends!
It often leads to painful ends,
So now before you hit the deck
And break your poor, indignant neck—
This very day, before your turn
Comes round to granulate your stern,
And wring your hands and gnash your teeth—
Put nonskid padding underneath.

—Margaret Fishback

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

band. And the locker room was in darkness. A sudden squall from the northeast made the car tremble.

"We made it in time," Loretta said happily. "This is really a wonderful car." Then she added miserably, "If only Hank's leg is all right."

She opened our picnic lunch and soon we were engulfed in hard-boiled eggs, turkey sandwiches and coffee out of a vacuum bottle. We turned on the radio, and some disk jockey with a cute sense of humor was playing April Showers. Sitting warm, dry and happy in his Radio City studio he took fiendish delight in following this with such numbers as Singin' in the Rain, It Ain't Gonna Rain No More and others dedicated to the delights of the weather we were enjoying.

"This is real cozy, isn't it?" Loretta said happily.

"It is," I admitted, and added proudly, "the heater is working, and the radio is perfect. It's so cozy it would be foolish to leave here."

"None of that," she said sharply. "We came here to see the game. I suppose you'd like to sit here and listen to it on the radio?"

"It was just an idea." I admitted defeat.

"Really," she said, "really. I think it's time we went out to our seats."

She meant it. We climbed out, carrying blankets and vacuum. I also carried a portable radio. The hundred-yard walk to our seats was not without incident, but it would be foolish to recount in detail how many times we slipped in the mud or fell into puddles.

By now Mrs. Little was going into her pregame condition that resembled the cataleptic state. We arrived at our seats. There were nearly a hundred other bedraggled lunatics in the stands, although 29,000 seats had been sold. The rain, swirling crazily but cannily, managed to seep through the blankets; it managed to slip down your neck and soon you, your clothing and your blankets were nothing but an indistinguishable mass of moisture. The teams came out on the field. Our seats were right behind the Columbia bench. Coach Little came over to say hello. There wasn't the slightest gleam of recognition in Loretta's eyes.

"Is she all right, Lou?" I asked anxiously.

"Just normal," he said with satisfaction. "It's going to be a tough sixty minutes for you. She's especially bad when we play a team coached by Tuss."

Lady in a Gaelic Trance

He walked away, and Loretta, still in a semitrance, began to mutter quietly in a language I identified as Gaelic; not surprising in view of the fact that Loretta's ancestors had once roamed the green hills of Ireland. Just before the whistle blew to start the game, Loretta, her voice clearer now, began to chant verses from the well-known Caithreim Cellacháin Caisil, the great work which told of the fights between the Vikings and the Irish in the 10th century.

Obviously her worry about O'Shaughnessy's leg had caused her to identify him with the ancient Irish who at one time battled the Vikings, represented of course by De Ormond McLaughry, who is only a half-dozen generations removed from Norway. Then the whistle blew, and sure enough, she died.

It was just as she had said. Not even the icy blasts of the sleet-tinged rain on her face revived her. She sat there, immobile, looking like a very fine case of *rigor mortis*. Occasionally Mrs. Little came to life to ask feebly for the score. It was impossible to see the game at all; a fifty-foot sheath of falling water was between us and the players, but happily my little radio was working well. When Mrs. Little asked for the score, I would relay the sad news that it was still nothing to nothing. She would then moan a little and expire again.

It was not until the third quarter that I was able to give her any cheering news. A Columbia guard blocked a kick; a Dartmouth man fell on it behind his own goal line and Columbia led 2 to 0. A few moments later Rossides tossed one to Bill Swiacki, who made one of his impossible catches, and Columbia now had a nice lead of 8 to 0.

Mrs. Little came out of her semiconscious state with a happy cry of joy. This seemed to be a signal for the rain to slow to a light drizzle. A moment later Ventan Yablonski smashed through the Dartmouth line to score again, and now Mrs. Little, her face glowing with happiness, was on her feet crying, "Atta boy, Yabo! Good old Yabo!" The game ended with the count 15 to 0 and with Mrs. Little full of energy and delight. "I was never really worried," she said airily.

That "Nice Man" McLaughry

I winced at that and drove her home through streets still curb-deep in water and with cars stalled all over the city. She was completely normal again, laughing happily and planning a good dinner for Lou that night. It would have to be especially good, she said, because Tuss was coming and Tuss was "just about the nicest man you ever met."

"You told me you never trusted Tuss until the season was over," I reminded her.

"I never said such a thing," she said indignantly. "Or if I did I don't remember it. I never really worried. Will you come to the Syracuse game two weeks from today with me?"

I told her I thought that I'd had enough football for one season.

Well, that all happened a year ago. Just before this season opened I ran into Mrs. Little, looking her attractive, chic self again. Over a cup of coffee we discussed Lou and Columbia football prospects, the only two subjects which Mrs. Little will discuss from September to late November.

"It should be an enjoyable season," I ventured.

"Enjoyable!" She looked aghast. "With Penn, Navy, Dartmouth, Harvard coming up, how can it be enjoyable? As a matter of fact, I haven't enjoyed a football game since I became the wife of a coach. I suffer too much. Every coach's wife suffers too much."

"Did you ever see Lou play?" I asked.

"Lots of times." She smiled. "But that was before I knew him really well. I used to watch the Penn team when Lou was on it. Watching football was such fun in those days," she sighed unhappily. "I haven't really seen a game since."

"Repeat that, please," I asked.

"I never *see* a game," she said. "I play the game each Saturday. I know those are Lou's boys out there and I know how he feels about them. I play as hard as the boys do. And suffer much more."

"Why don't you go to the professional games on Sunday?" I suggested. "You might enjoy them."

"How?" she asked miserably. "Lou's boys are playing all over the leagues. Then Steve Owen is such a good friend of ours that I die when the Giants lose. Of course when the Chicago Bears play the Giants I just want to hide."

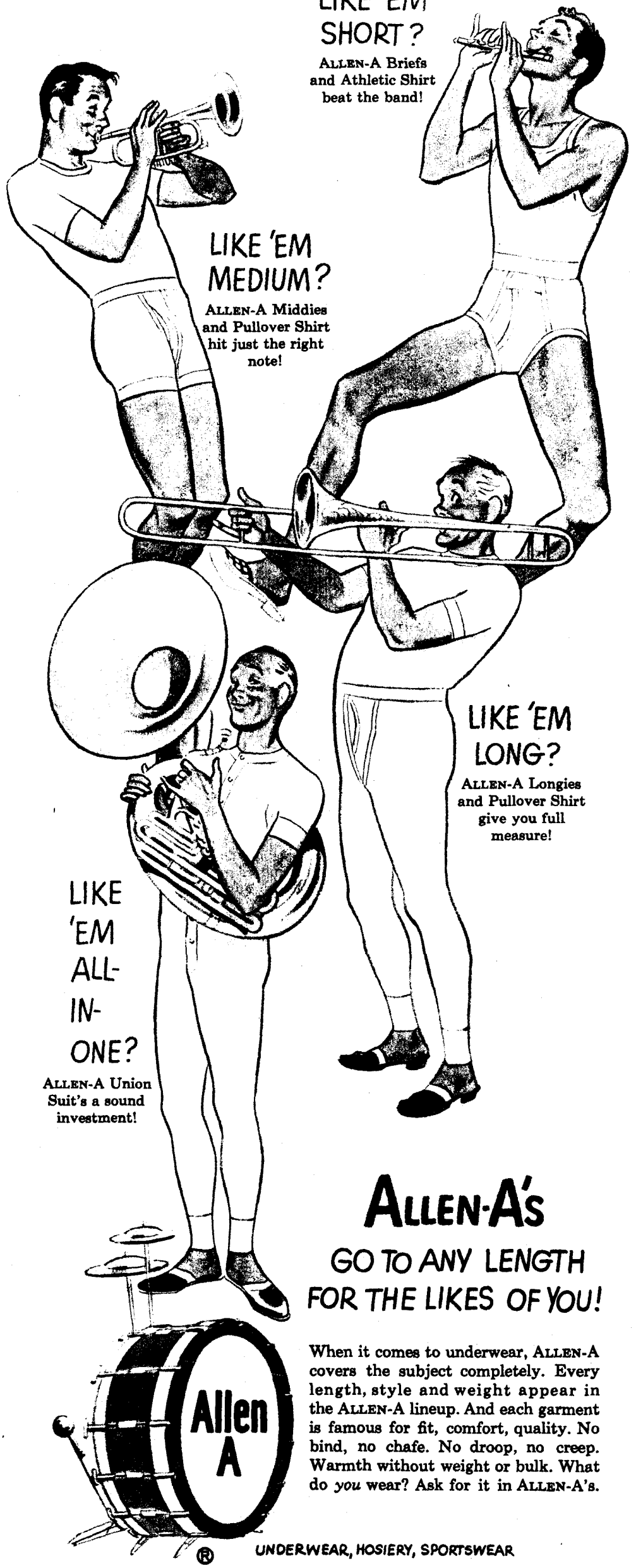
"Why?" I asked.

"Sid. Sid Luckman," she said. "He was one of Lou's boys."

"Too bad," I said. "Football is a good game to watch."

"I know," she wailed. "Someday when Lou is through coaching I hope really to see a game. But by then," she added unhappily, "I'll probably be too old to enjoy it. By the way, do you want to come to the Columbia-Penn game with me?"

I choked on my coffee, hurriedly grabbed my hat and coat, and started to run. I am still running.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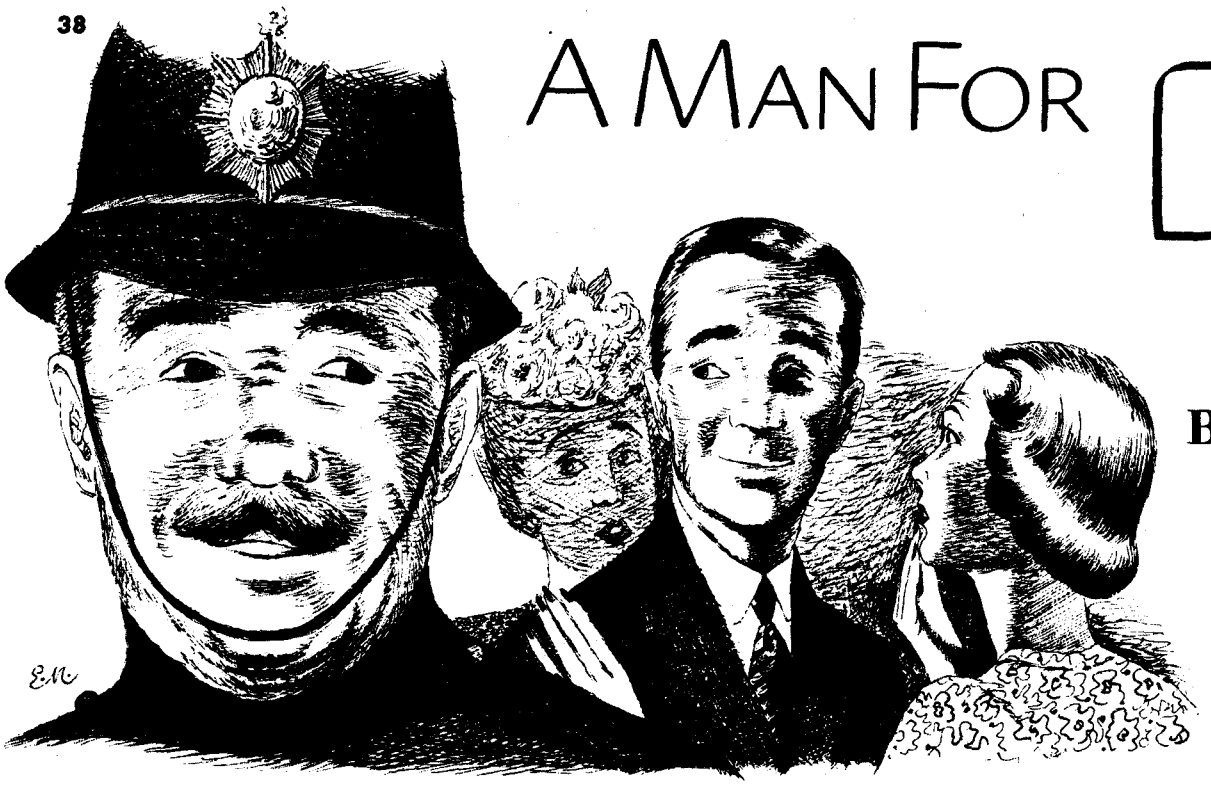

A Man For Dalphine

By JAMES J. SIMONDS

Collier's SHORT SHORT

DALPHINE'S letter came down from London through Cardiff to Cardigan all safe and secure but when it got to Aberporth, tiny Aberporth, way out where Wales slants into the sea, it came to grief. Constable Davis, Dalphine's father, seized the letter and read it.

It was from Jack Delaney. He had seen her picture in a home-and-garden magazine and he was writing in the hope that they would someday meet. Dalphine looked, he said, as delicate and as bright as the fairest dahlia she held in her arms. Would she please write to him? The constable snorted.

"You'll neither write to this blatherskite, nor will you have anything to do with him," he said, after the letter had been read by the family while they were having tea.

The family was a paternal triangle, directed and dominated by the constable. He was big and loud, and in the Davis house he was law. He moved ponderously and he rarely got excited, though often it appeared that he did. His wife was a willow, calm and quiet; she bent easily with the wind. And Dalphine—Dalphine was no dahlia though she was about as pretty as one.

Now her soft, gray eyes looked at her father, her rosy lips parted and she said, "What in thunderation gives you the right to damn the lad sight unseen? If you so much as knew the sky over him, a person might listen to your objections, windy and witless as they appear to be."

The constable carefully set down his teacup. "It's because I do know Jack Delaney and not because I don't that I forbid you to write to him."

"And how do you know him?" asked his wife.

He swung around to her, the way a locomotive does outside a roundhouse. "I knew him in London during the war. That's how, madam." He turned back to Dalphine. "He was a flier then, and I have little doubt he's a high flier now. A handsome wild oats that you'll have nothing whatever to do with. I forbid it. And, mark now, I want you to steer clear of that mangy fishmonger, Roddy Regan. That matter will end at once."

But it didn't. That night, while making his rounds, he saw them walking out on the beach of the bay in the moonlight. Roddy's straggling gait and skimpy frame exaggerated Dalphine's full-bodied litheness.

Blasted fish peddler, muttered the constable as he slid into the shadows. As they came abreast of him, he heard Roddy say, "Two pound ten and six profit, on mackerel alone this week. Just ask your governor if that ain't a bit of all right."

Exasperatedly Dalphine whirled and went flying across the sand away from him, and in the shadows the constable rocked with silent mirth.

But in the week that followed there was little to amuse him and much to vex him. Sly, mother-daughter looks. Something was afoot. He watched the postman as he would a thief and when the letter came from London, he was there to pounce on it. But even though he had it in his hand, he didn't open it. He dared not. It was addressed to his wife, in a woman's handwriting. He went storming to his wife and demanded to know who wrote the letter.

"A friend," she said.

The constable lived with his suspicions for ten letters, then he opened one. In a masculine hand the letter began, "My Dearest Dalphine."

At tea that afternoon, the constable produced the letter. "Your friend," he said to his wife, "thinks that Dalphine's eyes are tiny mirrors reflecting a starry sky." He went on as Dalphine winced. "He also thinks her lips are the promise a rosebud gives, but the poor lad's pen has rheumatism. He says it stumbles over the things he wants to say, but he's got an answer for that too. He wants to meet her somewhere and talk."

Constable Davis tore the letter to shreds. His muttonlike hands thundered on the table as he pointed out what an admirable husband, what an excellent father he had been. Why, he demanded, under his very nose, had they seen fit to stab him in the back? Had they no loyalty? As it appeared not, they would now see. A different man to deal with now sat before them.

Mrs. Davis poured the tea. Dalphine refused to drink any and sat rigid. The constable finished his tea, sat back.

"I don't hold with any man who refuses to admit a mistake." He lighted his pipe. "I feel now that I was wrong about something and freely do I admit it. Dalphine, you are no longer forbidden to see Roddy Regan."

"Oh," Dalphine cried. "Oh, you—" And she rushed from the room.

THE next morning when he arose, the whole house was in turmoil. "It's my sister in Southampton," explained his wife. They just got the word that she was at death's door and she and Dalphine must fly to her bedside. "Carry the bags," she said.

And the constable, caught up in the hurry and confusion, gave little thought to what he was doing as he escorted them to Cardigan and put them on the train. But when it pulled out, he stood for a long time looking down the empty tracks. Then he lumbered into the telegraph office and sent a wire to the Southampton police.

"TWO WOMEN POSING AS MOTHER-DAUGHTER ARRIVING YOUR CITY TODAY. WILL PROBABLY ASSUME NAME OF DAVIS. REQUEST YOU KEEP UNDER SURVEILLANCE. REPORT ACTIVITIES TO CHIEF CONSTABLE, ABERPORTH."

Two days later came a reply. "RE. DAVIS: WOMEN REGISTERED AT COLTON MANNOR. JOINED YESTERDAY BY JOHN E. DELANEY. (DESCRIPTION BELOW) THREE DINED, ATTENDED CINEMA. WILL SPOT OPERATIVE AT ADJACENT TABLE, DINING ROOM TOMORROW. IS GANG RENDEZVOUSING HERE? WHAT INFORMATION HAVE YOU? DELANEY—27, 5'11", 12 STONE 10, BRN. HAIR, FAIR COMPLEX. EMPLOYED, LONDON. WAR RECORD GOOD."

Then: "RE. DAVIS, DELANEY: OPERATIVE DEDUCES GANG CONSISTS OF FOURTH MEMBER NOT PRESENT. REPORTS CONTINUAL REFERENCE TO 'BONEHEAD' IN GANG'S CONVERSATION. AMOROUS ATTACHMENT EXISTS, DELANEY, YOUNGER WOMAN. OPERATIVE OBSERVED DEEP EMBRACE, HOTEL BALCONY. HAVE YOU INFORMATION AS TO IDENTITY, WHEREABOUTS OF 'BONEHEAD'?"

Then the constable sent a wire—to Mrs. Davis. Southampton informed him that the "gang" was heading west in Delaney's car and when they arrived he was waiting.

"So you've tricked me again," he roared, as the three of them marched bravely into the house.

ALL of them started to talk at once, but Jack Delaney waved them to silence. He smiled at the constable.

"I think this has gone far enough."

"Out," the constable thundered. "Outside, where we can talk man to man, Delaney." And before another word was said, he hustled Jack down to the beach, and around the big rock. There the constable drew back a mighty arm and hit Jack a punch in the eye, stretching him out on the sand.

"Now you've gone too far," Jack screamed, struggling up.

"Jack, Jack lad, can you ever forgive me? I meant only to give you a slight tap, merely for appearance's sake." He brushed the sand off Jack and made sympathetic clucks.

"You've fair knocked the eye out of my head," Jack moaned.

"Aye, it'll be a beauty," the constable said happily. "But, lad, you were about to give the show away entirely."

Jack said nothing and the constable eyed him anxiously. "You didn't tell them 'twas I sent you Dalphine's picture? You didn't let on I asked you to write to her?"

"No," Jack said. "But we're going to be married. What difference would it make now?"

The constable groaned, "Do you know nothing of women? Jack, Dalphine wouldn't marry you if she thought I wanted her to. Lord, lad, if she knew I made a match for her, the devil himself wouldn't drag her into it."

"Rot," Jack said, fingering his eye.

The constable smiled. "Any fool can lead a horse to water, Jack. It's the wise man who feeds the horse salt, then tries to keep him away from it. But I think you'll understand when you get to know Dalphine a little better."

And with his eyes twinkling, the constable led Jack back to the house, brushing sand off him all the way.

ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC MULVANEY

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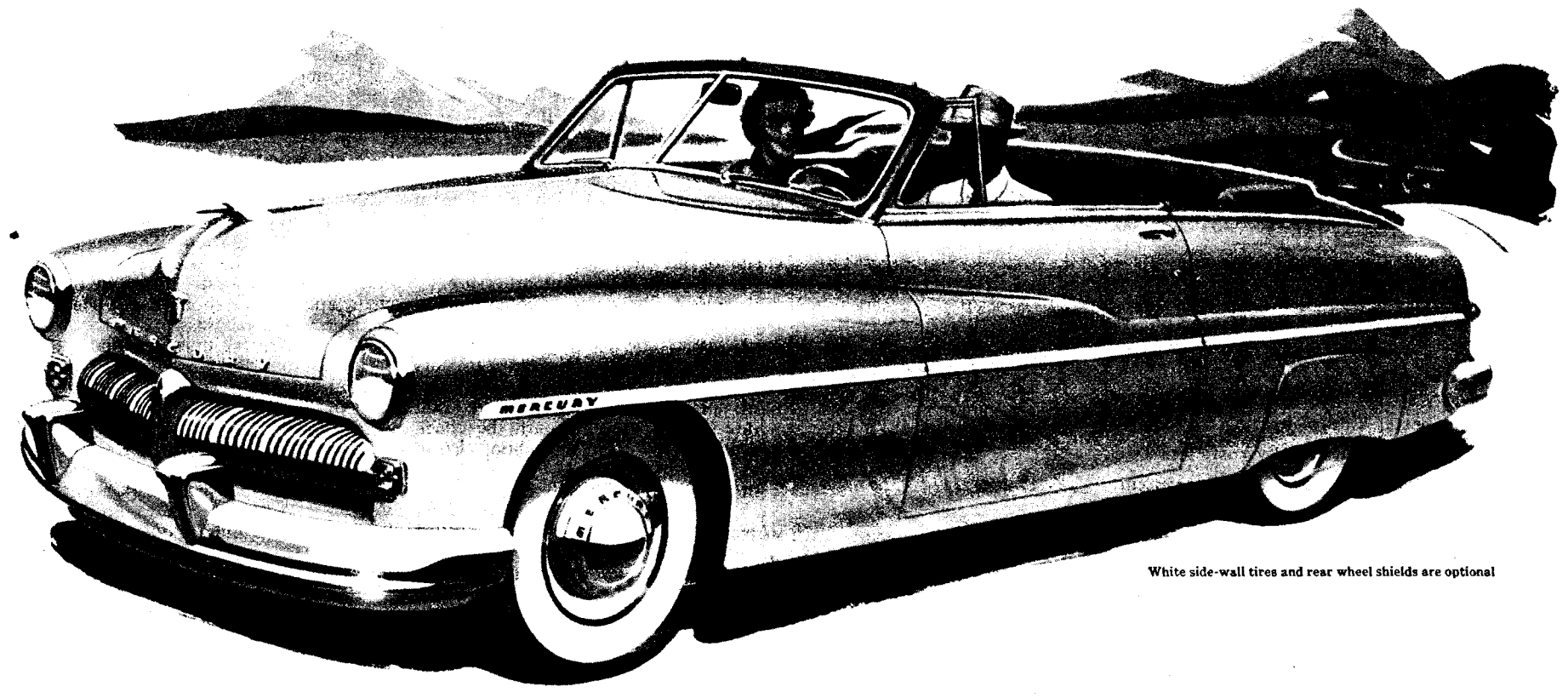

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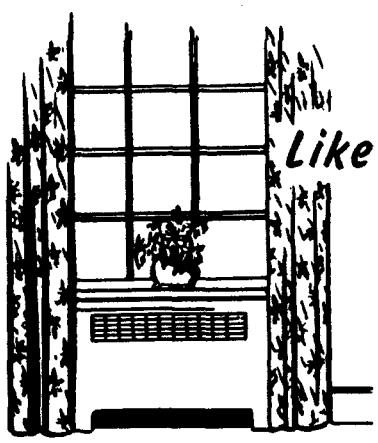

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SATURDAY FEVER

Continued from page 23

hurrying down the sloping walks, and snatches of faint laughter floated through the early night.

"I'm giving you back the suit," said Kelly.

"All right." The coach nodded and rubbed gently at his thinning pate. "Whatever you think."

"It doesn't seem important any more," said the boy, turning the hat in his hands. "The other guys—think I'm a swell-head, but that's not it. I just haven't got the fever any more."

"Natural enough," answered Ogilvie mildly. "You've been playing football a long time."

"I used to try," said Kelly hesitantly.

"Sure. And it was something special."

"Thanks." Kelly stood up. "Good luck with Munro."

Ogilvie heaved out of the chair, his broad face cramped into a wry grin. "They ought to let our boys carry pistols, without you in there," he said. It was not a complaint, only a comment. They shook hands.

Kelly's footsteps whispered across the gravel of stadium drive as he headed toward college town and the big drink he had not taken for so many weeks. As he walked down the hill toward the lighted streets, he made a notation in his mind to call Sari Henderson. That is, after he had done the other thing he had to do, the thing he dreaded most.

THE house of Carl Voss was a turreted mass dominating the heights across from college town. As Kelly turned off the road and through the wrought-iron gates, he was sorting phrases in his mind. For, in some strange twentieth-century way, he was vassal to the man who lived in the huge red brick pile. Voss had picked him from the obscurity of a small high-school team in West Texas—a long time ago. Plodding across the terrace toward the lighted castle of his liege lord, Kelly remembered the years of his apprenticeship.

Because Kelly was too light, Voss had enrolled him in a junior college. There, for two years, he had applied himself to the study of football. His return to Voss for those two years had been twelve more pounds and four hundred-odd points scored. Every month the check had come. Not from the school. From Carl E. Voss, Incorporated.

In all those years Kelly had not seen Voss more than five or six times. First in his home, when the big man had sat smiling affably in the front room while the chauffeured car waited outside. The other times had been at banquets, where Mr. Voss made speeches about what Austin Tech was going to do in the next game. About the man himself, Kelly knew only that his oil operations were international, and that he had been married several times. All of the Austin Tech stars got that same monthly check.

When the front door opened, Kelly gave his name to the butler, standing there. A minute went by, and the butler returned.

"Will you come in, please?" The man opened the screen door and Kelly stepped inside.

Mr. Voss was waiting. A heavy man with flabby jowls, he had an expensive and tended air about him. Under the gray suit, his paunch was tailored almost out of sight. He gripped Kelly's hand briefly, and waved him to a chair.

"What's the trouble, son?" he asked, his teeth working slowly at a cigar.

"Not really trouble," said Kelly, struggling forward. The chair was too low and deep; he felt trapped in it. "I'm through playing football, and you've been awful good to me, so I thought—"

"Coaches give you a bad time?" asked Voss, his leonine face still pleasant behind the blue mist of smoke.

"No, sir." Kelly looked up at him. "Just—burned out, I guess."

"Mmmm." Voss shifted toward the window. "Beat Munro and we could take the conference title again."

"Yes, sir," said Kelly patiently. "I know that. But my knee's giving me trouble. I can't turn it on like I used to."

The oilman was facing the window, looking out over his darkening lawns. He did not speak for a minute, just puffed rhythmically on the cigar. When his voice finally came, it was pitched no higher but it held a burr of anger.

"I want this team to win," he said abruptly. "It's an investment with me, costs a lot of money." The cigar came out of his mouth and he blew smoke away. "I've spent more than your father ever earned, making you the best ball carrier since Hilliard—" He turned to face the seated boy. "And you intend to quit?"

"Yes, sir."

Voss's face became ridged in flat planes of anger. "All right, young feller," he said, and his voice was harsh. "Go ahead and leave your team and your school in the hole, but there'll be no coaching jobs, no help around here."

Kelly sat staring, hat forgotten in his hands. He thought: What makes him so angry? What can possibly make me so important? This year, next year, win or lose, why is it such a big thing to this guy who's got a hundred million dollars? Voss answered the question for him.

"I don't lose," said the big man. "I don't lose at anything. This team can make the Cotton Bowl."

"I'm sorry—"

"Sorry won't do. You play the string out or—"

"May I come in?" asked a cool voice. Kelly turned to see a woman at the edge of the huge living room. She was about forty, stylishly haggard, and trim in black linen. Kelly struggled out of the chair, and as they shook hands she said that she was Mrs. Voss.

"And you're the current wonder boy of the football team," she said, smiling and sitting down. Voss was looking out the window, and the woman glanced up at his back.

"If I wanted to quit, Mr. Kelly," she said easily, "I'd do it. Mr. Voss is rich and he's tough, but the trouble with Mr. Voss is that he's trying to do an extremely difficult thing. You know what it is?"

Kelly said he didn't know.

"He's trying to buy some secondhand youth," the woman continued smoothly. She smiled down at her hands, twitched the enameled nails. "How he spends money on it! And it won't work."

NOBODY said anything after that. Kelly stood for a minute, waiting. When he shifted his weight nervously, the woman laughed. "Don't worry about it, Mr. Kelly," she said. "You've already run halfway around the world for him, carrying that silly ball. If you're tired of it, stop and rest for twenty or thirty years. Old Massa Voss won't do anything about it."

"Thank you." Kelly hesitated and glanced at the big man bulking against the window. "Good night, Mr. Voss," he said, but the millionaire did not answer. Half bowing to the woman, Kelly crossed the room and went out of the house. . . .

He had that first drink in the Peacock Bar. It exploded in his stomach like a magnesium flare, and since all the good things go together, he ducked into the phone booth. A blasé voice said, "Pi Phi House" with a false air of disinter-

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est, and he asked for Sari. He could hear the call mounting, and then she said, "Yes?" right in his ear.

"If you are not busy," he answered, "I would like to contribute to this latest wave of juvenile delinquency."

"You would?"

"Yes. In an hour."

She was laughing as he hung up.

She was ready on time, which was one of the things he liked about her. The red velvet dress was a sheath at the top; it molded her body to the hips and flared into a swirl of sequins at the hem. Nodding in approval, Kelly held out his arm.

When they were sitting at the table, on the Tavern Terrace, he bought another drink. The place was crowded, and the moving feet of the dancers put a sliding whisper under the music. Kelly felt fine.

WHEN Dub Tolbert sauntered up, they were back at the table. The sports writer was whistling between his teeth, looking at the drink in Kelly's hand. As he pulled up a chair he flipped a crumpled telegram across the table. While Kelly was reading it the sports writer asked Sari if she wanted to marry him while he was still intoxicated, or wait till later. She was weighing the possibilities when Kelly threw the telegram back.

"Thanks," he said.

Tolbert nodded and stopped patting Sari's hand. "Like to print it," he remarked, looking at Kelly.

"What difference?" Kelly shrugged. "I don't know yet."

"Okay." Tolbert got up, bowed to Sari and drifted away.

"Sounds like big stuff," said Sari.

"Two things. I quit the squad today. The telegram was an offer from the Cincinnati Buffalos. Pro ball. Twelve thousand dollars a year."

"A lot of money." Her eyes were steady on him.

"A lot of banging around, by boys who know how. But it beats getting your pate addled for nothing an hour—" Kelly's voice was angry; he lighted a cigarette, looking at her over the match flame. "You don't seem very surprised."

"Why should I be?" She looked down at her clasped hands. "Everybody saw it coming." She was half sad, half smiling. "After the Tulane game, they started a saying on the campus. 'Everybody came but Kelly.' They said Kelly didn't care."

"That was a lousy bounce, a bad break." Another round of drinks came, and he took his neat, shaking his head at the strong aftertaste. "I've been somebody's ball carrier for eleven years," he said slowly, with a grimace of displeasure. "Broke both my shoulders, cracked my ribs, got a nice hinge-type knee—" He was tracing on the tablecloth with a spoon. "In the war, too. Big man in the war, played two years for the generals, sold a lot of War Bonds doing my patented dervish act for Morrison Field. Sometimes I feel tacklers hitting me in my sleep—"

He broke off and shivered in the warm, music-filled room. He was thinking of all the bruising afternoons he had put in, the number of times he had been smashed down. He wanted to tell her about Voss, and the big jobs raking leaves for a hundred a month while the athletic department banked a million a year. But he didn't.

"Let's don't fight," she pleaded softly, but the fiesta was over. Lightness had gone and his throat felt tight. He waited in silence until she had finished her drink, and then he took her home.

She stopped and turned around at the door. A slender girl standing in the moonlight, she looked like what he wanted most. Her voice was husky.

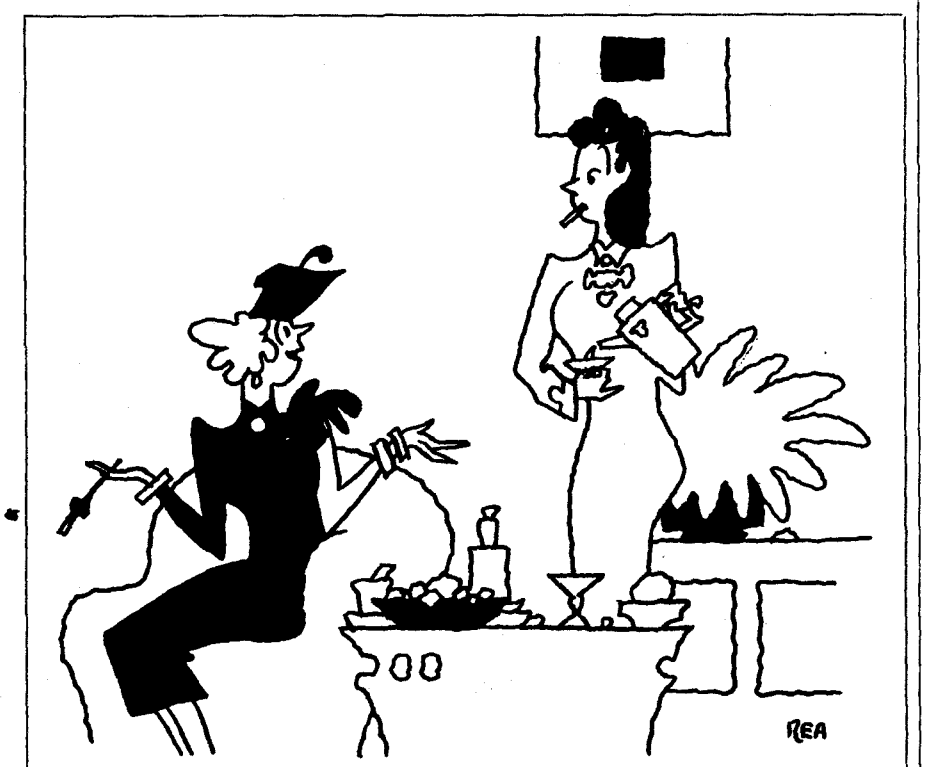
"You're always right about everything, Kelly," she said. "Maybe the Joe College stuff is just infantile hokum. But when the stands were full and the sun was shining, and you were out there with all those hired thugs trying to catch you, and not being able to do it"—She was talking fast and breathlessly—"I always thought it was wonderful."

Kelly looked down at her grimly. "Now listen—" he began.

"I know. I'm just stupid." She grabbed his shoulders without warning and kissed him on the mouth. It was a shocking warmth that lingered even after she had pulled away and gone inside.

THE next morning Kelly had a hangover and cut his classes. He lay in bed and read Tolbert's column which announced in boldface that he had quit the Austin Tech squad and had been offered $12,000 a year to play for the Cincinnati Buffalos. The piece went on to say that his loss made the approaching game with Munro a dead mortal cinch for the invaders; the Eastern gamblers were scrambling to hedge their point-allowance bets.

The column came out in Wednesday



"It's an election bet. If Truman wins, Mr. Hodges buys me a mink coat for guessing wrong—and if Dewey wins, he buys me one to celebrate"

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

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". . . because I see how we can afford it now, Joan."

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"Does it have something to do with that Mutual Life Insured Income you've been talking about lately?"

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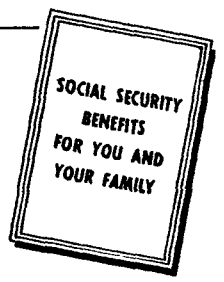

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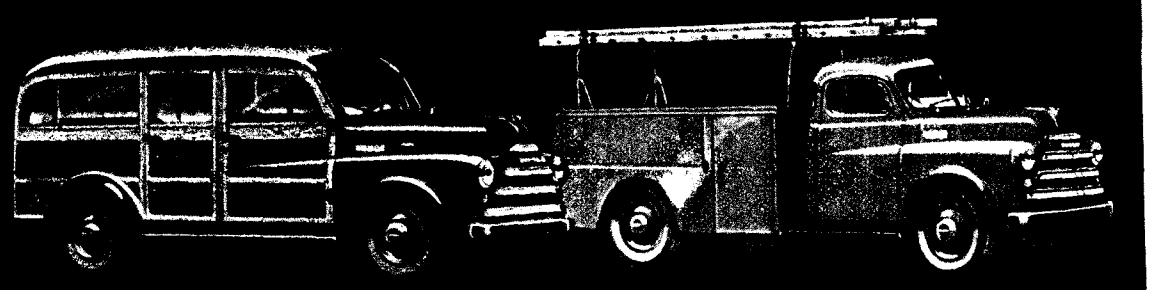

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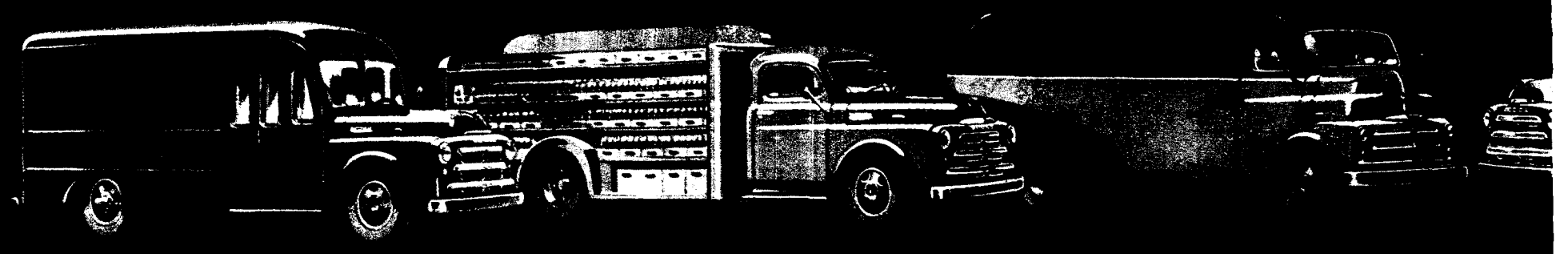

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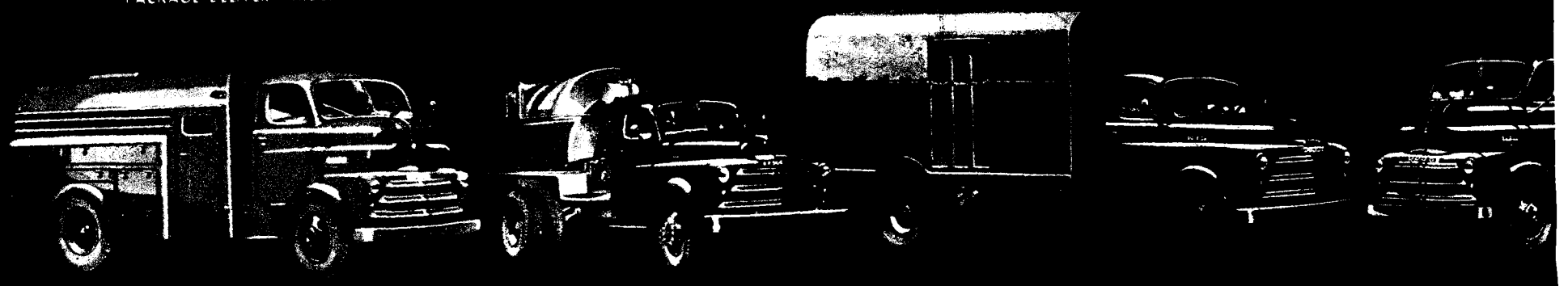

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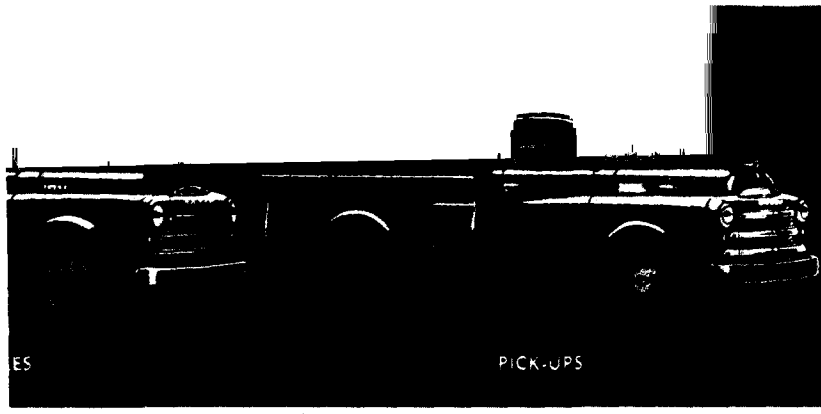

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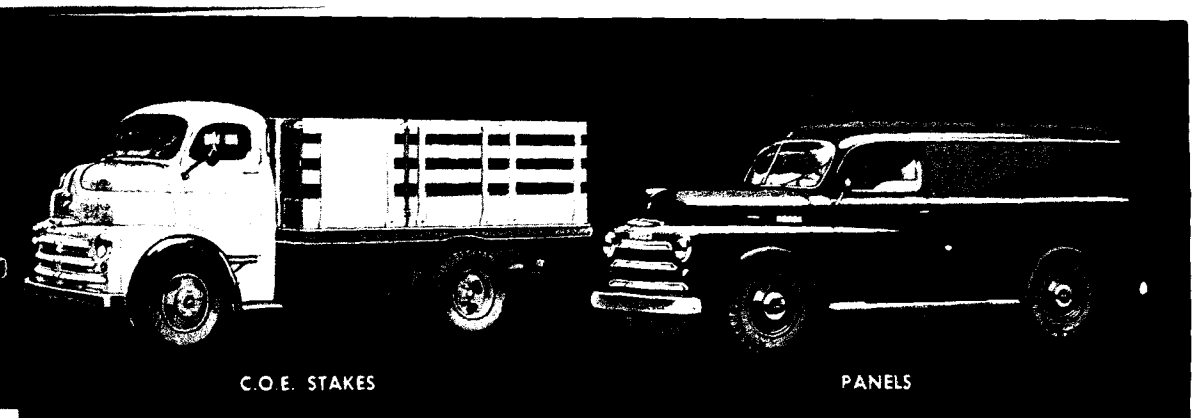

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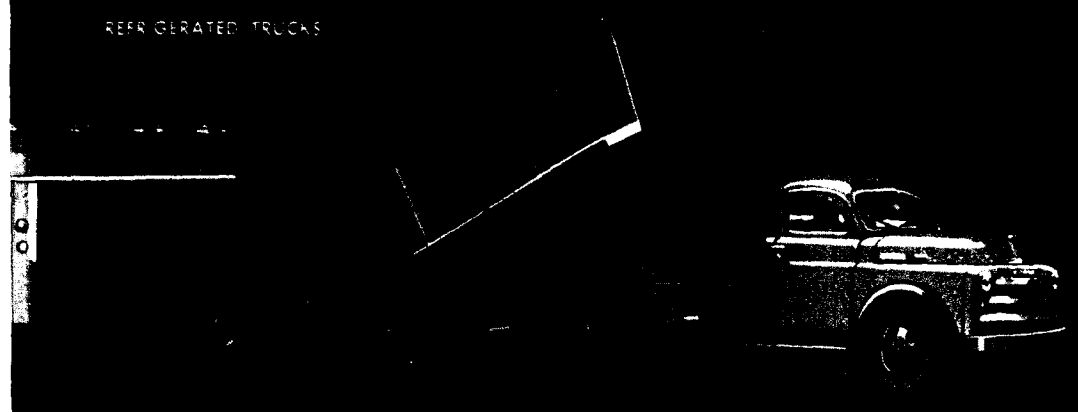

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morning's paper, and the next three days were hard on Kelly. He went to his classes, saw most of the players in the halls, and a few of them said hello. Every student on the campus seemed to have the small end of a telescope trained on him, and after years of salaaming it was not easy to take. He did not see Sari again, but he had a date to take her to the game. It was something he had forced himself to do, without knowing exactly why.

It got even worse as they walked toward the stadium. He bought her a chrysanthemum and a golden pennant on a stick, and they joined the long parade winding up the hill. Somehow, after so many years of playing, it seemed strange to be walking with the spectators, and whistle time so near.

As they moved into the stand, Kelly saw the players cavorting, limbering up and taking passes on the run. The sight slugged him hard, and when people nodded he gave them a tight smile. Off to the right an early drunk weaved to his feet belligerently, and asked Kelly why he wasn't in uniform. That didn't improve things, and Sari pulled him down by the sleeve.

Munro was big. Kelly was amazed at their size and figured they must outweigh Austin ten pounds to the man. When the kickoff whistle came, his stomach tensed and his feet moved involuntarily. The gamblers were right, as usual; it was no contest. Munro scored in their first series of downs, and Kelly sat tight-lipped, his hatbrim tipped down, as the heavy maroon line opened one gaping hole after another.

At the half it was 34 to 0, and Kelly sat staring at his polished shoetips as the bands came swinging out. Sari said she would like a Coke, and he got up obediently. He pushed through the crowd like a sleepwalker, and when he finally got up to the soft-drink stand the busy vendor had to bark at him.

"Whaddaya want, friend?"

Kelly looked up and his gaze cleared. He popped his fingers in the man's face and went charging back through the crowd.. When he reached the far corner of the stadium he was running full tilt.

IT WAS quiet in the dressing room, oppressive with defeat. Tired players were sprawled on the benches and on the floor, breathing heavily. Witkoski was on the dressing table and Doc Priddy was taping his right ankle. Ogilvie, with his hat mashed completely out of shape, was going from man to man, talking in low tones and gesturing. He looked around, they all looked around, when Kelly came bursting into the dressing room.

He went straight to Ogilvie. "I'd like to play this next half," he said, panting. The coach's face darkened with annoyance, but before he could answer Kelly spoke again. "I'd really like to play."

"Why?" asked the coach. "It's a game for boys. You gave it up." The squad of sweaty players sitting before the streaked concrete walls began to straighten up; Kelly looked at them.

"Needle me all you want," he said slowly, "but it's a good football team. It's a hell of a lot better than it looked the first half."

Witkoski flopped over on the dressing table. "Now some miracles, huh, pretty boy?" he asked savagely, fatigue husking through his voice. "Now we got our brains knocked out, you'll come help?"

"Give me a break, Dutch," pleaded Kelly.

"Nuts." The fullback turned over again. "Give the showboat a break. Maybe the Buffalos will raise his pay. It don't make any difference now."

The players watched and the trainer went on wrapping Witkoski's ankle. The crowd murmurings and the lilting band music were faint overhead. Ogilvie's cigar stub twitched, and when he told Kelly to get suited up the boy moved quickly toward his locker. Hurriedly he began to peel his clothes off. Ogilvie's flatly profane voice was the only sound in the room as the coach continued with his tour of the players.

As the team moved back on the field, Kelly felt the knot in his belly begin to dissolve. He trotted slowly, trying to stay in the center of the squad, but when the bull-throated roar came washing down he knew they had announced him as a starter. All right, sucker, he told himself grimly. You've made your grandstand play; now let's see if you can turn it on for the pretty people. He wondered wryly what Sari was thinking, sitting alone up in the sea of faces.

KELLY took the kickoff on his five-yard line, fielded it neatly but it was too high; the maroon mastodons chopped him down before he could get running room. He stood erect in the huddle and called himself through right tackle. They got him a hole and he went snaking through on light feet, with one hand on Witkoski's tail. The fullback threw a tremendous block on his secondary target, and Kelly went sliding by. The other halfback skirted over and hit him waist-high; Kelly spun and nearly tripped going away. He straightened without touching, and had enough speed when he got to the safety man.

Reversing with a lunging side step, he rammed the tackler off with a stiff-arm, and the pack fell behind. Racing over the chalk lines, Kelly knew he had been lucky. Witkoski's block had been the big thing. But they didn't know that in the stands, and the Saturday sunshine wavered from the force of their screaming. His teammates came panting up and pounded him on the back. When he made the placement kick, the ball came off his toe feeling solid and right.

Something was burning him like a fever. He came out of pile-ups on the run, and he shouted his head off. Cursing his interference when they didn't shake him loose, pleading with the line, and swinging the ball carelessly as he danced through the Munro backfield. On defense, he knifed desperately through the opposition interference, uncovering the ball carrier and often making the tackles himself. Vaguely he realized that he should not be cursing his own men so hard, but they were grinning at him and he knew it was his day. The one day every player wants, when everything works. He scored three more times before the quarter ended.

Up in the press box, Dub Tolbert gnawed at his fingernails and pulled one lead after another out of his typewriter. He couldn't get it right. The other reporters around him were watching the field in silence, for it was not a thing they saw every day. Ray Hendricks, the regional A.P. man, shook his head in amazement.

"They ought to run a saliva test on this Irishman," he said, as Kelly leaped high to complete a pass in the flat.

"Yeah, he's rolling," muttered Tolbert irritably, staring down at his keyboard.

"Writes itself," said Hendricks. "Man goes crazy in football suit. He might even catch them."

Then they were both silent again, leaning forward, watching Kelly. The game was waning now, and he needed one more. He was out after it, too—exploding at the tackles and raging at the ends, stumbling over his interference and shoving them aside with his free arm. The fever of his rage was something they could sense in the stands, and an unending stream of Munro substitutes came pouring in to rough him up. Big, fresh linemen came swinging in on him like catapults, but he kept pouring it on.

They stopped him at the center of the line twice, the last time so hard that his legs went churning over his head. He got up laughing and threw his helmet away. On the next play, Witkoski broke

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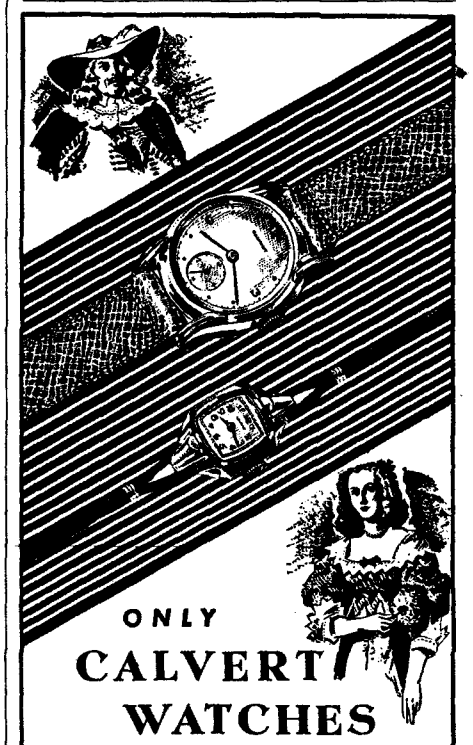

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through left guard on a hand-off and got six, for the Munro team was following Kelly like a magnet. But it was fourth down, then, in mid-field, and Austin needed four. From punt formation Kelly took the ball and flanked right end. It was no feint; he just outran them all, got in the clear, and picked up thirty yards before they bounced him out of bounds. He got up slowly, and from the stands they could tell that a lot of the steam was gone.

He tried the end again, with everybody in the stadium standing up to see it, but a wedge of maroon tacklers hit him before he got clear. The timed, merciless impact of the tackles was audible all over the field, and this time Kelly did not get up. Doc Priddy went running out with his satchel and crouched, while an immense quietness held over the stands. The kneeling trainer began to wave, and four substitutes charged out to carry Kelly off the field. Up in the press box, Hendricks shook his head and whistled, almost with relief.

"Bad luck," he growled to Tolbert. "He might have done it."

Tolbert nodded, his face absorbed. He flipped another sheet of copy paper under the roller and began punching at the keys.

> George Kelly came down out of the stands at half time today, (he wrote) and roamed almost at will through the highly touted Cougar pack of Munro College, paralyzing 47,000 fans with his blinding speed and tricky footwork. The Southwest will o' the wisp got hurt in the closing minutes, however, and his Austin Tech team got beat 34 to 28, in a losing game that will be remembered long after the victories are forgotten . . .

WHEN Kelly came out of the anesthetic, the strange white walls were blurred. His gaze cleared slowly, and he saw that the whole Austin squad was standing around his bed. They were all iling but their faces were indistinct, e things seen underwater.

"What the hell?" he asked weakly, and raised up. Pain stabbed his right knee and he flopped back down. The cast was hot and uncomfortable.

"Messed up a leg, George." It was Coach Ogilvie, and Carl Voss was standing beside him. Kelly squinted at the millionaire.

"Get—your money's worth, Mr. Voss?" he asked.

The big man was holding a cigar; he rubbed his chin and nodded. "Paid in full," he answered steadily. "Mrs. Voss said to tell you that you were a sucker, but she's a little too hoarse to tell you herself."

Kelly grinned. "Thank her, will you?" Turning his head, he saw Witkoski on the other side of the bed and he backhanded the fullback's shoulder lightly. "Well, we nearly caught 'em, Dutch."

Witkoski shook his head, hard, and started to apologize, but Kelly rode right over that. The whole team pressed closer to the bed and began to horse around, calling out the usual bad gags and recalling plays excitedly. Kelly lay there smiling and listening until a nurse came in and shooed the whole bunch out. They went like a disorderly mob, and when they were downstairs they stood under his window singing the Austin Tech anthem. Oh, boy, thought Kelly, ain't I the one? Wounded hero gives his all. He blew his nose and blinked his filling eyes at the ceiling as the college song came floating through the window. He did not move until the song was over, and he could hear the squad being run out of the flower beds.

He was lying there with the knee throbbing when the door opened again and Sari poked her kerchiefed head inside.

"I've been a bad girl," she announced solemnly, "and I know it and I'm sorry."

"I am in much pain," answered Kelly. "Come in and kiss me."

She came in and kissed him. She asked him about the knee and he said it was none of her business, so she pulled up a chair and sat waiting.

"It was your fault," he said angrily. "The rest of them I could handle, even Voss. But not you."

She nodded soberly, and her voice was low. "But the thugs never did catch you. And it was wonderful."

Kelly sighed and shook his head at the ceiling. He could visualize the endless string of golden Saturday afternoons ahead, when his brief moment was only a peeling score painted on a football in a trophy case. When people had to stop to remember Kelly and this particular afternoon. But he didn't mind that too much, or even the bum knee. It had been a good day. Not many men who pulled on the uniform of his school would ever have better ones. Maybe, someday, if he had a kid, it would be something to keep in the family, something to shoot at.

"You wouldn't like being married to a professional halfback, anyway," he said gruffly.

"Wouldn't I, Kelly?" Her voice was filled with delight, and when he shook his head she came in even closer, blotting out the whole room.

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by don herold

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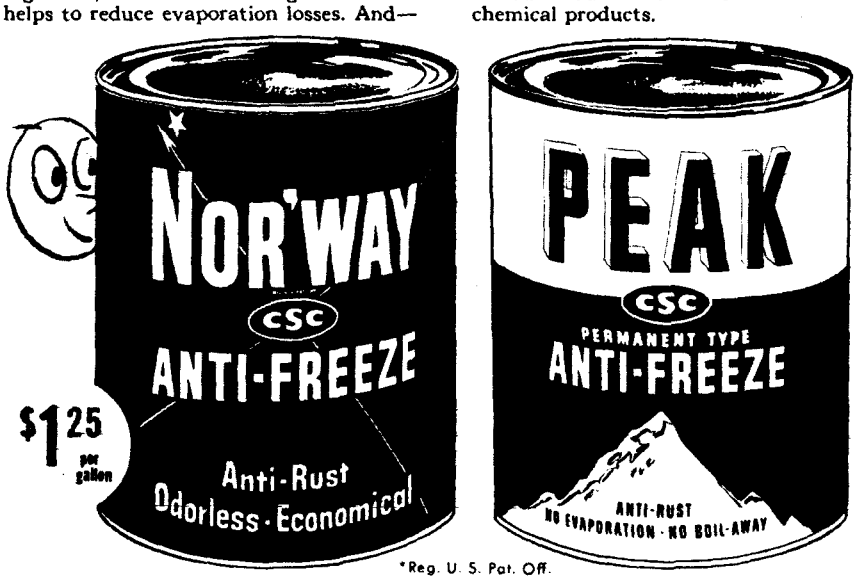

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Marriage '48

By VERA CASPARY

The Story: On the day the Los Angeles papers print an item saying that one out of every three marriages ends in the divorce courts, three couples are married at the Little Church in the Vale. LILITH CLARK, an interior decorator, is married to her third husband, DR. HENRY FOWLER, a prominent Hollywood obstetrician. They begin their married life by quarreling. Henry is extremely jealous of an old admirer of Lilith's, BASIL SCHNECK, and when Basil telephones Lilith from New York to meet him there on business, Henry blows up. But Lilith goes—and Henry leaves her. HELEN SNYDER, the second bride, a machine operator in a garment factory, is in ill health and soon becomes pregnant. When her health and pregnancy force her to quit work, her husband BILL, gets a part-time job on week ends in addition to his full-time job. One morning after an argument about money he slaps Helen and rushes out of the house. When he returns that evening she is gone. Bill telephones Dr. Fowler and learns that Helen has lost the baby. However, the third bride, CAROL, who married DAVIS BARNES, JR., son of a well-to-do used-car dealer, is happy—and ignorant that her husband is carrying on with other women. When Carol tells Davis that she is going to have a child he is deeply disturbed, for he has wanted no children. But he seems to accept his role as father, until Carol comes home from the hospital and hires a pretty nurse. The night the nurse leaves the Barneses' employ Davis goes out alone. At three in the morning Carol is awakened by Davis' father who tells her that Davis has been arrested for reckless driving—and that he had a woman in the car with him.

CONCLUSION OF A FIVE-PART SERIAL

THE morning mist was so thick that she did not see the car until its fog lights pierced the haze of the driveway. Carol was all ready for Davis, dressed in a fresh blue cotton frock, her lips colored and her spirit calm. Now that the shock was over she was grateful to Mr. Barnes for having given her time to think over the situation before she saw Davis. If either of them were impulsive or hysterical at a time like this, they might say things that would destroy their marriage.

Carol knew now that she wanted to save it.

Davis had stopped on the porch to comb his hair and straighten his tie. He was pale as tallow, and his overnight growth of beard was, by contrast, shockingly black. He jerked around, startled by the opening of the door.

"I'm sorry I made you get up so early," he said. "There's some coffee made. I'll heat it."

She started toward the kitchen but Davis caught her arm. "Dad says you know everything. I suppose you've decided how you're going to handle the prodigal husband."

"I'd like to know what happened."

"There's not much to tell you. We played pretty late at Eddie's. I had a couple of drinks, but I wasn't lit." He looked into her eyes defiantly.

"Go on," she said.

"A cop stopped me. He got tough, and I resented

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

Bill did not know what to make of it. A little while ago Helen had shrunk away, declaring he was never, never to touch her ag

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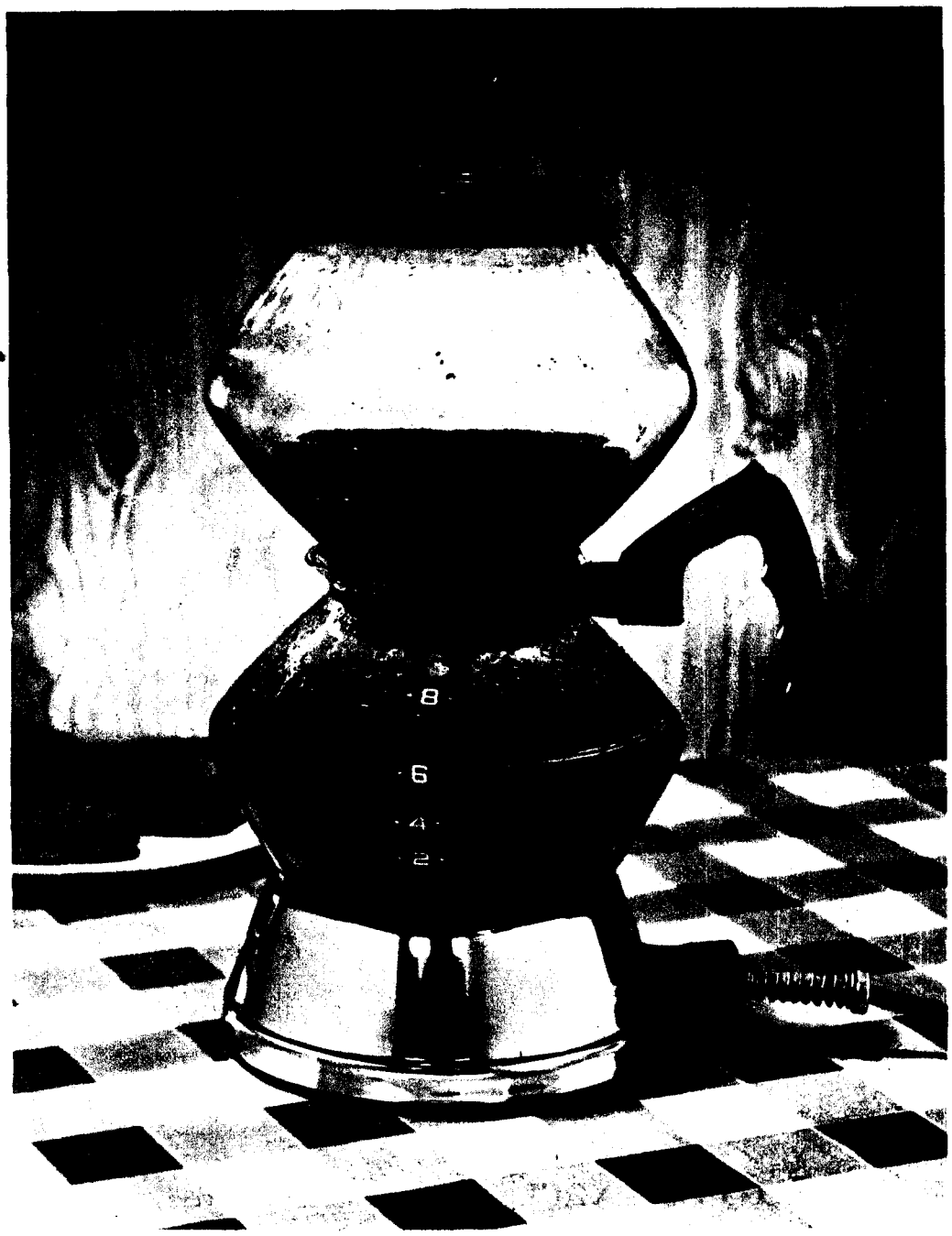

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it. I gave him a piece of my mind, and the first thing I knew he'd pinched me."

"What about the girl?"

"She was just a babe I happened to pick up. She was waiting for a bus."

"Between two and three in the morning?"

"That's why I stopped the car, to tell her the busses had quit running."

"Was she pretty?"

Davis set down his cup so hard that some of the coffee spilled over. "What difference would that make? Just because I happened to give a babe a lift."

CAROL lighted a cigarette. The effort to keep irritation out of her voice made her shiver inwardly, but she had vowed not to lose her temper. She put out the match and took a drag on the cigarette before she dared speak. "Was she one of your regular babes? That cute little switchboard girl in your father's office? Or the red-haired nurse's aid at the hospital? The one who always dashed in when you visited me?"

"Don't be a little fool."

"I'm not blind," said Carol.

"You said you wanted me to be completely honest, Carol. Are you sure?"

"Of course."

"Then you'll have to take the consequences. I'm sick of your jealousy."

She tried to speak with dignity. "I suppose you've never given me cause."

"Suspicion makes you see a lot of things that aren't there. You've no idea how you've been acting, Carol." He pounded the table to express his hidden wrath. "There's nothing so horrible as a jealous woman, nothing." As if he could no longer bear the sight of her, he got up and looked out of the window.

Carol was glad he could not see her, twisting her lips and not getting the words out. She closed her eyes and breathed deeply. This helped her to regain composure, and her voice returned.

"Do you want a divorce, Davis?"

It was his turn to be shocked. He had expected counteraccusations, skepticism and cold mockery. "Wait a minute, Carol. Aren't you going pretty far?"

"If it's so impossible to live with a jealous woman, I should think you'd like the idea of a divorce. Don't you?"

"What about you?"

She sat down at the table and watched her hands, of their own volition, make designs with the knives, the salt cellar and the sugar bowl. "No," she said slowly, "I don't want a divorce. Divorce is failure. I don't like to fail."

"I don't want to fail either," said Davis. He had been thrown out of two prep schools, flunked a lot of courses at college, and twice lost his driver's license. His parents had always made him feel that he was undependable, and after each failure he would lose his arrogance and agree. "Are you willing to try again?"

"Not going on as we've been. We've got to quit lying and pretending. If we want this marriage to last, we've got to be completely honest with ourselves and each other."

Moments earlier he had been angered by an identical statement. It pleased him now because it promised a second chance. "Then you want to keep on trying?" His voice had become rich and persuasive like a lover's.

Tense and trembling under the weight of her sincerity, Carol answered, "I want to save our marriage. I want to go on being your wife."

His smile was enchanting. He tried to take her hand, but she pulled it away.

"Don't you love me any more?" he asked, pouting like a child.

"Tell me what happened last night."

"I told you."

"That the girl was waiting for a bus?"

"That's the truth, so help me!" Bold now, Davis took hold of her shoulders, pulled her toward him and lifted her inert hands. He kissed one, then the other, and after a little coaxing, Carol let herself be drawn into his arms.

Davis did not want any breakfast. He was going to catch up on sleep, he said.

AS SHE bathed the baby Carol felt extraordinarily well. The night's vigil had given her greater faith in herself as if, out of necessity, she had grown older She had given him his bottle and was ready to leave him asleep in his crib when she heard the doorbell and her mother-in-law wishing the maid a good morning.

Mrs. Barnes's hair was as tidy as if she had just left the beauty parlor, but her face was disarrayed. "My dear," she sobbed, "I do hope you're not going to believe that awful story."

Carol discovered the newspaper tucked under Mrs. Barnes's arm. "May I see it, please?"

"You haven't seen it? Oh, my dear, what have I done? I'm so sorry to be the one to show it to you. But you're bound to know. One can't hide things like that." In spite of her protests Mrs. Barnes smiled a little.

The story was treated quasi-humorously. "DEPENDABLE DAVIS' BAG OF RICE EXPLODES," it said, and in smaller type, "Used-Car Scion Tells Wedding Night Story Once Too Often."

On the night of their wedding, Davis had turned the traffic cop's anger to friendliness by introducing his bride. He had scooped rice out of her skirt and handed the officer a few grains to prove that they had just come from the wedding. Carol had laughed with Davis over the officer's capitulation. Once too often, the headline had said. There was a picture of last night's alleged bride. Joan Elkins had smiled for the photographer.

Davis had heard his mother's voice and come into the living room.

"You've been naughty," Mrs. Barnes said, going to him with outstretched hands. "But Mother's not going to scold about that now. There's something more important we have to consider. I'm afraid your little wife believes those ugly stories. Tell her, son, they're not true."

"He's already told me," Carol said.

"Carol, dear, please let him speak for himself." Now that she felt herself in power again, the arbiter and judge, Mrs. Barnes looked herself again. "You must not judge him, dear, until you've heard both sides of the story."

Davis nodded. "There was nothing to it, I swear to you, Carol. We only went to a couple of night clubs, danced, and had a few drinks. Nothing serious."

"Why didn't you tell me that before? Why did you have to lie?"

"Please, Carol, not in front of Mother," Davis begged.

"Why not? I'm sure your version of the story would interest her." Carol was growing shrill.

As the younger woman became hysterical, the older showed greater serenity. "I'm proud that he wants to tell me, Carol. I only hope that your son grows up to confide in you as mine confides in me."

"He ought to have married you. No other woman would be fool enough to trust him."

"Carol," cried Davis, shocked.

Mrs. Barnes, the sweetness flowing out of her like sirup, said, "The poor child's hysterical. Try not to speak, not a single word, for three minutes, dear. We must be very, very careful never to say things in anger we'll be sorry for later."

"We've got to say it in anger. Otherwise we might lose our courage and never say it. Davis and I are finished."

"Calm, dear, calm," muttered Mrs. Barnes.

"I thought you wanted to save our marriage," Davis said.

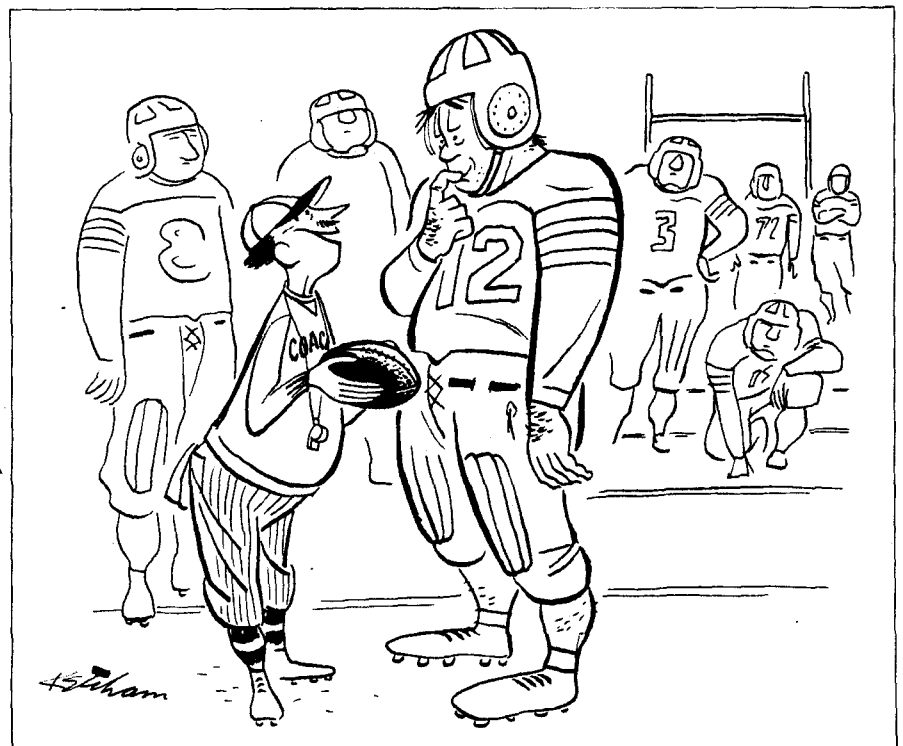
"What's worth saving? A pack of lies?" All the nauseating hatred which she had tried to keep down rose now to the surface. She turned upon Davis with a voice that cut and tore. "Our wedding night, Officer—I've been waiting for you so long, Babe—can I help it if she fell in love with me—?"

Davis looked at his mother imploringly. Mrs. Barnes shook her head, smiling to herself a little. She was too clever to force argument upon a hysterical girl.

Carol turned from their faces and fled.

NO MATTER how often you go through it, the experience is never any easier. Twice a divorce veteran, Lilith Fowler discovered during the separation from her third husband that she had never acquired a philosophy of endurance, nor developed a technique for easing pain. Although she had vowed she would never take Henry Fowler back, were he to beg on bended knee, she practically knocked over the furniture in her haste to answer when the phone rang, and insulted her dearest friends and best customers because they did not speak with the voice of Henry.

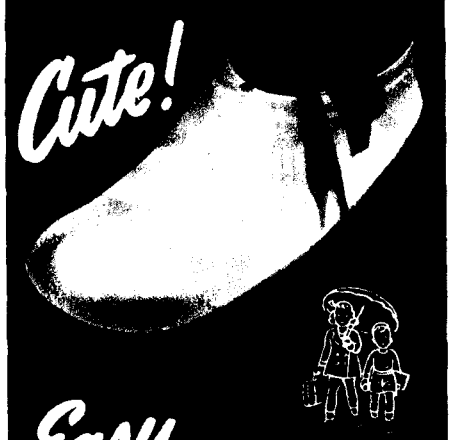
She might have encountered him accidentally at the hospital when she visited his patient, Helen Snyder. It was the only decent thing for Lilith, after her



"Pretend it's a bag of gold and the other team are robbers trying to stop you. Won't that be fun?"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

Cute!



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talk with Helen's husband, to bring flowers, gifts and good wishes to the sick girl.

During her stay in the hospital Helen worried a lot about herself and Bill. She did not know whether she liked Bill any more, or whether she cared if he liked her. When he came to visit her and sat stiffly on a straight chair between the screens that separated her from the other ladies in the ward, he and Helen were like distant cousins who had met at a family reunion.

The idea of leaving the hospital and returning to intimacy with Bill frightened Helen. She knew there was still a lot of work to be done in the apartment, but she had lost her enthusiasm. Nothing but unhappy memories dwelt in the three rooms.

BILL called for her at the hospital on a Saturday morning, three weeks after she had been brought there in an ambulance. The drive home was interminable. He kept down to twenty miles an hour because the doctor had told him to be careful with Helen. He was careful in other ways, too. They had hardly a word to say to each other. On the steep staircase he took her arm, but in a gingerly manner as if she were an old lady.

At the threshold she closed her eyes and stood very still, her chin thrust forward, and her fists knotted.

"What are you waiting for?" asked Bill harshly.

When she opened her eyes and looked around she thought she was going to faint. It did not look at all like the place she had left with her bag of laundry. The shelves had been put up, the wallpapering finished, curtains hung in the windows and there were little touches that made it look like a classy home.

"Like it?" Bill asked.

"How come?"

"I had help. Everyone, all your friends and mine, too. Fellows I knew and your girl friends. Mildred brought the baby over and worked here days, and on week ends Stan helped. Even Mrs. Stout." He inclined his head toward the floor and the flat below. "We all pitched in and then Mrs. Fowler gave us a lot of ideas."

Helen sat in the rocker and turned her face to the wall so that Bill should not know that she was a weak fool who cried because people had been good to her.

Bill thought it was because the baby furniture had been left in the alcove. "Your girl friends thought it ought've been taken away, but I told 'em you'd want to make up your mind. If you want to sell it, Mrs. Stout knows a lady down the street that's expecting."

"Please, Bill, I don't like to talk about it. Let's just sell it and forget the whole thing."

"Why can't you quit thinking about it?" Bill asked gruffly. "What's past's past, and no one's holding you to blame."

"I asked you not to talk about it," Helen muttered. She wanted to get away from him or shut him out of her sight and hearing.

"What are we going to do if we don't talk about it? Hold it inside us and go on blaming each other the rest of our lives?"

She hated him. His face was flushed and little beads of sweat stood out on his chin and forehead. Coldly she told him, "I want to forget it."

"We can't forget things like that. We were gonna have a kid, and we lost him. If we're always afraid to talk straight out to each other—"

"I never want to talk about it or anything else to you." Her face was drawn into a tight, shrewish mold and her voice was all disgust and hatred.

Bill let her hands go free. "It's gonna be swell," he said bitterly. "Some life!"

Helen looked around. All the enchantment had gone out of the rooms. The colors were pretty and the decoration had class but she would never feel free here as in a home she liked. She wished she could get sick again and be taken back to the hospital.

She went into the kitchen. On the table stood the cake Mrs. Stout had baked and decorated for her. Beside it was a new glass vase filled with flowers. She began to cry again, softly, as if she were hiding her sorrow in a cushion. She did not hear Bill behind her and when he touched her shoulder, she jumped.

"Please don't touch me," she whined.

"What's the idea? I was only trying to be nice."

"*For the rest of my life you can leave* me alone."

She did not hear anyone knock at the door nor the sound of its opening. Lilith Fowler's voice broke through all the little gnawing sounds.

"Darling, how are you?" Lilith rushed into the kitchen and threw her arms around Helen. "You look wonderful. It's good to be home again, isn't it?"

Helen did not answer.

"How do you like the place? I'm dying to know and so is Bill," chattered Lilith.

"I want to thank you for all you done for us, and the things," Helen said. "I don't know why you've been so good to me."

"Don't be silly." Lilith hooked her arm through Helen's and led her to the living room. "Bill's the wonderful one. The way he worked on this place! I'd merely give him an idea and he'd work it out beautifully. Here, darling." She gave Helen a big box she'd brought. "Congratulations."

The box was tied with white ribbon. As she unfastened it, Helen asked, "Why are you giving me more presents? You brought me something every time you came to the hospital."

"Ever since you loaned me the garter, I've been thinking of giving you a present. Don't you know what tomorrow is?"

"Sunday."

"Better let me open it," Bill said. "It's a heavy box."

"The fifth of June. Your first anniversary," Lilith told them.

"Yours, too." As soon as the words were out, Helen was sorry. She knew that the Fowlers had separated, and that the memory of her wedding would depress Lilith.

"Oh, it's beautiful," Helen said. She was not in the mood for receiving gifts, but she could not be ungracious. The gift was a mirror with a bulging surface, a gold frame and an American eagle poised on its crest. Evidently Bill had known about it, for he had set a picture hook between the windows.

"And I finally remembered to bring back this," Lilith said, and gave Helen the blue garter she had borrowed. "I should have returned it ages ago. Perhaps that's why my luck failed."

THIS was female talk. It embarrassed Bill. "How about a nice cup of coffee, girls, and some of that fresh cake?" Without waiting for an answer he went off to the kitchen.

"Not for me. I can't stay," said Lilith, repairing her lips before the new mirror.

Helen did not want her guest to leave her alone with Bill again. Eventually she would have to face him, but she wanted to put it off as long as possible. Every minute counted. She used a tone of innocence but she chose a subject which would, she knew, hold Lilith Fowler.

"Someone was talking to me about you. Only yesterday."

Lilith dropped the lipstick. While she was looking for it, her back to Helen, she asked, "How is he?"

"He looks a little peaked. Like he's been working too hard and not caring if he stopped for meals. Funny thing, that's just what he asked me, when I'd seen you and how you were."

"Oh." Lilith started on her lips again. Her hands were unsteady and the rouge had smudged the first time.

"You know what he said to me about

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it? 'Helen,' he says, 'I wish my marriage had a tenth the chance yours has to keep on.' I hope you don't mind me telling you this."

"No, no, go on, please. What else did he say?"

"Well, you asked for it. He says that Bill and me, we're used to working hard, we'll go right on working at a thing even if it isn't perfect. We don't ask for perfection, he says, and we don't give up easy."

"Did he say anything about my kind of people?" asked Lilith in a dull, cold voice.

"He says they want success too easy. On their own terms, he says. If they can't get quick and easy results they find excuses for themselves."

"Rot!"

"I hope you're not sore."

"Indeed I'm not. Only amused. Thank Heaven I don't have to stand any more of that smugness. Don't look so tragic, darling." Lilith came to Helen and put a consoling arm around her. "It's nothing to weep about. I'm the sort of woman who oughtn't to be married. I'm too independent. I get along better without a husband dangling from my chain."

Bill rattled in with the tray. He had fitted it out with plates, forks, napkins, cream and sugar and the cake. Pride shone out of his face. "How'm I doing, girls? Some housekeeper, huh? You women don't need to think you're the only ones can make good coffee."

Helen inspected the tray. "It's fine except you forgot the cups and saucers."

"Why did you have to remind me? Just like a woman," commented Bill as he ran back to the kitchen.

For no reason that she understood, Helen felt better. Bill's childish disappointment tickled her. She laughed out loud. "Aren't men babies?"

"That's what gets me down," Lilith answered seriously. "Having to play up to them all the time as if they really were stronger. Being frail and grateful when you know you're just as strong and capable and able to take care of yourself."

"But suppose you love them?" Helen said.

For a few seconds Lilith faltered, but she made an effort and her smile became blithe again, her voice lifted and her laughter rose high. "That sweet illusion! A fairy tale for scaring little girls."

As Bill returned with the cups and spoons, Lilith grew grave again. She could not stop for coffee, she said, there were dozens of things she had to do.

Bill was puzzled. He figured out that something must have happened to send their guest scurrying out in this nervous way. "What's the matter? I bet you talked out of turn to her, huh?"

Instead of defending herself with a brassy answer, Helen walked slowly across the room to Bill. In a timid way, as if he were someone she did not know well, she laid her hand on his sleeve.

"Put your arms around me," Helen said.

He touched her lightly, hesitating lest she turn on him again.

"Tighter, Bill, tighter," she pleaded. As she stood there in her pretty home, safe in her husband's arms, Helen looked not at Bill but at the door through which her guest had departed in such nervous haste.

"It must be awful," Helen said, "for a girl to be married without a husband."

THE wind had risen during the night; and by ten that morning the fog had cleared. For the first time in weeks there was sunshine before noon. The chamber of commerce rejoiced, the tourists started out early for tours of the canyons and views of the movie stars' homes, and the sky writers were early, too, in their competition to decorate the heavens with the promises of rival used-car dealers.

DEPENDABLE DAVIS, announced letters of smoke, DEPENDABLE DAVIS PAYS BEST . . .

Lest she see the lacy, wind-driven letters filling the sky with her husband's name, Carol drove with strict attention to the road. There was no reason to feel shame, she told herself, and if next week the newspapers should report the case with sly humor, as they had related the story of Davis' adventure with Joan Elkins, she could not blame herself. Divorce, according to the most recent statistics, hit one out of every three of the marriages in '48.

"Here we are," she said as she stopped the car in front of Lilith Fowler's antique shop. Her mother, who had come from Michigan to see her through the divorce, was beside her on the front seat, and in a canvas carrier in the back the baby slept. "If you'll just stay in the car with him, Mother, I'll be back in two minutes."

As she entered the shop Carol saw Margery Sears and became aware of a strong, synthetic perfume which reminded her of certain nights when Davis had been detained by business at the used-car lot.

"Hello, how are you?" she said.

"Long time no see. I hear you've had a baby, the most beautiful in the world."

As if she had not heard, Carol asked, "Where's Lilith?"

"You're asking me?" shrieked Margery. "I'm about the last person to know my partner's whereabouts. Lilith's simply impossible nowadays."

Carol was about to offer an excuse when Lilith appeared on the stairs that led from her apartment. She had on a new tan gabardine suit, a white silk blouse and a brown pouch bag slung by a long strap over her shoulder.

"My dear," she cried when she recognized Carol, "I must beg you to forgive

COLLIER'S "That's pretty. Who's eating it?" HERB WILLIAMS

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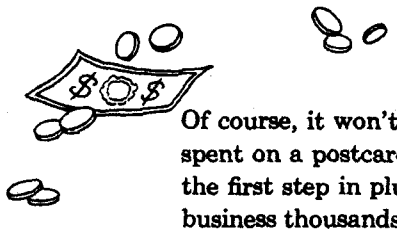

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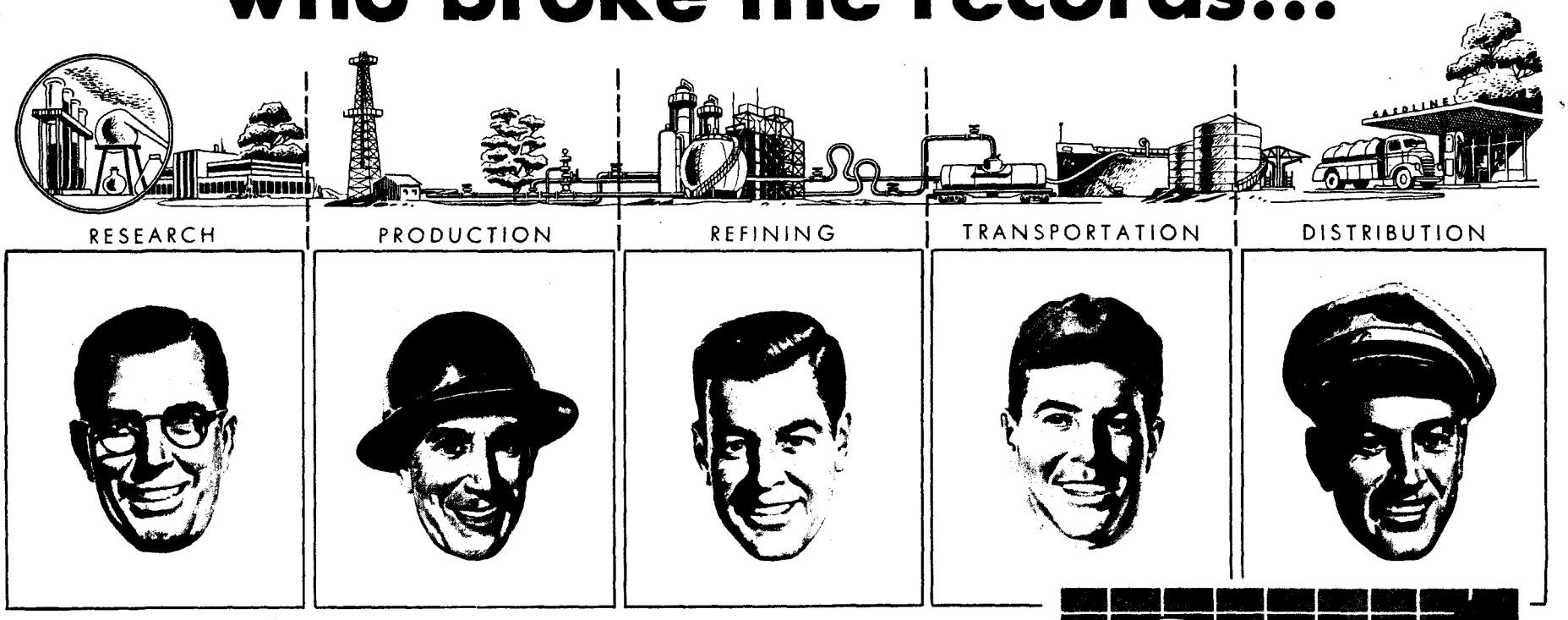

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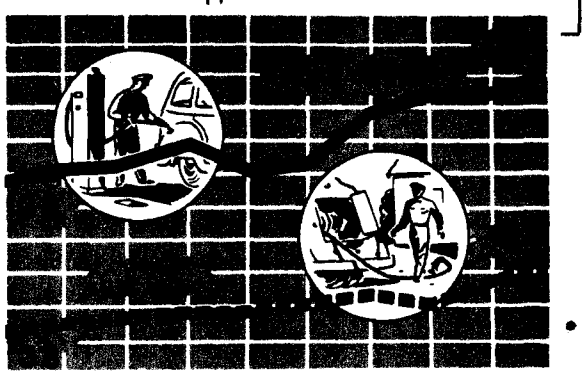

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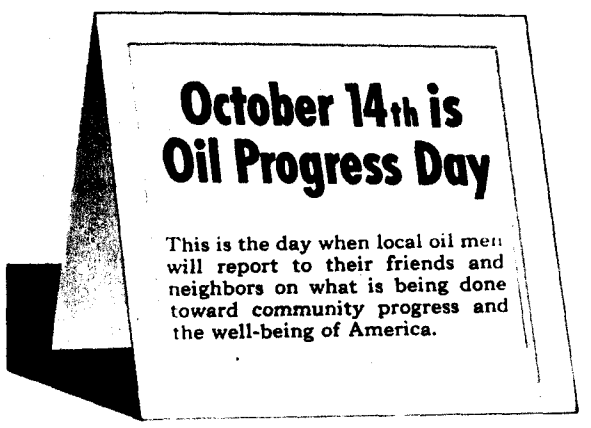
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me. I was so thrilled to hear about your baby and I did mean to come and see you sometime, but I've been so madly, wildly, selfishly busy—"

"Selfishly is right," said Margery.

"Is there something you'd like?" Lilith asked when Carol's silence had endured for several embarrassing moments.

"I didn't come to buy anything," Carol began uneasily. "It's about the table you sold me last year, remember it? You said that if I ever wanted to get rid of it—"

"My Durham table? Oh, my body and soul, I'd simply dote on it! You mean you want to sell it back to me? But why?"

"I'm selling all my things and going back East. You see"—Carol looked at the floor—"we're being divorced."

"No!"

There was an embarrassing pause. To fill it Lilith took out her cigarette case. It was the gold one which her second husband had given her, and as she offered Carol a cigarette, there came to her mind the scene in the Bride's Boudoir the morning of their weddings.

"I wish I could think of something lovely and comforting to say to you," she began uncertainly, "but I can't. I know how awful it is during this period between the separation and divorce."

"Only with the first divorce," chirped Margery from her corner. "Wait, dear, till you've gone through it as often as Lilith and you'll get used to it."

Lilith's mouth twisted and she turned her back to her partner. To Carol she said, "I bet you're blaming yourself for the whole thing. You keep looking back, don't you, and analyzing every incident, wondering when you made your first mistake?"

OUTSIDE, an auto horn sounded. "It's my mother," Carol said. "I promised I'd be right out. Do you want the table?"

"I'm leaving, too," Lilith said, and walked out with her, talking about the arrangements for the return of the Durham table.

"When will you be back?" called Margery.

"I don't know. Maybe never," Lilith said, as she left the shop. Her car was at the curb, parked behind Carol's sedan. "Well," she said in farewell, "I was sorry to hear about it, but better luck next time." The persiflage was in poor taste, but kinder than condolences.

"There won't be a next time," Carol told her.

"That's what you think now," replied Lilith, thinking of her own experiences. "But I'm sure the next time it will be good and right because—well, because it took only one marriage to make you grow up."

In the sky the planes were still announcing that Dependable Davis paid best prices for used cars. Before she drove off, Carol made herself look at the smoky promises. She felt better suddenly since she had on that awful morning when Davis, in the name of truth, told his unforgivable lies. He was not as weak nor as wicked as she had thought, she decided, as she watched the letters take shape in the sky, for he was the product of a world where a man's conduct is judged by his ability to get away with as much deceit as he could manage.

She felt good. She felt wonderful. There would be bad times ahead, loneliness and uncertainty, but no more paper doll dreams and no self-pity. Looking up at the planes she said, "If I ever do marry again, Mother, I think I'll know what I'm doing."

LILITH'S car pulled out ahead of theirs. As she passed them she waved. The talk with Carol had detained Lilith, and she was in a great hurry. On this, of all days, she had not expected to be tardy. But she did not go immediately into the restaurant; she lingered in the ladies' room, combing her hair and touching up her face like a timid girl on her first date.

The headwaiter bowed low as she entered. He led her toward a table and drew back a chair for her. It was the crowded hour, and the restaurant was filled with celebrities. Lilith glanced at her watch again. She was late, but the table was empty. Her heart had quit beating, and she wondered what people would say if she turned and ran out of the restaurant. Behind her rose shrill laughter. Turning, Lilith saw a famous film star with amber-tinted hair and emeralds in her ears. It was rumored that she was divorcing her husband, and she was laughing at Henry Fowler's jokes.

He had on a new gray suit with a white stripe, a shirt of the blue Lilith liked best on him and a tie that was, for Henry Fowler, extremely gaudy. When he saw Lilith, he left the movie star's table and hurried over to her.

"Hello," Lilith said casually as if this had been an ordinary meeting. "I'm sorry to be late, but I see you've not been lonely."

"It's nice to see you, Lilith. You look well. That's a new suit, isn't it?"

"Isn't yours, too?"

Henry smiled shyly and tugged at the gaudy tie. He did not know how to talk to her, because he was not certain of her reasons for having made this date with him. Many, many times Henry had been on the verge of telephoning her, but his respect for her independent spirit had kept him from it.

"There's something I want to talk about to you, Henry." From her new suède pouch bag she brought forth a sheaf of legal-looking papers.

The waiter brought the cocktails Henry had ordered. This pleased Henry for he wanted to delay the reading of the formidable documents. He made a great fuss about ordering lunch and twice called the waiter back to discuss steak and sauces. When there was no more excuse for postponing it, he picked up the papers.

Paragraph one informed him that Lilith Clark Fowler was the party of the first part. He was so affected by the information that he had to find his glasses before he read further. When he had finished the third, fourth and fifth paragraphs, he put down the papers and looked at Lilith.

"I don't understand," Henry said. "Why did you do it?"

"Don't you approve?"

"I don't understand. Didn't you say it was the most atrocious house in a state famed for its terrible architecture? There must be hundreds of better houses on the market. Why did you have to buy that one?"

"I'm remodeling it." She pulled some more papers out of her enormous bag. "These are the newest sketches. I'd like to have you sign them before I sign the contracts. This is where the library would be, and the laboratory would be right next to it. What do you think?"

Henry did not look at the sketches. He stared at her in such a way that Lilith became embarrassed.

"But why, Lilith? You must have some reason."

"We don't give up so easily, not my kind of people, Henry. We're used to hard work, my kind. When a thing's tough, we fight it out. We don't just demand perfection and quit the day we discover we haven't waltzed into heaven."

A KIND of craziness seized Henry. He drained his glass, and shouted for the waiter to bring a half dozen more cocktails. Then he lifted Lilith's hands and kissed them across the table. For Henry Fowler, a conservative man, this sort of conduct was as surprising as his bold new tie.

People were staring. In a restaurant of this sort where jewels and clothes and conquests are so freely exhibited, happiness is seldom displayed. And Lilith, instead of laughing, had begun to cry. It was curious for Lilith to give a public exhibition of this nature for she had always been too proud to cry.

"Why are you crying?" Henry asked.

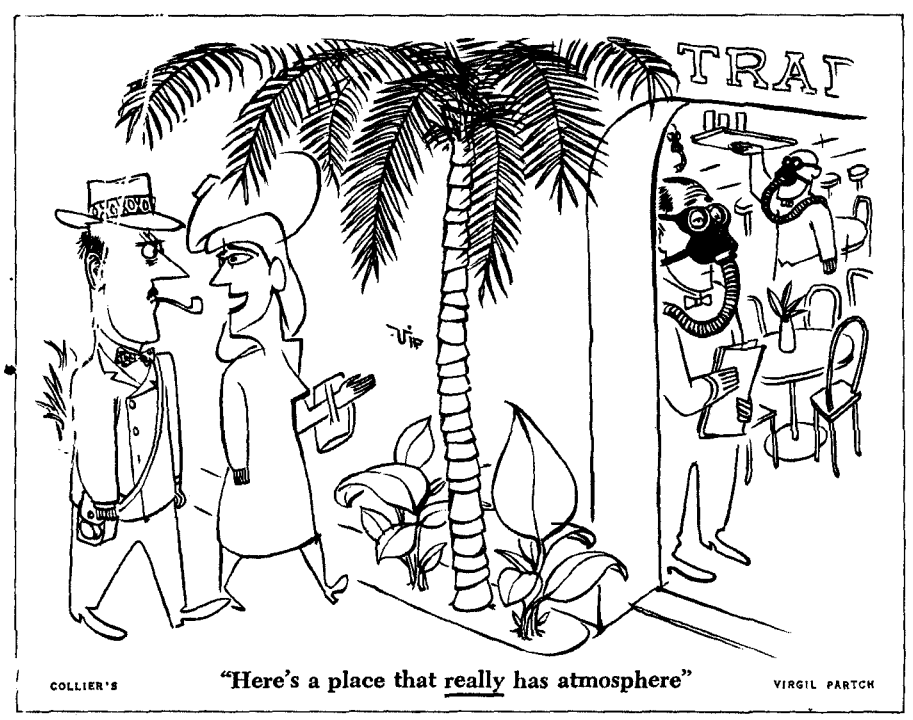
She blew her nose and said, "You know that couple who were married the day we were? Not Helen and Bill, but the others, the used-car family? They're getting a divorce."

"I'm not surprised," Henry said as he recalled his talk with young Davis. "That confirms your statistic, doesn't it? One out of three married the same day—"

"Oh, I'm so glad," Lilith said and started crying again. "I'm a terrible woman, Henry, I'm mean and vicious and selfish but I'm so happy it's them instead of us."

There was a pop as their champagne was opened. Everyone looked at them again, the amber-headed movie star, the debonair young men and the tourists who thought Lilith was Barbara Stanwyck. Henry had raised his glass and over hers Lilith smiled at him as if to promise she would embarrass him with no more tears. It was the first time since her first divorce that Lilith had allowed herself the luxury of a good cry, and because she had not been afraid to feel deeply nor let herself show feeling, she felt strong and sure of herself. As if, at last, she were adult enough to be a married woman.

THE END



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Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

Peppy Blount is a wide young man whose passing on the football field is second only to his political performance as a Lone Star State lawmaker

Texas' star end can use a huge paw to dwarf a football or shake a constituent's digits

DOWN in Big Spring, Texas, last July, a wide young man with a wide grin waved to some women shoppers in front of the corner drugstore. "Good morning, ladies," said the wide young man, "my name is Peppy Blount. When a political candidate appears before his constituents they expect to hear words of praise from the candidate.

"Well, I'm not going to tell you of my days as a star end at the University of Texas. I will omit stories of my offensive ability, my outstanding pass catching, my tremendous contributions to the success of the Longhorn varsity. I will not dwell on my brilliant play in the Sugar Bowl last New Year's Day. I shall forbear the prediction that I will be a unanimous All-America selection for 1948.

"Nor will I bore you with the details of my illustrious service career which won me many decorations and citations. No mention will be made of my days in the Army Air Forces, in which I volunteered for duty and served out the war.

"It is not my plan to regale you with my record compiled as an outstanding member of the state legislature during the last session. No, ladies, I will not take up your time with a discussion of my exploits. I shall let the record speak for itself."

The ladies cheered. The wide young man moved on to the next corner. Two weeks later, Representative R. E. ("Peppy") Blount was re-elected to the Texas legislature by a thumping majority—199 votes. Commenting on this mandate from the people, one of Representative Blount's 7,996 admirers declared:

"Peppy doesn't know any more about politics than a hawg does about Sunday, but he's a great guy so I voted for him. That catch he made to beat Southern Methodist was the best I ever saw."

Representative Blount is 23 years old, 6 feet 5 inches, 235 pounds. During the legislative off season, he attends law classes at the University of Texas and catches more passes than any other end in the Southwest conference. Early in Texas' Sugar Bowl battle with Alabama last New Year's (Texas won, 27-7) Representative Blount lost a touchdown by dropping an easy pass from Bobby Layne. Whereupon, a vacationing precinct captain from Representative Blount's 91st district rose up in the stands and bellowed: "You looked like a Republican on that one, Senator."

After being read out of the only party in Texas which elects anybody, Representative Blount immediately executed a leaping one-handed catch of a wobbly Layne toss. Touchdown!

All was forgiven. The contrite precinct captain yelled: "Hey, Layne, throw another one to the governor!"

The nomination, impromptu and premature, may be in order in a few years. Peppy and his wife (they were married after he returned from thirty-one B-25 missions in the Pacific) already have staked their claim to being the arm-wavin'est and handshakin'est couple in Texas.

"When we go campaignin'," Mrs. Peppy says, "Peppy takes one side of the street and I take the other. Peppy does the talkin' and he never has to cross over because you can hear him just as well on my side."

Peppy's voice was known and feared five minutes after he made his legislative debut at the tender political age of 21. Peppy started off by leading the house members in singing "Happy Birthday" to a defenseless colleague. Later, Peppy proposed a resolution against sin.

"My honorable colleagues," Peppy recalls, "were offering inconsequential resolutions that were out of order. So I got up and offered one of my own." It went like this:

"Whereas, it has come to the attention of the 50th legislature that the outside world is polluted and corrupted with sin of every type and character, and whereas, it is a constant threat to the basic fundamentals of society, the home, church and school, and whereas the characters of the 50th legislature should always be held in high esteem and beyond the approach of those who advocate evil of all kinds; therefore, be it resolved that the House of Representatives go on record as being bitterly opposed to all shapes, forms and types of sin."

The harassed House voted down the Blount resolution. There was quite a stir (according to Peppy) when the honorable colleagues realized they had gone on record as favoring sin.

"Finally," Peppy recalls happily, "my honorable colleagues expunged the record."

Peppy's future, political and otherwise, is uncertain. The Chicago Bears hold pro draft rights to him. Hollywood is another possibility. He has been screen-tested for Joe Palooka roles. If the choice comes down to Palooka, politics or the Bears, Peppy probably will embrace pro football.

"I guess I was born to catch passes," Peppy admits with the innate modesty which captivates the voters of Big Spring. "I catch footballs easy as can be—the way a kid reaches up and picks grapes."

COSTLY BIRDS

How much does a hunter pay for a pound of quail? Well, each hatchery-produced bobwhite costs approximately $1.75. But only a few hatchery birds survive when released in hunting areas—say, one out of 20. So each survivor really costs 20 times $1.75, or $35. Quail weigh half a pound, which makes the final retail price of hatchery bobwhite $70 a pound.

"That's a sheer waste of the taxpayers' money,"

DRAWING BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

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original limestone spring is still used in distilling this famous brand

Here on Glenn's Creek near Frankfort, Kentucky, Colonel Crow discovered his famous limestone spring around 1835.

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comments a biologist, who works for a politically-controlled state game commission and (naturally) prefers to remain anonymous. "The stocking of hunting areas with hatchery birds is a futile and extravagant procedure.

"Actually, two factors control game bird population—food and cover. If you want more birds, you've got to provide more food and cover.

"Each mated pair of native birds will produce about 10 chicks a year. They'll populate your hunting areas right up to the population limit fixed by available food and cover.

"Trouble is, too many hunters believe in stocking. They bring pressure on the game commissions to release hatchery birds to compete with native birds for the scant cover and food available, and the commissions—usually politically controlled—are sensitive to the pressure.

"When more hunters learn the facts of bird life they'll stop yelling for hatchery birds. Instead, they'll start increasing the food and cover in hunting areas and they'll have a lot more game birds to shoot—and they won't be paying anywhere near $70 a pound for quail!"

BOBBY JONES' BAD CLUB

Ben Hogan puts up a good defense against charges that tournament pros are fussy about their clubs. Putters, for instance.

"I'm like the lady who can't walk past a hat in the store window," Ben confesses. "I pick up every putter I see and swing it a few times I've tried thousands of putters over the years, but I can't remember more than five or six that set straight away. When you looked close, there was a little hook in all the others.

"Bobby Jones was always looking for clubs with the right 'feel.' Of course, Bobby played before you could buy matched sets of irons and woods. He used hickory shafts and threw clubs away for years before he put together a set that felt right.

"After Bobby retired, they tested his clubs for center of gravity and discovered the set matched perfectly—all except the mashie niblick.

"They told Bobby and he said, 'I'm not surprised. That club never did feel just right.'"

HEARING IS BELIEVING

Charley Medick, who was blinded by an explosion at the age of six months, celebrated his 25th birthday in Cleveland last year by refereeing a table tennis match.

"You don't have to see the ball," Charley explains. "The click of celluloid ball on wood is unmistakable. Sitting at the net—right in the middle of things—I hear whether the ball hits in right or left court. After that, it's merely a matter of counting. I called more than 1,000 tournament matches last year without any complaints."

When Medick called the national championship finals, a ball hit the top of the net and rolled over on a crucial point. Unhesitatingly, Charley made the correct decision.

One of the spectators at the match said to him later: "I knew the ball rolled over because I saw it. You didn't. Seems to me the sound would have been identical if the ball had hit low and rolled *under* the net."

"On the contrary," Medick explained, "there was no possibility of miscalling that shot. The net is drawn tighter at the top. Consequently, the ball makes

Outdoors

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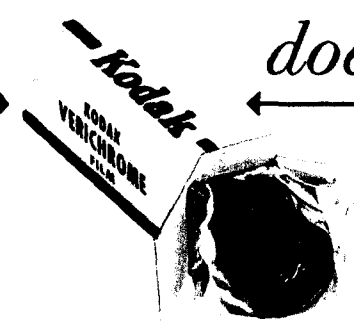
It — *does the rest*



His first football suit . . . he's bursting with pride . . . and Mother, with a little sigh for the baby that was, adds an especially appealing snapshot to her cherished collection of "growing-up" pictures. Like millions of other folk . . . old and young, experienced and inexperienced, she gets splendid snapshots time after time. Good pictures are so easy to make—with Kodak Verichrome Film.

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AL GABRIELE

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"I can vouch for the fact that he had a wallet just a minute ago"

COLLIER'S ROD DE SARRO

a sharper sound when it hits on top. Down below, it sounds mushy."

Medick claims one advantage over visual referees. "I don't have to wag my head back and forth," Charley contends. "I never have a sore neck."

Table tennis refereeing can be a pain-in-the-neck profession. Harry Cook and Art Draper divided the opening two sets in their 1936 play-off for a place on the United States team, then started the decisive third set with extreme caution. Back and forth went the ball on the first point . . . back and forth . . .

Team officials went to dinner . . . and returned.

"What's the score?" they asked.

"Still nothing to nothing," was the reply.

After one hour and 33 minutes, the referee stopped the match—right in the middle of the first point.

"Let's flip a coin," he suggested.

"Tails," Cook said.

It was tails.

"You win," the referee declared.

ALL-AMERICA DOINGS

At a recent meeting of Collier's All-America board, Jeff Cravath of Southern California started talking about passing in the rain. "There was a time," Jeff remarked, "when rain meant no passing. Now, rain actually seems to help a passing attack."

"That's right," agreed Wally Butts of the Georgia Bulldogs. "The passer doesn't have much trouble because the officials keep wiping and changing two or three balls. The passer always has a dry one to throw."

"And the receivers are better off in the mud," broke in Lou Little of Columbia. "When the receiver fakes, the defensive back has to follow. Then the receiver changes course, and the defender—always a step behind under the best of circumstances—usually skids in the sloppy going. A good faker has an easy time shaking loose in the mud or on a slippery, frozen field."

Matty Bell of Southern Methodist added a point: "A good faker can break loose anytime. There's no defense against a perfectly thrown pass. The receiver has the initiative—can always open up a lead on the defender. If the passer throws accurately, what can the defensive back do except get close enough to tackle?"

Frank Leahy of Notre Dame and Bernie Bierman were on hand for the meeting, too. Collier's outstanding coaches are hard at work. They're sifting camera reports on every All-America candidate.

Collier's 59th All-America is the original All-America—the one All-America which compares candidates by camera analysis.

FOR SPORT ONLY

Polo is such an amateur sport it doesn't need amateur rules. If you have money and can play, you buy ponies and play. If you don't have money and can play, somebody lends you ponies.

Dan Peacock, the Evanston, Illinois, garage mechanic who holds a four-goal handicap, rides borrowed mounts. His Arlington Farm teammates include a steel magnate, a butcher and the son of a wealthy contractor.

Last summer, Dan spent a polo week end with the Mellons at their estate near Ligonier, Pennsylvania. His winter vacations usually provide for an Orange Bowl polo stopover in Miami. Dan learned to ride training horses in England and working around Eastern polo barns.

"The late Will Rogers was a dandy," Dan recalls. "Will was a cowboy like Cecil Smith. Sometimes, instead of backhanding the ball, Will would turn around in the saddle. Then he'd wind up and smack the ball forward while he was riding backward. It was quite a trick."

• • •

The railbird statisticians have been busy since Stymie hobbled into retirement at Monmouth Park with a fractured sesamoid and $911,335—the all-time high in race-horse earnings. According to latest computations, anybody who bet $2 on Stymie to win in each of his 126 races would have netted $7. Simple one per cent interest on $252 over Stymie's five-year career would have netted $12.60.

Indoors

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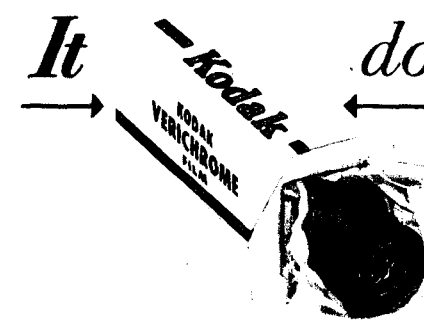

A boy and his Dad sit down to talk it over . . . and Mother, with a lift of the heart, makes a snapshot the family will cherish always. Makes it as casually, as unconcernedly, as though she were shooting outdoors. Nowadays *indoor snapshots* are simple, sure . . . with Kodak Film and a photo lamp or two. Free "how-to-do-it" booklet at your Kodak dealer's. See new Kodak Photo Flasher for flash shots with most any camera; $1.35 plus tax.

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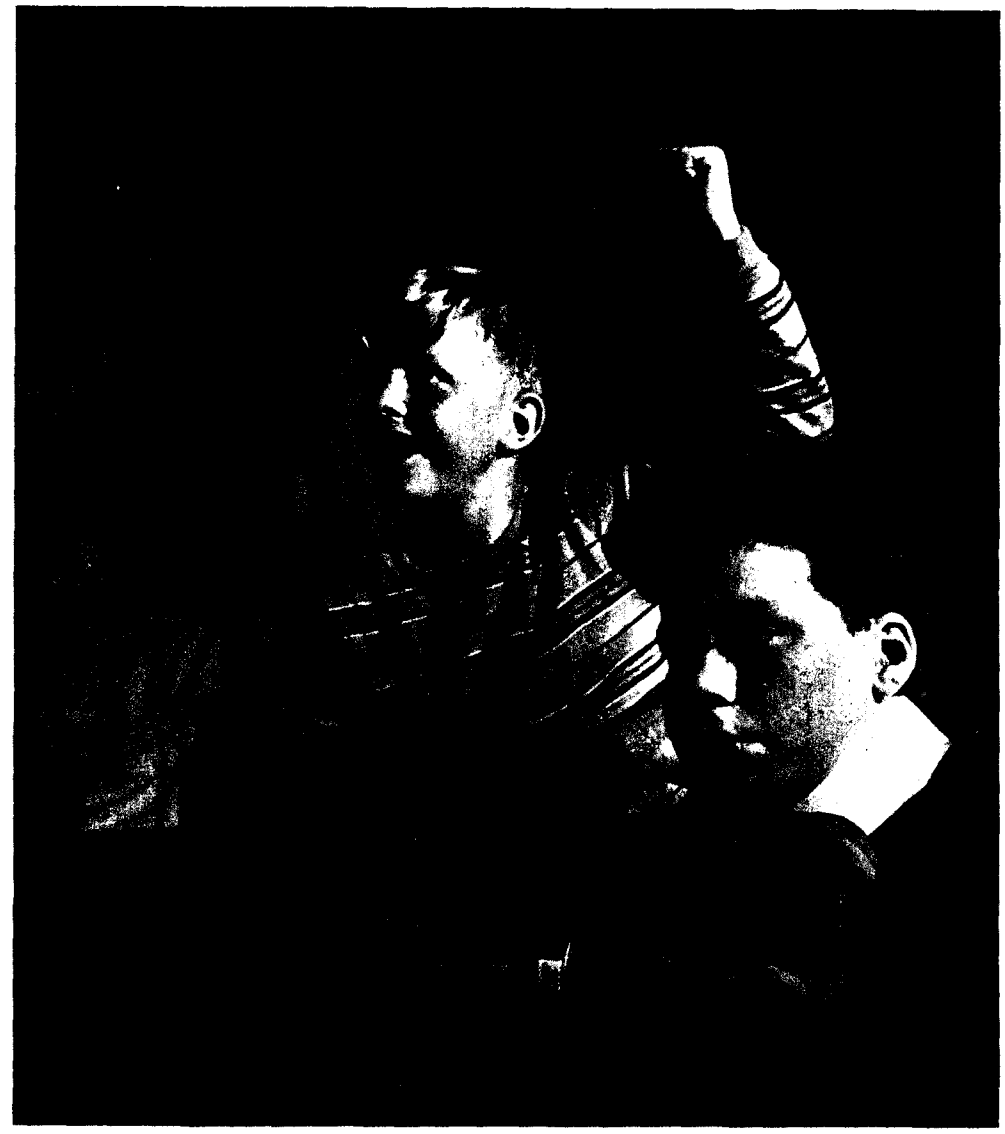
Bright Kids Can Fail



Teddy, the somber boy here, was bright, but his marks were poor. A school counselor found out why. Teddy's bow tie and sissy clothes worried him—kept him from being the regular guy he wanted to be

By HANNAH LEES

Children like to learn. There are all sorts of reasons why some don't and, in many cases, it is not due to stupidity. Poor eyesight, poor hearing, and poor understanding by parents and teachers are commonly the causes

TIME was, and not long ago either, when bringing home a poor report card automatically led to a licking from Pop, and when kids who got F's (for *Failure*) were considered dumb or lazy or both—usually both. Time was when a child so nearsighted he couldn't see the blackboard might go years before anyone found out why he never understood the day's assignment, and when the boy who got the best grades was just naturally assumed to be the most intelligent. It's all different now, and if things go on the way they are going in school circles, we may have quite a literate next generation.

We need it. Our system of compulsory education, we found out in the last war, hadn't by any means got everyone educated. Over 1,000,000 draftees had to be rejected or specially classified because their ability to read was too far below normal.

Most of them weren't stupid either. Only seven per cent had subnormal intelligence. Which adds up to 930,000 intelligent young men who had grown up without ordinary grade-school equipment for living. The majority of these had almost certainly been exposed to a grade-school education which they hadn't absorbed.

There are all sorts of reasons why children have trouble learning one or all of the three R's, and the very last reasons are laziness or plain orneriness. Stupidity is a dangerous reason to give, too, without careful study. A certain number of children, it's quite true, simply haven't the mental equipment, but it takes more than one kind of test, including some that aren't based on reading, to tell which these children are. Even today quite a few bright children are classed as lacking normal intelligence when they are really just scared and confused by life.

Children like to learn. Educators know this now and parents are beginning to accept it too. Children like to learn because it gives them a sense of power and importance. They like to learn in order to please their parents and to feel themselves part of the school group.

Children hate to fail. When they do fail, when they come home month after month with sorry report cards, it means something is wrong somewhere. But that somewhere can be in a very surprising number of directions.

For instance:

Billy was ten and could scarcely spell out the first-grade primers. He wasn't stupid. All the intelligence tests that didn't require reading showed he had better than average intelligence. His hearing was all right. His eyes tested 20/20 on the school sight charts, so there didn't *seem* to be anything wrong with his vision.

His teacher talked the thing over with his parents. Billy didn't get on very well with his classmates and was apt to be sullen and withdrawn at school. He was pretty contrary at home, his mother admitted. The teacher felt this must be a personality problem, but perhaps, before they went into that, Billy ought to have a more thorough physical examination.

His parents were willing but unenthusiastic. They thought Billy could learn to read if he applied himself. What he needed was a sharp lesson—maybe a good smacking. Still . . . Grudgingly they arranged for various tests, among them more detailed eye examinations. These showed that across the room, as the school record indicated, Billy could see just fine. But at any distance closer than three feet his eyes didn't work together at all. Everything was fuzzy. No wonder he couldn't learn to read a book right under his nose. Glasses and eye exercises soon fixed that trouble, but it may take quite a spell of wise handling before Billy can get over four bewildered years of feeling inadequate, and catch up with other readers of his age.

Molly was a wonderful all-around girl, a natural leader, good at athletics and bright in her school work, too. Suddenly, the year she was fifteen, her schoolwork began to fall off, particularly her math. She couldn't seem to get the hang of geometry at all. Her teacher suspected it might be too much athletics. But when she talked to the school coach she found Molly hadn't been much good on the hockey field either. The coach had thought she was studying too hard. She'd been nervous and had begun to complain of headaches, but Molly's mother laid it to adolescence and worry over her father, who had been going through a serious illness. She'd be all right. But Molly wasn't all right. Her schoolwork got worse and worse. She began to be withdrawn, and stopped wanting to take responsibility. Then one day Molly, the class president, was caught cheating, copying a geometry problem from the girl next to her. It was very serious. Anyone having this much personality change

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RAE RUSSEL

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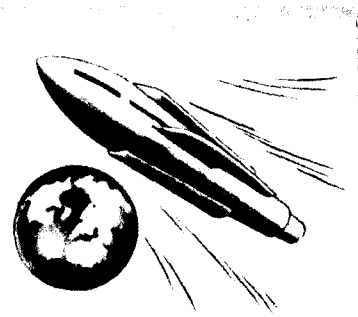

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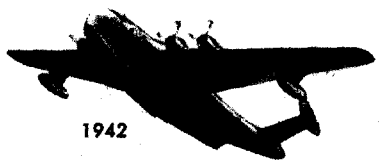
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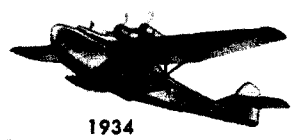
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Yes! *Twenty-three* wholesome ingredients scientifically blended into a flavorful, nourishing food. Every vitamin and mineral dogs are known to need for vitality and growth. That's Gro-Pup, the *only* Ribbon-type dog food—so toasty, tasty, nourishing.

"Me for saving almost half!"

Feeding your dog mostly *water?* "*Yes*"—with canned dog foods! Most are 70% water, only 30% food dry weight! Not Gro-Pup! *It's 92% food!*... takes nearly 5 1-lb. cans to equal 1 25-oz. box of Gro-Pup. So get good Gro-Pup—save almost half! (In *Meal* and *Pel-Etts*, too.)

The Biggest Box on the shelf

Dogs Go For Kellogg's GRO-PUP

perhaps ought to see a psychiatrist, but before going into that she had better have a complete physical examination.

When Molly took an oxygen breathing test for thyroid function her basal metabolism was plus fifty, thirty points above what is considered top normal. She hadn't shown any of the usual symptoms of hyperthyroidism, except nervousness. But she was just short of the complete nervous collapse which goes along with extreme thyroid overactivity. It would take prolonged medical care and perhaps even an operation to restore her to normal, but it could be done. She didn't need a psychiatrist after all.

Bright Boy; Poor Reports

Teddy was in the third grade in public school. Every month he kept bringing home report cards with a series of F's. His mother, an intellectual, artistic woman, couldn't understand it. Teddy had done all right in the first grade. He obviously wasn't stupid. He hadn't done quite so well in the second grade but he had got through. So what could the trouble be now? His teacher, a kindly but unimaginative woman, couldn't explain it.

Teddy seemed to be hiding away in a world of his own. He was obedient enough but it was hard to get his attention and impossible to keep it. The minute school was over he'd scurry off home as fast as he could. What was the trouble? There was nothing wrong with Teddy physically; a pretty detailed examination showed that.

One of the school counselors began to spend some time with him, trying to find a clue to the trouble. At first the boy wouldn't talk. Then one day, after staring at the floor a while, he burst out with, "You're a sissy. I don't like the way you dress. I don't like anything about you. Why don't you be a regular guy?"

The counselor looked down at his own conventional tweed suit. He wore glasses, he knew, but still.... Then he looked at Teddy who had on very short shorts and a shirt with a big soft bow tie. Light dawned. Teddy wasn't talking to him. Teddy was talking to Teddy.

It was hard to convince the boy's artistic mom that her son had to have regular long pants, and jerseys or sports shirts like the other fellows. Teddy looked so sweet this way. But under protest she got them for him, and right out of a clear sky, Teddy became hell on wheels. His schoolwork did seem a little better, his mother had to admit after the first month, but he was wild and disobedient and he got dirty. The counselor urged her to be patient and stick it out. Teddy was just reacting to the intoxication of being a regular guy.

A year later Teddy's schoolwork was no problem, his disobedience had dropped to normal proportions and he was having a fine time with the other kids.

Learning, which we are apt to take for granted, is really a very complex process involving a child's whole mind, body and emotions. When a youngster learns to read, for instance, he has first to see and then come to recognize 26 abstract symbols. We call those symbols A, B, C and the rest, but they are just meaningless marks until we know them automatically. Even after we know them we have to put them together in an infinite number of different combinations and then interpret those combinations in terms of our experience.

One group of city youngsters, a school counselor told me, was having great trouble forging ahead in a certain reader. Nobody could understand it until some bright member of the school staff studied the book and found it was all about autumn in the country when the hills turned yellow and gold. It just hadn't made sense to those city kids.

The first place to look for trouble when a child bogs down in schoolwork is in his body. Not that physical defects are the most common cause of learning problems. Actually and surprisingly they're the least common cause. But if the trouble *is* physical, the most careful psychological handling in the world isn't going to remove it.

What complicates things is that lots of children will go ahead and learn to read in spite of nearsightedness, farsightedness or even very poor ability to focus. Experts who have compared several different groups of fast readers with groups of very backward readers, found, to their surprise, just as many vision defects, and just about the same kind, among the fast readers as among the slow ones. Some nearsighted children will simply move closer to the blackboard. Some whose eyes won't focus together will get in the habit of using only one eye. But others will associate the discomfort of trying to see, with their primer, their spelling or their sums, until they subconsciously come to think of the whole process of learning as too uncomfortable to bother with.

The most advanced public-school systems are recognizing the need for more elaborate eye tests. Massachusetts is one of the states which routinely test all school children's eyes for fusion and coordination as well as for nearsightedness. All school systems ought to. The equipment is not expensive and doesn't even take an expert to operate.

Poor hearing, though a less common cause of low grades than poor vision, is just as dangerous to overlook. The conventional watch-tick test isn't always good enough. It takes an audiometer to tell when a child may be able to hear high sounds like a ticking watch but not low sounds, or low sounds but not high sounds.

Young Pete, for instance, was doing fine in the fifth grade under Miss Wilkins. When he moved up to the sixth grade under Mr. Wood his work went all to pieces. His parents were sure Mr. Wood must be a bad teacher until an audiometer test showed that Pete could hear Miss Wilkins' high voice but not Mr. Wood's deep one.

When Pete began treatment by an ear specialist and moved nearer to the front of the room everyone began to feel better, especially Pete.

An overactive thyroid that is far short of Molly's extreme case can make a child burn up all his energy just in living and leave none for learning his lessons. An underactive thyroid on the other hand can make a child lazy and slow to register. Something wrong with the pituitary can put anyone's learning ability completely out of kilter. All these things have to be checked on. But the fact is—hard to take, yet still a fact—most normally intelligent children who have trouble learning have been badly managed in some way by somebody and have developed an emotional block.

The only way to find out what's behind this block is to ask why and keep on asking why until you find out. More and more school systems are recognizing this and many big cities today have a staff of trained counselors as a regular part of their school system. The job of these counselors is essentially that business of asking why.

The best counseling systems, among which are those of New York, Philadelphia and Rochester, Minnesota, consider the whole child, not just his grades, and are as concerned about a too-good boy who gets all A's but has no friends as about a very bad boy who can't add two and two. From their point of view there is no such thing as a good child and a bad child; there are simply comfortable children and uncomfortable ones. When they are given a child with a problem they look into his general social and emotional life and try to see where it hasn't given him what he needs. If they

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can, they work with the parents, but if the parents aren't up to seeing what's wrong, they do what they can to help the child on their own.

Edith was in one of the Philadelphia junior high schools, but she could only do third-grade reading. Philadelphia tends to operate on the interesting though not yet entirely proved theory that very little good comes of making children repeat grades. Edith had drifted along with the less capable group in each class, but by junior high, though her grasp of ideas was excellent, she simply couldn't cover the necessary work with only third-grade reading ability. One of the school counselors set out to uncover what was wrong.

The counselor talked to Edith and to Edith's mother, who had been separated from her husband for some years. It was a big problem, but rather tragically simple. Edith had adored her father, who was an invalid. When her parents separated, her mother did everything she could to break Edith's adoration for her father. Edith wasn't even told, for instance, until several months after he had died.

Edith's mother was also a bookworm. She read all the time. It was easy to see that Edith, in her quite natural bitterness, would violently though unconsciously reject anything that might link her to her mother. This was a case in which nothing could be done through the parent. But Edith was intelligent and with a little warm, careful guidance she saw what the trouble was. She would probably need special tutoring for some time, but Philadelphia, recently, has just added 200 special teachers to its staff for remedial work, so she will get the help that she needs.

Dislike of Mother Revealed

This child-mother situation is depressingly common and can come out in rather tragicomic forms. A counselor told me about one little girl who could form her letters perfectly but always wrote her name backward. It was her mother's name, they finally found, and she didn't like her mother.

An interesting observation of the experts is that children who have serious trouble with arithmetic and the exact sciences are apt to have been raised with much too rigid discipline. Forbidden to rebel at home, the rebellion has piled up inside. Then when they come to the rigid and unchangeable fact that two and two simply have to make four, or that things equal to the same thing are *always* equal to each other, something inside them just can't take any more authority and they don't learn arithmetic.

Expecting more of a child than he is equal to can have the same effect. Frankie's parents were average people but his mother just knew from the day he was born that he was something special. He was taken places and taught things as soon as he could walk and when he went to kindergarten he seemed very precocious indeed. The kindergarten teachers agreed that he was pretty special. When, later in grade school, the intelligence tests rated Frankie as just average, his mother was indignant.

She was still more indignant when for the next couple of years Frankie did a lot less than average well. Maybe she should change him to another, better school. So at third grade she did, and he began to fail regularly, particularly in arithmetic. Mama was frantic. Look how bright he was and how badly he was doing, she told him. The more she scolded the worse reports he brought home.

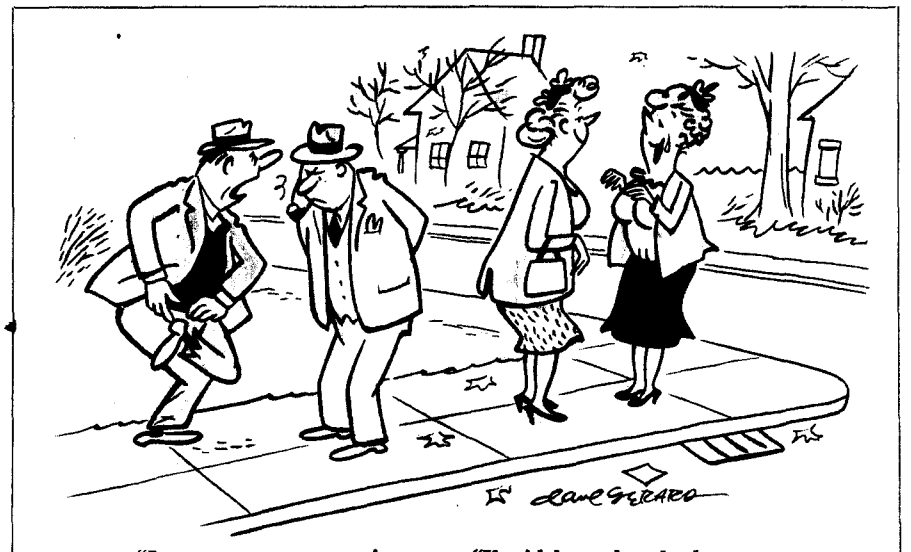
It took quite a while for the school counselor to figure out the score, and a lot of patient, tactful spadework even after she did, to convince Frankie's mother that perhaps the kindergarten tests, which were based mostly on a child's experience, might have overestimated hothouse-forced Frankie. When his mother did begin to accept this Frankie almost immediately began to do better.

But it isn't always the parents' fault. Susan worried her third-grade teacher, who was a warm, intelligent woman. Susan was docile—too docile. She followed the teacher around like a scared puppy dog. She seemed to try, but she wasn't doing anything like third-grade work. The teacher asked one of the counselors to find out what might be going on at home to make Susan act this way. When the counselor knocked on Susan's door it was opened for her by a small, gay human dynamo who danced and hollered, "Someone to see you, Mommy," and immediately showed the visitor her puppy. It was Susan, hard to recognize.

Why, yes, Susan was always like this, her mother said. Why not?

Why not indeed? It gradually developed that Susan's first-grade teacher had been a grim, critical woman who gave her work that was too hard, right off the bat, and scolded when she couldn't do it. Susan got confused, then scared, and from then on saw school as a dangerous hostile place. You can't learn much when you're frightened. The counselor stayed to tea. A week later she brought Susan's teacher to tea, and finally the school principal. Everyone made friends with the puppy, and with Susan. After that Susan could start to learn again.

Simple? But the basic problem when children can't learn, and even the solution, is apt to be simple. The difficult part is the process of asking *why* until you find the why that fits.



"Just as we were passing Wilkins' place that ferocious mutt of theirs came charging out—!"

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Uncle Sam's Latin Salesman

By RAY JOSEPHS

WITHIN the adobe walls of a remote farmstead in the Andes, the tallest, most formidable mountains in the Americas, lives a man with blinding determination to bridge a gap of centuries in the ten short years he feels he has yet to live. Snarling dogs guard the gates. There is a hushed, furtive air about the place that makes it seem halfway between a hide-out and a shrine.

Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre is no longer officially a fugitive. He was, however, for 15 years the most desperately hunted man in the hemisphere, the hero of more hairbreadth escapes than a Hitchcock movie character. Nobody in Latin America ever put the charge against him in words—but in essence it was that he was fomenting anarchy and upsetting the order of 500 years by organizing and fighting for a better life for the millions of Latin America's inarticulate underdogs.

Today the bill of indictment is kept equally veiled by Latin double-talk. Yet anybody south of the border can give it to you in just seven words. Haya's great crime now is that he is Uncle Sam's best friend in Latin America.

To most Latin leaders, *Tío Sam*—Uncle Sam to us—is the convenient number-one whipping boy, the fall guy for high prices, low incomes or the quality of the enchiladas. Haya has not only been publicly preaching against this idea, but breaking precedent by urging that now is the time for all Good Neighbors to come to the aid of Uncle Sam.

At gigantic meetings in his native Peru, at sessions in both capitals and remote villages of Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia and elsewhere below the border, the black-haired, flat-nosed Haya de la Torre has been stressing the need to unite the Americas. "Today," he says, "not *mañana*. Otherwise we'll all go down the drain together."

He has but one fear—that he will be shot before the job is finished. And that the murder will take place when no one is around.

"If I am assassinated," he told me not long ago, "I want it to be in a place where thousands will see and be galvanized into the kind of action that will forward my program. I insist upon it."

It is not unlikely that he will get his wish.

Haya does everything dramatically. He has the girth of a truck driver, the bounce of a ballet dancer and the tallow-skinned, round face of a Chinese mandarin. To 8,000,000 Peruvians, he is almost a Messiah—*el Jefe Supremo*. And few of the 84,000,000 in the other Latin Americas are indifferent to him or his current battle, climaxing 30 years of fighting, which may determine whether his pivotal country will go right, left or get onto the path of democracy and real unity with the United States.

There are two reasons for Haya's tremendous influence. First he's the only man to have been able to organize, and hold, the millions of Latin America's whipped and beaten Indians and mixed-blood mestizos, and to restore some measure of their once fierce pride. At the other extreme, Haya's thinking, methods and words have drawn to him a powerful corps of Latin America's top intellectuals, statesmen and students. They know that Einstein has called Haya one of the twelve men in the world who really understand the theory of relativity. And they tell you with pride that Toynbee, world-famous historian, credits Haya with evolving many of the concepts of the interlocking of time and space which are currently knocking conventional thinking into tail spins.

When Peru's big Haya de la Torre speaks, Latin America pays heed. He and his millions of followers want co-operation with the United States. He is called Pachacutec, which means, "He who moves the earth"

GENE MANZON

Haya's Indian and mestizo followers call him Pachacutec—"he who moves the earth"—after the greatest Emperor of the Incas who confederated their empire. They contribute 10 to 15 per cent of their earnings to his smoothly organized APRA organization (Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana), and go to him for guidance on everything from what to eat to how to woo a favorite señorita. Haya himself, while he does little to discourage this intense personal loyalty—or APRA's mystic salutes, totems and Inca-borrowed Condor symbols—rationalizes by saying, "It's necessary to put the point across."

APRA members (or Apristas, as they are called) number over 1,000,000 dues payers in Peru alone, and speak for many millions more.

With an energy and magnetism likely to bowl over anyone not extremely hardened to hero worship, Haya expresses his viewpoint well—in faultless English or in seven other languages including the Indian tongues of Aymara and Quechua. In recent months he has taken the lead in four definite operations, which has made him a vital factor in our future relations:

1. He's become the first key Latin to move toward getting Latin America to pay back some of the borrowed millions she owes us. And this at a time when Latin America—and everybody else—has been putting the bite on Washington for more dollars.

(Continued on page 65)

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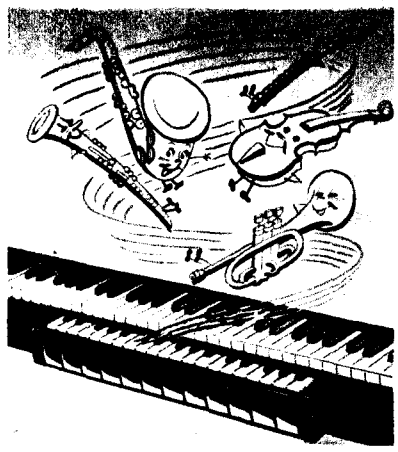

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10

HEADLINE HEAVEN

Continued from page 17

themselves "legislative representatives" or "legislative counsel." They are among the more prosperous of their fraternity. They try to influence government policy in behalf of the interests they represent. Their success is commensurate with the ability of their organizations to deliver votes.

Special interests are advanced in another way by still another breed of lobbyists. They represent rich and powerful enterprises. Their dealings are with key Washington personages. Their assignment might be to arrange, as advantageously as possible for their firms, for the purchase of surplus property, or for modification of tariff policies. In this class are to be found the multimillion-dollar babies.

They and the lobbyists who specialize in legislation for farmers, veterans and other groups are not found in the vicinity of the Press Club as frequently as are lobbyists in the middle- and lower-income brackets.

In the lower brackets of the business are some of the Washington advisers. They sell advice on trends in the Administration, on what Congress can be expected to do, etc.

Some of them literally carry their offices in their hats. They distribute advice by mail—sometimes using Press Club stationery—to small financial houses and other businesses whose proprietors would be better advised by careful reading of a good daily newspaper.

Anything But Press Agents

Many lobbyists are newspapermen who abandoned their craft for the regular hours and better pay of the propaganda industry. Some call themselves "public-relations counsel." Few will admit to being press agents. Others represent advertising firms that collect hundreds of thousands of dollars a year at least partially by reason of "Washington connections." Many of them represent a host of trade associations all dedicated to the group advancement of a wide variety of businesses. All Press Building lobbyists, for reasons which presently will become clear, are called "insurance men."

The newspapermen who turned lobbyists, passed, as the more bitter Press Club wags would have it, "from a craft to a graft." They also passed from active to inactive and associate memberships in the Press Club when they changed jobs. You elbow your way to the bar through squads of them every day. For every bona fide member of the working press there appears to be, at the noon and supper rush hours in the Club's dining rooms, at least one lobbyist and two or more guests who will write home to their folks in Topeka and Albuquerque that they cocktailed, lunched or dined at the Press Club.

"I had lunch with George Gallup at the Press Club yesterday," is a typical line. The fact that about 1,000 others were there too is a mere detail. It is traditional that Presidents, visiting notables, returning ambassadors and other newsmakers make their first public appearance in Washington at luncheons and dinners at the National Press Club, in the big auditorium on the 13th floor. The lobbyists are invariably first in line for tickets for themselves and for those whom they seek to impress with their importance and their nearness to the ear of the press.

Press agents are called "insurance men." Without their monthly checks for office space the National Press Building might not have survived the economic gales of the late twenties and the financial hurricanes of the early thirties, when whole floors echoed hollowly only to the footsteps of night watchmen. Without the ready-made rent-roll represented by those who live off the newspaper and publishing industry, the National Press Building might never have been built. There weren't, back in 1925-1928, enough Washington correspondents to have filled an office building and made it pay its way.

It was only because several hundred "insurance men" were willing to sign leases for offices in the Press Building, long before the acre on the corner of 14th and F Streets was even cleared of impediments like the cast-iron-fronted Hooe Building, that Bryan was able to induce builders and bankers to handle the project. Bryan showed the building's backers that he had a ready-made rent-roll guaranteeing an annual income of $1,040,000 against estimated operating expenses of only $210,000. The building's backers were optimists, perhaps, but not altruists. They saw that Bryan had something, although not cash.

It was the "insurance men," moreover, who stood by the National Press Building when the property went through a couple of refinancings during the dismal thirties of the depression. Those who already had offices stayed on and many who hadn't came in at bargain-counter rentals.

Today the situation has altered considerably. Where there were only a bare 200 Washington correspondents 20 years ago, now there are nearly 1,000. All but old holdouts like the New York Times would like to come into the building. The building could do without the "insurance men" now and could become, in the present market for office space, what its name implies.

Practically every newspaper tenant in the place is clamoring for more space. At least 400 other clients, most of them newspaper, magazine and radio representatives, have applied for offices. The file of applicants is about four inches thick. There are at least two practical considerations, aside from the fact that office space generally is scarce, motivating the applicants. One is that the National Press Building is within walking distance of at least half of the town's news centers as well as its theaters, hotels and shops. It is a journalistic crossroads comparable to Shepheard's Terrace in Cairo or the Hotel Scribe in Paris; or, in prewar days, the Café Louvre in Vienna, the Athenee Palace in Bucharest, Raffles Hotel in Singapore or the Grand Hotel in Rome.

Another reason for its desirability is, unquestionably, the building's proximity to the Press Club bar. Everyone who can crowds in on the 13th floor, the King's Row of Washington journalism, only two short half flights from the biggest gossip and rumor factory and the best 60-cent drink in the land.

Solvency and Stodginess

In the years since its last financial reorganization the National Press Building has become a going concern and its success has made of the National Press Club one of the few really solvent organizations of its kind in the land. It has, however, lost some of its old-time Bohemianism and has become, for some tastes, a bit stodgy. The days when members hurled brass spittoons out of windows in emulation of Greek discus throwers are gone.

The vitality which, some years ago, precipitated one of the most bitterly fought strikes in the history of labor-management relations in the Press Club, seems to be waning or is, indeed, already dead. That strike happened when a Club president of the time suspended a favorite bartender for having slipped a free noggin of bourbon to a member who had lost every dime he owned in an all-night poker session. We are obliged to ignore dates for sake of saving faces.

In protest the membership picketed the bar. They pooled their resources and gave the bartender a week's wages. They bought liquor, soda pop and buttermilk and put it out on the tavern tables for all who cared to help themselves. The strike lasted several days until the management, losing about $300 a day from lack of patronage at the bar, reinstated the bartender.

The only excitement in recent years has been the feud between Sir Willmott Lewis and Homer Dodge over certain fundamental facts of Scottish history concerning the authenticity of Bonnie Prince Charlie's claim to the throne of England. Dodge has drawn first blood by accusing Sir Willmott, also known as Bill, of being a "carpetbagger in knight's clothing."

"There are fourteen people outside with their own beer!"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

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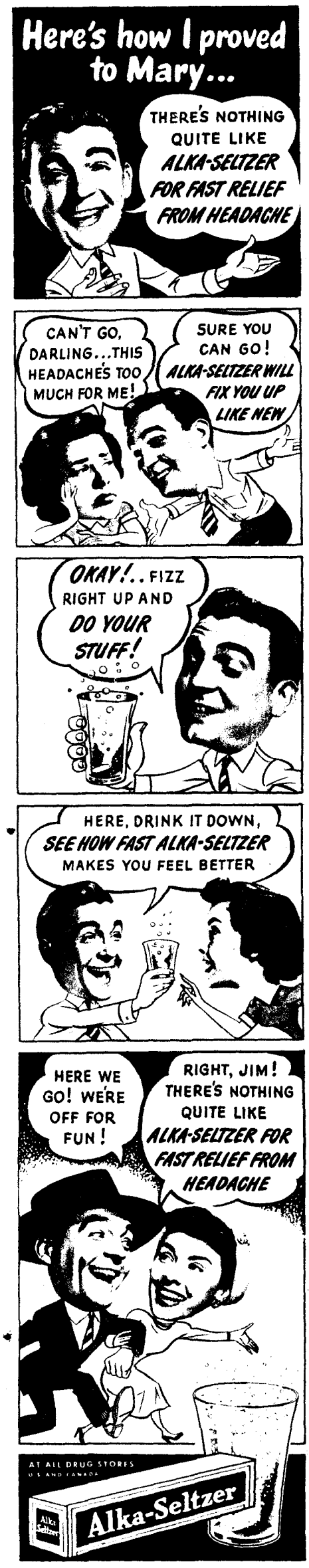
Here's how I proved to Mary...
THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE ALKA-SELTZER FOR FAST RELIEF FROM HEADACHE
CAN'T GO, DARLING...THIS HEADACHE'S TOO MUCH FOR ME!
SURE YOU CAN GO! ALKA-SELTZER WILL FIX YOU UP LIKE NEW
OKAY!.. FIZZ RIGHT UP AND DO YOUR STUFF!
HERE, DRINK IT DOWN, SEE HOW FAST ALKA-SELTZER MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER
HERE WE GO! WE'RE OFF FOR FUN!
RIGHT, JIM! THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE ALKA-SELTZER FOR FAST RELIEF FROM HEADACHE
AT ALL DRUG STORES U.S. AND CANADA
Alka-Seltzer

UNCLE SAM'S LATIN SALESMAN

Continued from page 62

2. He's become the leading opponent of the Communists in Latin America. He opposes Argentina's Juan D. Perón's tactic of building up Fascism as a counterirritant, in favor of a genuinely democratic way, based primarily on education and tolerance.

3. He's been one of the first top Latins to advocate offering private U.S. capital a chance to come south with guarantees, to aid the Latins develop untapped sources of wealth and supplies that will help raise our joint living standards.

4. He's also emerged as the leading Latin sponsor of Uncle Sam's program in the United Nations. Without the 14 Latin votes, we'd be in a spot at Lake Success.

Haya's demand that Peru start repaying its debt to the United States was sprung with characteristic surprise. A showman who knows all the tricks, he got up at one of his monster rallies, waved a dollar bill in one hand and a pile of sols, Peru's currency, in the other. "Sixteen of ours are needed for one of theirs," he shouted. "Unless we do something quick, ours will be worth even less."

He ticked off figures. Peru borrowed $90,000,000 in the U.S. back in the twenties. Defaulted interest alone is now close to $85,000,000. "It has created bitter feeling between Lima, Peru's capital, and the States—and it should be paid back."

Peru's landed aristocracy, who live like feudal lords on their sugar and cotton haciendas, had long hated Haya because of his local program, especially liberation and schooling of the Indians and ending of Latin America's Jim Crowism. And now the creature was proposing that they ante up on the I.O.U. Unthinkable!

Haya followed this with another bombshell when his Aprista legislators in Peru's Congress proposed opening the famed Sechura oil lands to the International Petroleum Company, a Standard of Jersey subsidiary. Around Sechura in northern Peru, he announced, were 5,000,000 acres of desert land which might have oil. International was ready to put up $20,000,000 to find out, under a pact assuring the government a 35 per cent tax on exports and a 12½ per cent domestic royalty. The hacienda owners hit the roof again.

Fear of Industrial Workers

They not only feared an oil boom would drain workers from their cotton and sugar fields, driving up wages, but that it would also develop a greater industrial working class, "as in that hotbed of radicalism, the United States." It was precisely this argument which, to Haya, proved his point. For it was his discovery that in the United States the man who worked was not necessarily an inferior, a menial or a serf. This convinced him that Peru and other backward Latin countries "must follow the U.S., not seek to adopt the outworn Marxist and other ideas from Europe, if it was to advance."

With each step he has taken since, Haya has kept this constantly in mind.

"You in the U.S. need us if your southern flank is to be protected," Haya says. "You also need us for strategic materials and the vital, multibillion-dollar business both ways. At the same time we need your technicians, engineers and experts, on the scene, working with us, if we are to break away from the economic slavery which has left our peoples and land almost a hollow waste."

Today Haya is a welcome guest in some of the fanciest salons in Washington, London and Paris, and numbers among his great admirers Nelson Rockefeller in New York. But many of the concepts he stresses were first worked out in jail cells in these and other cities. He jokes about his jail record with a lusty, roaring sense of humor, explaining, "At least all that exercise, running from the police, kept me thinner."

Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre started running almost as soon as he put on long pants. He was born in Trujillo, a small, northern Peruvian town, on February 22, 1895. His father was founder and editor of La Industria, a provincial daily; his uncle, a priest. Haya's first recollection of anything which had a profound effect on his later career was, as a boy, climbing the enormous ruins of the near-by Inca town of Chan-Chan.

History and Inca Ruins

"I had been studying history," he recalls. "But nowhere did I find any place to put this ruined civilization. My textbooks showed that America was discovered in 1492. Apparently there wasn't anything here before. Slowly I started to realize there was another dimension in time—though it wasn't for years that I was able to put it that way."

At nineteen, Haya started off to Peru's University of Cuzco, seat of the ancient Inca regime. To earn spending money, he got a job as the governor's secretary and began taking notes on the Indians who came to the palace for justice. It was a shock. In Cuzco the Incas had built vast skyscraper cities atop the mountains. Without mortar, stones were fitted together so closely that even today it is impossible to slip a piece of paper between them. They practiced contour plowing. They dehydrated food—another "twentieth-century discovery." They used guano, the bird droppings found on islands off the Peruvian coast, for fertilizer, a resource ignored by the Spaniards, which has since become a top export.

"The Indians I saw, however, were beaten, whipped, ignorant and living in misery," Haya says. "Feeling bitter how far they'd fallen since Pizarro's conquest in 1530, I became a driven man who had to do something."

Haya's first big fight came in 1919, when as president of the Peruvian University Students Federation, he was called on to aid a strike for the then unprecedented idea of an eight-hour day. Peru was paralyzed. Army, workers and students clashed. Tension mounted. But behind the scenes the young Haya turned his persuasive powers on the Labor Minister. He got a promise—the minister would fight alongside the workers. For the next 36 hours the city got more and more tense—for the Army refused to go along. Machine guns were finally turned on the library where strikers were meeting. The officer gave warning—if the hall were not cleared, it would be fired on.

Eyes ablaze, with Latin melodrama, Haya dashed out, ripped open his coat and demanded: "Shoot me first!"

He kept talking. A half hour later the officer was awash with tears. "I am a soldier, not a murderer," he reportedly announced, and joined up with the dissidents. True or apocryphal, Haya was on his way to becoming a legend.

The next day Haya organized the Federation of Textile Workers, still Peru's most powerful union and forerunner of Latin America's first industrial unions. A week later he was deep in establishing the Gonzalez Prada Universities, night schools where farm and factory laborers could get the free education denied by the government. From these schools Haya's APRA movement grew.

Peru's rulers soon realized what was cooking. Haya was invited to take a lit-

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tle trip to Europe at federal expense "to complete his studies." He declined with thanks; there were more interesting things to study at home. In May, 1923, to counteract unrest, officials made the church the nation's spiritual warden. Haya and his companions favor religion but not clerical dominance. They figured this was a purely political step. They put on a series of crippling demonstrations and then fled to the university, which became a fort.

The police won and Haya was locked up in a concrete, stand-up torture cell in the foul island prison of San Lorenzo. A general strike began as Haya refused food. This time the President issued an order: "Toss Haya on the first outbound boat." It turned out to be the Nevada, Panama bound. Panama jailed him, then shoved him over the border. And for the next eight years Haya became an international wanderer.

Meetings with Famous Men

In Cuba and other Latin-American countries he started more universities. His books became top sellers in Argentina. He saw Trotsky in Russia, visited Romain Rolland in Switzerland, established a Center of Latin Studies in Paris. And in England he got to know many of the men who now run Britain's Labor government.

With one suitcase, two pairs of baggy plus fours and a battered typewriter, he hitchhiked across the United States to industrial cities, the Middle West, the Pacific Coast. He carried cards: "President, Peruvian Student Federation—in Exile." They got him through a good many doors but landed him behind a few others, sometimes as a vagrant. Living on the generosity of friends and from articles for Latin papers—barred in Peru but read everywhere Spanish was spoken—it was a difficult period, hardly likely to produce profound admiration for the U.S. Yet from the trip and subsequent study, Haya says, he derived the understanding which was to be the foundation of his current viewpoint.

Then in August, 1930, back in Peru, gun-toting Colonel Sánchez Cerro overthrew the dictatorship of President Leguia. Haya had been in exile for eight years—but his underground organization had never stopped working. It was a triumphant return, with cheering crowds acclaiming Haya as candidate for President. The quiet elections seemed almost an anticlimax. But the "ins" counted the votes and Sánchez Cerro was proclaimed President. Haya's party was outlawed and the universities were padlocked.

A few months later Haya was charged with Communism. Tossed into an underground cell, he spent 15 months there. Three times he was faced against a wall, and the order given for execution. Haya will not disclose what happened—but the best guess I got in Peru is that the executioners were secretly his admirers.

So great was the tension, however, that to divert interest, Sánchez Cerro started a border war with Colombia. Sánchez feared to arm Haya's followers because they might use the guns against him. Yet without them, he had no army. He figured a neat solution—the guns were collected at night.

The Colombians found out and attacked only after dark. The result was almost disastrous, and only an international arbitration commission saved the youth of Peru from slaughter.

Ten months later Sánchez was assassinated. General Oscar Benavides, "Old Iron Pants" as the Peruvians called him, took over. All political prisoners were released. Haya was left alone until the October, 1936, Presidential elections. Again APRA said Haya would be its candidate. Benavides, on the grounds the organization had international connections and was therefore illegal, had Haya's candidacy thrown out. Haya named a substitute.

When it seemed clear that Haya's man would win, Benavides had Congress extend his own term.

Haya de la Torre remained a problem, however. Assassination would make him a martyr. Exile didn't work either. So Benavides brought over the Fascist Italian General Camoretta (lynched in Rome in 1945) to organize a secret police which could deal with troublesome elements without making a fuss. From then on, as Target Number One, Haya began a curious, half-world existence.

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"That Mrs. Lindquist next door never seems to run down! All day long she's on that phone and it's talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk!"

COLLIER'S RALPH NEWMAN

During this long, nine-year period, he was never a prisoner but he was never free. He rarely slept two nights in the same place. Hardly a week passed without some attempt on his life. His most dramatic escape occurred just before dawn on September 22, 1939. Forty armed detectives trapped Haya and his secretary, Jorge Idiaquez, in the Lima suburb of Barranca. Guns blazing, Idiaquez ran out to divert attention while Haya sprinted across a side lawn and over a wall. Idiaquez was killed to save a minute—but it was enough.

Haya used this period to build his party underground, form its thousands of ward organizations throughout Peru and its affiliates in other Latin countries, to preach democracy and the need to develop mass schooling as democracy's basis. It paid off. For when Mussolini was killed in April, 1945, and Hitler disappeared a month later, Benavides' successor was unable to stand against the rising tide.

A President is Elected

Haya's APRA was restored to legality and elections were announced. Four days later some 200,000 people gathered in Lima's huge Campo de Marte, filled the sky with fireworks and, rhythmically clapping, shouted: *"Democracia, sí. Totalitarismo, no!"* This time Haya, rather than risk starting the same merry-go-round again, threw the tremendous influence of his APRA organization behind a neutral—thin, scholarly Professor José Luis Bustamante. Bustamante won and Haya's program began to go into action.

It would be nice to report that everything has gone smoothly since—but Haya's career has never run smoothly. The opposition, entrenched for generations, began to pile every allegation of graft, misfeasance, malfeasance and incompetence on his head. The murder of Francisco Graña Garland, newly appointed editor of the opposition's loudest voice, La Prensa of Lima, was charged to Haya, becoming a *cause célèbre*. And when Haya's party introduced measures to pay back Peru's debt, to invite U.S. capital and to aid Washington's plans in the United Nations, the heat went beyond anything previously known.

Opposition senators simply walked out. Since then, lacking a quorum, there has been no Congress. The Cabinet has been shifted five times. And the conflict between Haya's ideas of democracy and the opposition's insistence upon the *status quo* has been marked by increasing bitterness, murder and riot. Yet Haya has kept working, urging co-operation with the U. S., and seeking to institute debate and compromise on an *americano* basis to prevent what might otherwise become an unyielding death struggle.

His day at his hideaway in the Andes starts at 6:00 A.M. with a dip in an icy mountain stream. Then there is a brisk canter over the near-by foothills to think things over—a substitute for the mountain climbing which is his favorite sport. Next, writing at a furious pace.

He will do a flaming editorial for his own newspaper, La Tribuna, and follow it with a scholarly chapter on his next book, Historial Time & Space. Writing is his only source of income. He owns four suits, none of which has ever seen pressing. His one expensive taste is tomato juice. Since it's imported, it comes high in Peru. Books and magazines overflow the house; Haya reads for two hours every day even if it means getting to bed at 4:00 A.M. His household is simple. There are no women in his life—an unfortunate love affair at eighteen, he admits, killed off his interest.

This is the schedule when he's at home. Haya is on the move at least 70 per cent of the time. APRA's *Casa del Pueblo*, House of the People, in Lima, is his headquarters. But in remote Indian villages on bleak Lake Titicaca, in highland towns which have yet to see a train, plane or car, in legislative cloakrooms, and at gatherings of those whose influence counts most throughout the hemisphere, he punches home his ideas.

Behind his ceaseless energy is a fear—a fear that like neighboring Colombia's Jorge Gaitán, whose assassination in the midst of the recent Inter-American Conference at Bogotá caused 1,500 deaths, he may not survive to see his ambitious program through. He figures he has 10 years at the outside; three until Peru's next Presidential election, seven after that. So he keeps on the go, chin jutting, arms flailing as he explains, argues and tries to convince his listeners that:

"We don't want to take riches away from those who have them. We want to create riches for those who haven't. The United States is ready to help, realizing there can be no peaceful world, only Fascism or Communism, where other nations starve or are slaves. Our hardest job is to convince our opponents at home. That takes doing—for in Latin America we must span the gap of centuries. Together we can succeed. But if we don't—look out! The hemisphere will go down with us."

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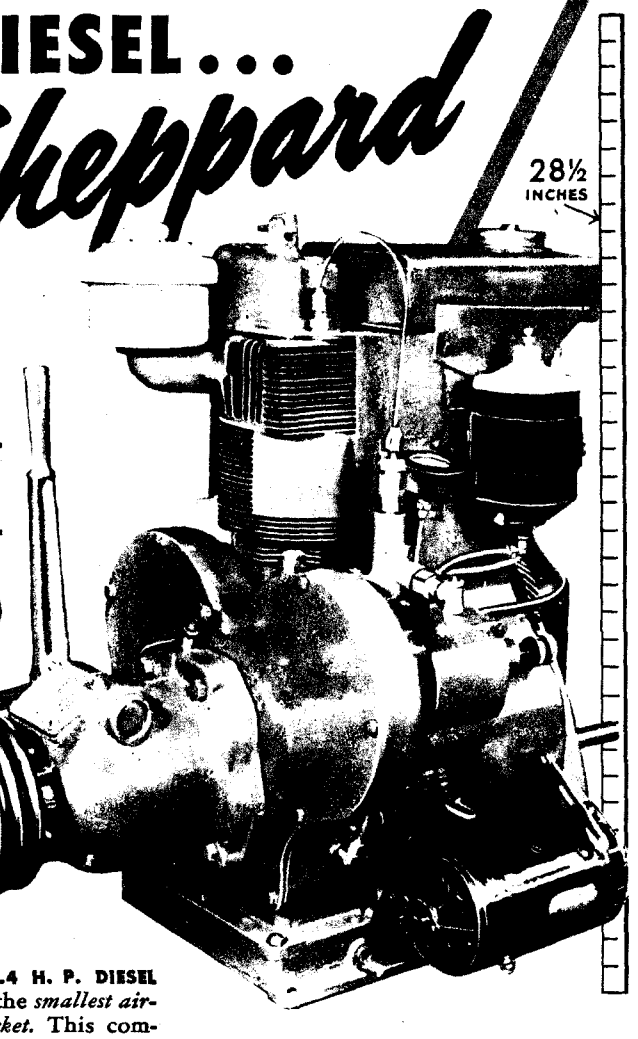

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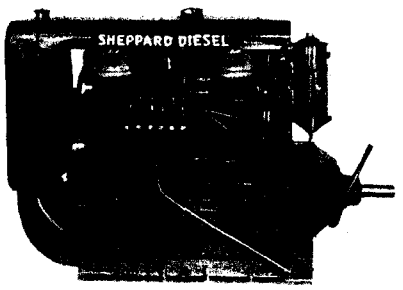

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Walking down the road to the bus stop Angie saw Pa and Jackie working in the berry field. It was a mean thing she was doing, going to town to spend good money for a facial and a manicure and a hair-set

Good-by Good-by

Angie had not recognized the tenderness under her Pa's grumpy exterior, but the secret look he gave her on her wedding day was better than all the presents in the world

By EDEN VALE

IT WAS just before dawn. She was eighteen and it was her wedding day. She sat up in bed, careful not to disturb her little sister Val, who slept beside her. Even in bright daylight this room was dark, for Pa hadn't gotten around to doing more to the upstairs than just putting in three beaverboard partitions, and the only light in this part came from two small gable windows.

She sat very still and listened to the heavy breathing all around her. From the far end of the upstairs came snores—loud ones—that was Pa. The little dry cough was Mum's, she was awake too. Angie could tell by the sound and she knew how Mum's face looked—big-eyed and her mouth straight with worry, but trying to be glad even when nobody could see. From the other side of the partition of her room and Val's she could hear Chad muttering. Chad had bad dreams. He was only ten months older than Angie, almost a twin. Jackie's sighing came to her plain, too.

There were a lot of people coming to the wedding, all the neighbors and Tennyson's folks, of course, and the girls from the store. If she got up and started she could get things perfect and catch the ten o'clock bus for town to have her hair set and the facial she'd made an appointment for. She'd have a manicure too. In the fashion magazines women had them for every important event and a wedding was certainly important.

Angie knew what brides in the fashion magazines did. She and Laura had talked about it often enough while they stood behind the wooden pattern counter at the store studying the pictures. Angie had been only sixteen when she went to work at the store right out of high school. Going to college hadn't happened the way she and Mum had figured it would. Even with the scholarship she'd won in the oratorical contest, there hadn't been enough money. She had to help out, Pa'd said, sorrowful but firm.

Pa felt that all the kids should help out. That was the way to get ahead, make the berry farm pay and finish this house. Angie had a guilty feeling thinking about Pa because after today she wouldn't be helping out any more. She remembered how when she was little, one day she'd overheard Pa saying to Mum, "No. We can't afford it." After he'd gone out Angie had run into the room and found Mum crying and she'd asked, "What does it mean, we can't afford it?" Mum had said and she'd sounded cross, "It means we're poor." Angie hadn't liked Mum for saying that. She'd torn out of the house and across the yard to the barn. She wanted to find Pa and kiss him or hug him—do something to comfort *(Continued on page 71)*

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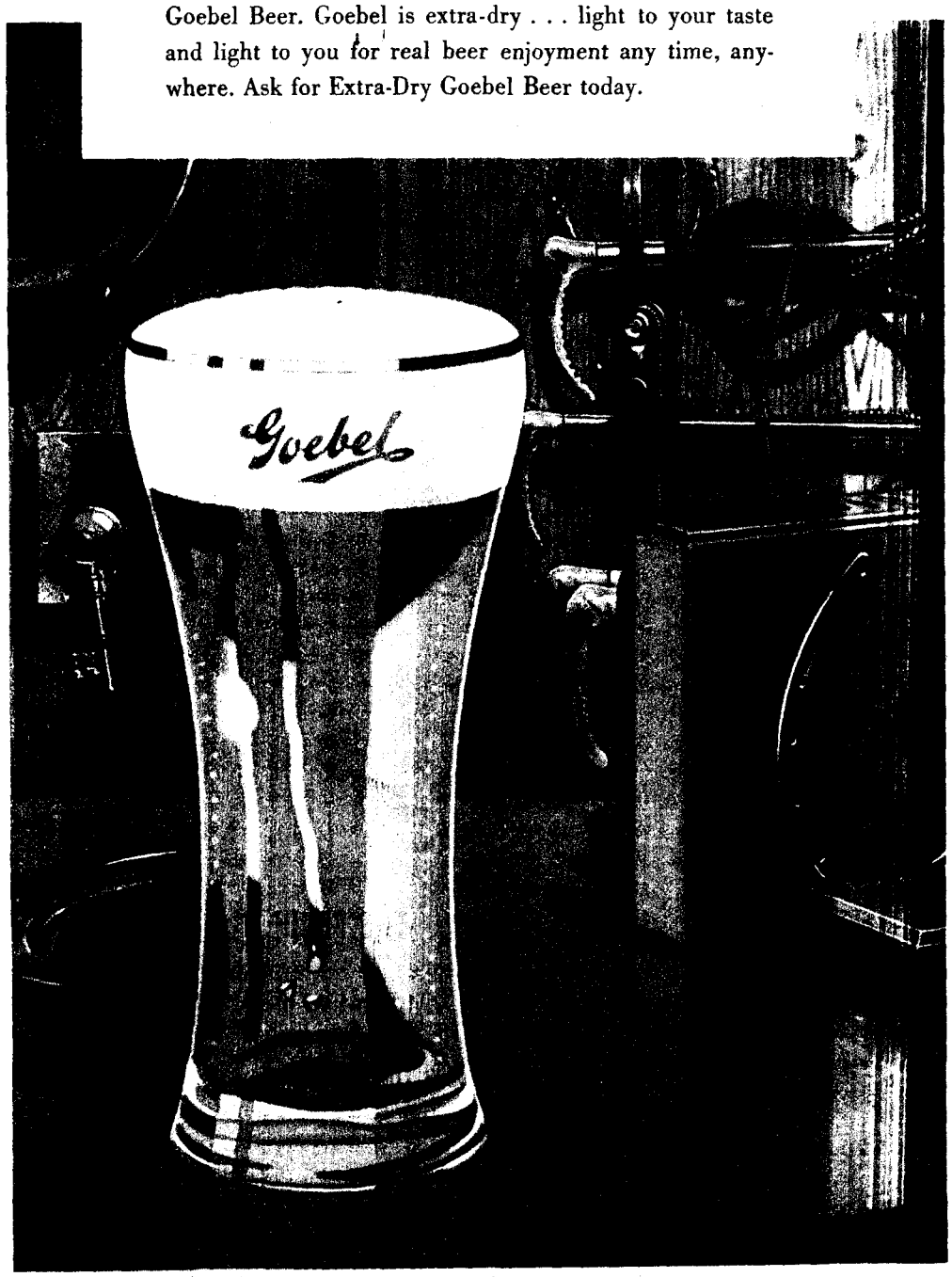

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A NICE NEW PAIR OF WINGS

Continued from page 19

There had been one in the door pocket all the time. I felt it with my fingers when I reached in there for a rag. The windshield was leaking rain pretty badly, just like all windshields do, and a stream of water was dribbling down and I put the rag over my left knee to keep the water from taking all the press out of my pants."

"Go on."

"I followed the road for eleven minutes. I was timing things very carefully now. The road led approximately eighty degrees which was just as it should have done. Even though it was still raining cats and dogs and the gas needle wobbled around thirty gallons, I began to feel pretty good. I relaxed and whistled the tune she always liked so much. Summertime. It's from Porgy and Bess and we always had sort of a trick of whistling or singing it together. I never knew a girl who could whistle just like Caroline could. The last time I saw her before I went overseas, she gave me a record of Summertime.

"I got it all the way to England without breaking it and I used to play it at least once when I came back from a mission. When I finally didn't come back after that bad time, one of the boys saved it for me until he heard the same as Caroline—that I wasn't ever coming back. Then he said he was so mad he hurled it against the wall and broke it. So anyway I was sitting there whistling and still trying not to feel too bad about Caroline and Paul. I was still following the road and just as the sweep second hand on the clock passed eleven minutes exactly and I was looking for the lights of Packer City—I knew something was wrong."

"How did you know?"

"The road turned off to the north very sharply. You could see the cars slowing down for the turn and their lights sweep around in the rain. The road on my map didn't turn."

"You were lost?"

"That's for sure. I found out why, right away—when I unfolded the map. You see, flying so close to the ground, I didn't like to take both hands off the controls. So I had folded the map to fit on my lap and naturally I folded under the part I knew wasn't necessary."

"You knew?"

"I thought so at first anyway. Now when the road turned on me, I opened the whole map and there about thirty miles north of where I thought I was, a similar road was shown turning north."

"You knew where you were then?"

"Right away. I took another look at the gas, did some quick figuring and found I could just make Raleigh if I cut straight off through a valley on a course of ninety-five degrees. It was pitch dark by now, but I had a lot more to worry about than landing lights."

"It was still raining?"

"Harder than ever. I headed for the valley. Everything was black below but I could see just enough of the country to know it wasn't a healthy place to land. It seemed like only a few minutes before that scud began slipping in beneath me. Just a few wisps at first, then more and more. I didn't dare let down any lower. The altimeter read a hundred feet as it was."

"And so you continued?"

"There wasn't anything else to do. I'm ashamed to say I was getting scared. My knees were actually shaking so hard they jerked my feet on the rudder pedals. I wasn't whistling any more. I was squeezing the control wheel hard enough to get juice out of it. I kept getting off course because I couldn't watch the compass and look out the window as much as I wanted to.

"I passed right over a farmhouse once. The lights from the windows were very bright for what seemed a second. I wished I was with those people whoever they were—maybe just sitting down for dinner. And I wished the people were Caroline and myself, together in a snug home and maybe a couple of kids being sent away from the table to do a better job on their hands before we all started eating. The lights slipped behind me and I almost hit a windmill. About then, I guess it was, I started to pray."

"Anything else?"

"No. It happened right after that."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six—next December."

"What a shame! You learned to fly during the war?"

"Yes. In the Army."

"Did you have a good instructor?"

"Very good. He was an old-timer. Sort of hard-boiled, but pretty fair always. In the beginning he used to nurse us along like babies. He met Caroline once when she came down to see me during basic training. I hope he never hears what happened because I distinctly remember one thing he said to her. He was joking, of course, and I think trying to make conversation because he was always shy with women.

"He said that if she ever married me not to be surprised if I was late to the wedding and she could be sure I would have a long list of excuses. He was needling me about the way I was sometimes a few seconds late to the flying line. And there was another thing he said to Caroline. He told her that in some things you could make mistakes and nothing much would come of it, if you could just think up enough good excuses. But he said that in flying if you made a mistake, no one could listen to your excuses but God. I guess he was talking as much to me as he was to Caroline. At least I have proved he knew what he was talking about."

SOMEBODY WHISTLE THE WEDDING MARCH

Whether your style's to leap or linger
When asked for an answer bold:
Remember a Yes could band that finger
(The third, left hand) in gold.

Whether you gave one man a Maybe
Then later, another one, No:
You're not getting any younger, baby,
So beware of your status quo.

Whether your bed be single or double,
No matter the weight of your purse:
Living with someone else is trouble,
But living alone is worse.

PHYLLIS WRIGHT

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GOOD-BY, GOOD-BY

Continued from page 68

him. But Pa was milking the cow and when Angie ran in, the cow kicked over the pail and spilled the milk all over Pa's leg and he had yelled at Angie, "Get out. Get out. What do you think you're doing?"

He shouldn't expect so much of us, she thought. Angie wished the house looked nicer. She was going to scrub the front room herself, so Mum wouldn't have to. If the floors were scrubbed every day the house seemed better. And she'd hang the fresh-ironed curtains. Mum had sewed on the wedding dress until after midnight while Angie had done the ironing.

She thought about Tennyson and what a good, dear wife she was going to be for him. Tennyson would always let her comfort him and no matter whatever happened to him she always would. It all seemed sort of ordained that they were getting married. The first time she'd gone to the big Baptist church in Tacoma, she'd met Tennyson. The girls at the store went to Dr. Pryor's revival meetings. They'd told her it was her sacred duty to come and hear him preach even if she was a Congregationalist.

SO ANGIE had gone and that very first night she'd met Tennyson. His folks were Episcopalians. They didn't want Tennyson to come to the Baptist church either, but after Angie and he had stood side by side that night and turned to shake hands and sung together they just couldn't stop going to Dr. Pryor's meetings. They'd gone every Sunday in spite of their folks.

One night going home Tennyson had kissed her. It was so holy and pure and beautiful that Angie knew if she just kept faith nothing would ever happen to separate them—not even his folks who wanted Tennyson to finish college and be a lawyer. Nothing had. Tennyson just quit school and got a job in the cannery and now he was night foreman and they'd surely make out all right.

She lifted Val's arm from her stomach and eased herself off the bed. With a quick jerk she pulled off her nightgown and stood looking at herself in the wavery mirror.

"Oh, Angie, you didn't call me. Is it time? Is it the day?" Val's voice was a squeak.

"Let's sneak down and make breakfast," Angie said. "We'll surprise Mum."

Angie put on her canvas shoes and blue jeans and an old sweater that she wasn't going to take. Val was out of her nightgown and putting on a calico dress over bloomers. They tiptoed by the boys in their bed in the middle room.

"Tennyson's folks live on a paved street in the town," Angie said; "they have a bathroom with a white tub. Someday we're going to have a pink bathroom in our place and every time you come to visit you can take a bath. I'll keep a special towel just for you and you can bring the bath salts Jackie gave you for Christmas."

"Honest, Angie, you mean it?" Val put her hand out and took Angie's and they walked down to the kitchen.

Mum and Pa and the boys must have heard her shaking the stove because they started moving around upstairs and pretty soon they were all together at the kitchen table and the cats were clawing at the screen door to be let in. Pa didn't say anything. He looked especially sorrowful even for him and Jackie was silent too. That was usual.

But Chad didn't kid around or tease anybody and he only ate a little bit. Every time Angie looked his way he was staring at her as if he didn't know who she was. Before anyone else had finished eating he took the water pails and went down to the spring without being asked. Mum kept starting to say things like, "I do hope the bread will turn out light," or "I should have put another egg in that angel cake."

Pa pushed his plate away and stood up, hitching the straps of his overalls onto his shoulders. He said, "Come on, Jackie, we got to pick those raspberries even if your sis is stirring up all this fuss. Can't let 'em rot on the vine and lose the crop."

Jackie looked at Angie and his face got so red that his freckles didn't even show. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a tissue-wrapped package. "Here," he said, "I got you a present." He thrust the package into her hand and ran after Pa.

"Well, bless his heart," Mum said; and Val said, "He sold his stamp from France and the one from Bolivia too, he told me."

Angie's fingers fumbled the paper off the package and when she saw the tiny bottle of perfume she laid her head down on the table to hide her crying. Her family were so good to her, all except (she had to think it because it was true) . . . all except Pa. Pa just didn't care.

After Mum and Angie were alone in the kitchen it was better for a while. Their two pairs of hands worked together and Mum's thoughts and Angie's met as they always had without any words. It was a morning like any other morning.

But then Angie knew she had to tell

"Hey, Toots, how about stepping out to dinner and a show some evening after work?"

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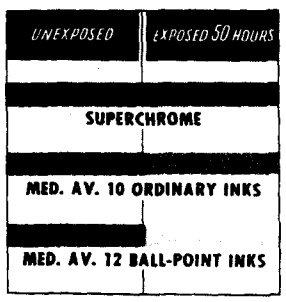
Diagram showing how other inks fade



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her. "Mum. Oh, Mum, Pa didn't even say good morning on my wedding day."

Mum hugged her up against her. She said, "Your Pa's your Pa and nothing will change that."

Then Mum was looking right at her and Mum's voice was kind of terrible, asking, "You're sure, Angie? Eighteen's so awful young."

Angie's lips said, "Yes." They had to say it because Mum looked so scared.

Mum said, "Then you'd better start for town." . . .

Walking down the road to the bus stop Angie could see Pa and Jackie working together in the berry field. Pa looked bent and skinny and his hands were moving fast putting berries into the box that hung from around his neck. He had old black stockings pulled over his arms to keep the berry stickers from tearing his shirt sleeves. "He wants us all to have things nice." Suddenly she knew it. "He wants it so bad, that's why he's so cross. He's scared too." It was a mean thing she was doing going to town to spend out good money for a facial and a manicure and a hair-set.

All the way to town she kept thinking how Tennyson would wear a city suit every day with white shirts and work in an office like his father did. Not a bank, of course, because Tennyson would be a lawyer. Angie wanted him to, just as much as his folks did. But Mum's eyes and Pa and the kids picking berries kept mixing into the picture she wanted to make of Tennyson coming home to dinner with candles on the table every night. They wouldn't eat in the kitchen ever. Pa and Mum and the kids would come for company meals and she'd give them their coffee from a little tray in the front room—like Tennyson's mother did.

Her heart began to pound and all of a sudden it seemed as though Tennyson wasn't a boy she'd walked home from church with, holding hands. She tried to remember how it had been when he kissed her and she saw instead the scared look in Mum's eyes. Tennyson was just a stranger.

"But I love Tennyson. I do. I do," she whispered and all the way through the town's streets she kept telling herself the way he was, saying, "His brown hair is soft like Chad's."

IT WAS better in the beauty shop at the store where the girls joked her about getting married and said how handsome Tennyson was. They teased her to tell where she and Tennyson were going on their wedding trip and she wouldn't tell because she'd promised Tennyson not to. She began to be excited thinking how different, how surprisingly pretty she was going to look with her hair done like a picture she'd cut from a magazine. But when she came from under the dryer and looked in the mirror her heart sort of sank. She did look different, not like herself at all, but not like the picture either.

"Aren't the curls too tight?" She poked at one of the shining puffs but Bella-Mae quickly held up a mirror to show the back, saying, "It's perfectly stunning . . . now just don't mess with it."

All the other girls crowded around and told her she looked perfectly keen.

Coming back home where every jar and vase was filled with roses and peonies and white foxglove—upstairs, with Val helping her dress for the ceremony—hearing the laughter and voices of people coming, finally the hush and the waiting downstairs—everything was sliding too quickly together like the notes on Mrs. Miller's accordian. Then Mrs. Miller's high voice was singing, "Oh promise me."

Angie's legs wouldn't move. "Go on," Val whispered. "She's done singing. She's playing the march. Go on."

Val held her hand going down the stairs, Angie saw Tennyson standing by the Reverend Miller. "Tennyson looks scared too," she thought; "his face is white." Pa held out an arm, his bald head bent forward on the thin red stalk of his neck in a starched collar. Why did Pa have to be so thin and bent and sad-looking?

She stood so close to Tennyson that she could feel his arm trembling against hers. She heard her own voice, thin, and far away answering his voice, and someone wept aloud. Out of the sea of faces Tennyson's face was bending down and his lips were pressing hers.

Then everyone was laughing and everyone was kissing her. Tennyson's mother, with her white hair in tight waves above her pink face, was saying, "Now I have a little daughter," and Angie could smell the clean smell of lemon verbena and feel the soft give of her silky bosom.

Tennyson's father was kissing her. His gray mustache prickled like a toothbrush and the feel of his thin dry hands on hers made her suddenly ashamed of her own sticky palms.

HER own room was cool. White moths flew about the lamp chimney. She sat on the bed and buried her face in her pillow. Laughter came up through the floor from below but she didn't have to laugh back. She began to sob with the ache of leaving this bed where she'd always slept.

It seemed as though she grew smaller and smaller until she was such a little girl that Val hadn't even been born. It was late at night and she could hear footsteps on the stairs. Pa came into the loft where she and the boys slept, and she could hear the crackle of the paper candy sack that he was pulling out of his pocket. The other kids heard it too. They kneeled up in their beds with the covers hunched over their shoulders and hair all tousled. Their eyes were round and black-looking with excitement and they were all chewing and chonking on the hard candies in sleepy blessedness and Pa was stroking her hand . . .

Angie turned over. Her sobs were so harsh and tearing she couldn't hide them in the pillow. She couldn't breathe.

. . . And there he was. Her Pa was really there. He bent down and put his cheek next to hers. He didn't say one word but just took her into his arms and let her tears fall on his face and down his skinny neck. After a while he said, "There, now. There, there, little bug, you're going to be fine. And happy. I want you to be . . ." He paused and put his hand in his pocket to pull out a roll of crackly new bills. "I picked the crop for you. For your wedding. Here." He lifted her hand and curled the fingers around the bills. Then he kissed her and went away. . . .

All the goodbys and the showering of rice and the secret look just for her on Pa's face when he said, "Goodby, sis," . . . the way Mum smiled and kissed her quickly . . . all this was just blurred together through tear-filled eyes and then she was going off with Tennyson.

She kept looking back and waving. Even after the car was way down the road she could still see Mum and Pa on the porch. The moonlight was so bright she could see them waving too.

The figures of Pa and Mum grew smaller and smaller. All the while Angie kept feeling that she was growing larger and larger until she became the parent and Pa and Mum were *her* children. She was filled with the ache of loving them and wanting to take care of them, but they were behind her now disappearing. Only Tennyson was beside her. His face was turned away. And then his hand moved from the wheel and he reached for her hand. He lifted it and the new ring on her finger glinted. He slid the car to a stop in the shadow of trees. She heard a night bird call and another's sleepy answer. Tennyson put his arms about her, and mixed with the sad feeling and the strangeness there was another feeling—just as strong.

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TAKE A LETTER

Office Equipment Company,
1440 Broadway, New York City.
Gentlemen:

I am having considerable difficulty operating my new desk. Yesterday, for instance, Mr. Blendy, general manager of the Acme Steel Hatband Company, was right at the point of signing an important contract with our company when I pushed Dictating Button No. 8 on the instrument panel. To my complete embarrassment the air-conditioning equipment forthwith whisked the contract papers right out of Mr. Blendy's hands, sucked his tie up out of his vest and so disheveled his hair that he looked as if he'd been in a street brawl. In my anxiety to make amends I pushed three other buttons in rapid succession with the result that (a) the contract papers were blown back into Mr. Blendy's face in a compact soggy mass, (b) his chair started spinning around like a Link Trainer and (c) the radio commenced playing.

Our directors' meeting that afternoon was even worse than my earlier experience and may eventually result in my demotion. When our president called on me for the September sales report I admit that I eyed the panel board with no little apprehension. Feeling more like a B-29 pilot than a sales manager I pushed what I supposed was the Monthly Report Button. With a clatter of glasses and bottles, the bar flew open like a bomb bay, four lemons rolled across the desk into T. J.'s lap and a tray of ice cubes popped up out from under "Incoming Mail." T. J. turned purple, but before he could utter more than a blubbering sound he was face to face with himself in a concave shaving mirror. When I finally located my report it smelled so strongly of bourbon that I thought it unwise to present it to the board.

I am a man who is one hundred per cent for progress, gentlemen, but not when it means you have to hire somebody like Howard Hughes to sit at the controls of your desk in order to conduct business in a conventional and orderly fashion. So, rather than jeopardize my job further, I think I will have to ask you to return my old $4 oak job at your earliest convenience and take back your mechanical wizard. If you should come in for it while I'm in conference you'll find it turned to "Defrost." . . . Yours truly,

JACK CLUETT

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THE IMPUDENT RIFLE

Continued from page 15

which he now smiled up into the face of the captain, just three feet above him.

He waited for the captain to speak, letting his eye rove the rails. He saw the pilot leaning out of his cubicle, and he observed the young woman gazing calmly down.

"So you want to come aboard," said the captain pleasantly.

"I want stateroom passage to Montgomery's Point. I am Philip Ashton Royall, second lieutenant, Seventh Infantry, traveling on orders."

A voice on the saloon deck called down, "It looks like Gen'l Jackson's finally runnin' the dandies outa Washington."

AS THE wave of laughter rolled down, Royall looked for the man. He found him, a big, rawboned youth in jeans and a worn jacket and a dirty slouch hat. The girl, too, was smiling. Royall grinned back at her.

"If you're an Army officer," the captain demanded, "what are you doing on that scow?"

"I missed my boat in St. Louis," said Royall. "This man"—he indicated the riverman—"was kind enough to bring me down. I intended to board you at the confluence, but we floated past it in that storm yesterday."

"You from St. Louis?"

"No. That gentleman"—Royall paused meaningfully over the word as he stared up at the man in the slouch hat—"is right. I came from Washington. By way of St. Louis."

"I thought so. A St. Louis man would have more sense 'n to shoot at a steamboat pilot."

"I shot at your water pitcher," said Royall. "And I hit it."

The rawboned youth called, "Pull 'im in and toss 'im over. Lessee if that purty soljer suit'll shrink."

This was the time, Royall decided. He could not guess what the captain was intending. He could be sure that a ducking in the river would be part of it. The crowd at the rails was expecting it.

"Watch!" he cried. He swept off his shako, gestured at the pilot with it, then half turned and sailed it crown down across the water. It struck, rocked a little, then began floating with the current, spinning slowly like a tiny cockleshell.

Royall turned his back to the shako, reaching for his rifle with one hand and pulling the cartridge box to him with the other. He would not need to think by command this time. He loaded leisurely, grinning up at the girl as he whanged the ball home. As he smiled up at her, another man joined the group. A heavy, black-bearded man who puffed at a cigar and watched with detached amusement.

Royall called up to the pilot, "I aimed at the top of that pitcher, where it starts to flare out. Throw it down and let's look at it."

Without waiting for a response he pivoted and raised his rifle. The shako was slightly more than a hundred yards downstream, bobbing a little and still riding high. A high center shot would not do. In that event the shako would not visibly jerk unless he hit the visor, and certainly would not sink. For one crazy moment he considered a try at the visor just for the tingling gamble of the thing. But this was not planned as a gamble. He was doing what he knew he could do, and for a reason. He had to make his ball produce a dramatic result for all to see.

Finding his spot just at the water line and a little left of center, he fired with swift decision. The shako skipped forward, spun once and settled rapidly until only the vague outline of it remained.

Someone called to the captain, "Let the man board!" Others took up the cry.

Royall faced the captain with the same fixed and impudent smile. He had the passengers with him, just as he had planned it. But he was suddenly sick with shame, and he hated all of them. He had made himself a blatant show-off, a clown in uniform playing to the crowd. He knew the story would travel up and down the river of the coxcomb of a subaltern who had tossed his beautiful headgear into the river to prove his marksmanship and confound a steamboat pilot. It would follow him to Fort Gibson and mark him there. In time it would become a part of his record as indelible as Colonel Thayer's acid remarks in the

COLLIER'S

"Our television set wasn't good enough, no, you had to have the real thing—"

BARNEY TOBEY

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COLLIER'S

"It's not convenient to anything, and there's only one lousy road leading to it"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG

post order books at West Point. Thus quickly had an impulse destroyed him again.

The captain still stood above Royall, angry and undecided, as the demands from the rails grew to a chorus. Then the portly man at the rail beckoned. The captain stepped to the spot below him, showing deference as the man spoke.

The captain returned to Royall. "Let's see your papers," he demanded.

Royall handed up his wallet without a word, waiting as the captain took it to the portly man. Presently the man nodded several times, as though both satisfied and relieved. Without waiting for permission then, Royall reached to the boat guard and vaulted up, still holding his rifle.

The captain said, "Governor Sprague wants you." He jerked a thumb at the portly man. Then he snapped, "Pay your passage to the clerk first."

ROYALL walked to the boat guard, tossed a salute of farewell to the riverman, then turned away without waiting to see his trunks aboard. Above him the passengers had begun to lose interest, although he was still conscious of contemplative scrutinies from two points along the rail. Almost directly over him the black-bearded man with the cigar still watched him. Governor Sprague, the girl and the younger man were gone. Farther down the rail was the rawboned youth, with a knot of rough, bearded men about him. They spoke to one another as they regarded Royall, and some remark sent up a shout of boisterous laughter.

His passage paid, Royall followed the clerk up the companionway to the saloon deck. He found himself peering as he left the sunlight and stepped into the gloom of the long cabin. The bar ran across the forward end, and there were men standing at it though the morning was still new. Beyond it were chairs for lounging, and beyond them was a single long dining table. A curtain cut off the aft section for the women. Around this long, narrow room were doors leading into the small staterooms. A cross-passageway amidships led out to the narrow promenade.

As the clerk led him down the room, a noisy group entered from the cross-hall and trooped toward them. The clerk stepped quickly aside. Royall found the group bearing down upon him, filling all the passageway between the chairs and the staterooms.

In the van strode the man who had heckled him from the rail a few minutes ago. A hulking youth Royall's own age, standing half a head above Royall's full six feet, with a broad and heavy-boned face that hid no secret of his nature. There was ignorance in it, and something close to stupidity, and an aggressive pride in physical prowess. The moment he spied Royall and changed direction slightly, his intention was written plainly in that face. It was a crude challenge. Royall must step aside or take the full, bruising impact of the other's weight in a collision of their bodies.

His quick choice was made almost without conscious thought, for this was a kind of challenge that came often to him. Long since he had discovered that his appearance and manner stirred the instinct to combat in most men. They saw an assertion of superiority in his confident bearing, a threat in his balanced stride, a dare and a pretension in his impeccable uniforms.

But as he side-stepped quickly and flattened himself against a stateroom door beside the clerk, the thought came to him that this challenge held a difference. It was made with the unsubtle directness of the frontier—an offer of immediate physical combat regardless of the crowded cabin and the rifle he still held in his hand.

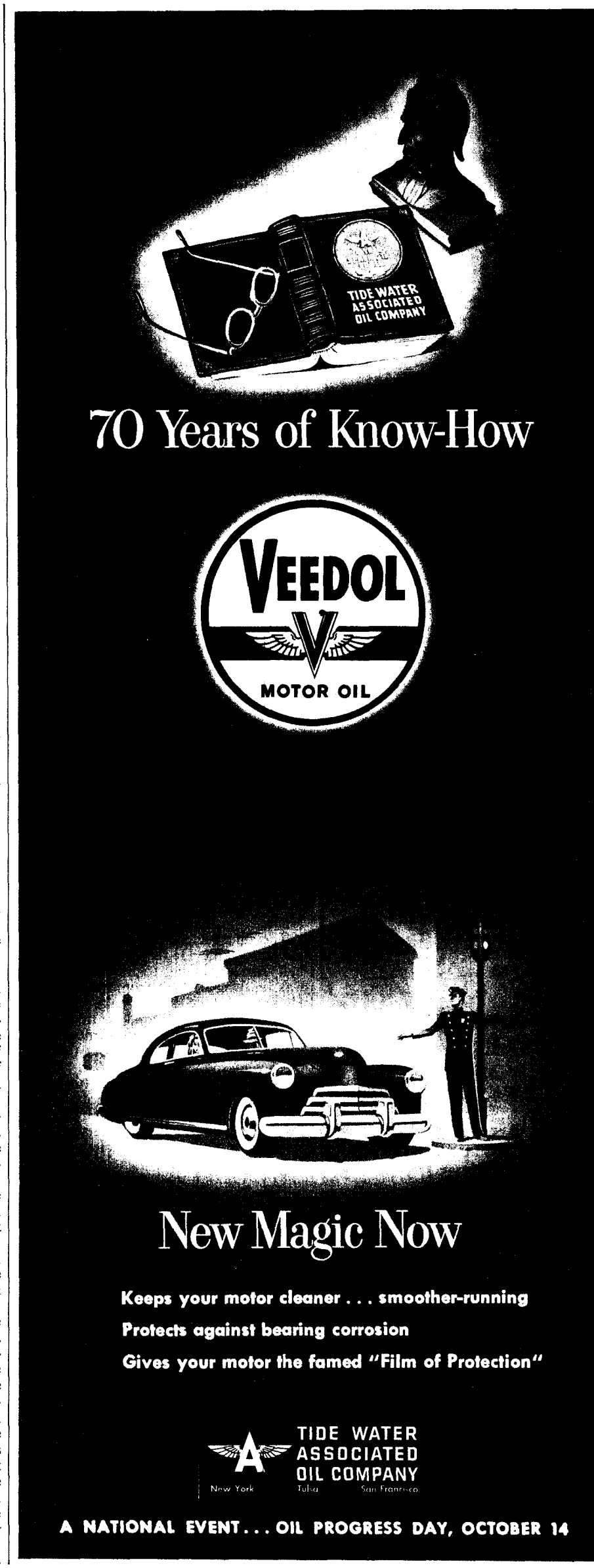
He held himself immobile as the grinning eyes looked into his own in passing. All of the others were older than the youth in the lead, and the faces of several were hard and brutal.

As they walked on toward the bar one of the group said loudly, "Better watch yerself, Scanlon, else he'll shoot off that hat of yorn."

Scanlon, the big youth, laughed with the others. He said, "Not but oncet he won't. I think more of this old hat than he did of his'n."

The moment for acceptance of the challenge was gone. It was too late now. Falling into step behind the clerk, Royall acknowledged another mistake. He had drawn aside partly because of the lack of intelligence in the face of Scanlon. Even the thought of brawling with a stupid man was distasteful. But the impelling reason traced back to his shame at his own flamboyant conduct and his overpowering desire to remove himself from the sight of those he had amused. So it is, he thought, that one mistake leads an impulsive man directly into another.

He longed passionately now for pri-



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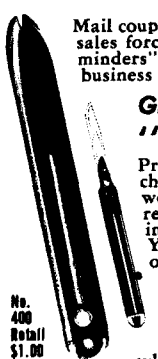

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vacy. And he saw he was not to have it when the clerk led him into a narrow stateroom with double-tiered bunks. A man's luggage lay stacked in the far corner, and a man's jacket was folded neatly across the lower bunk. He dropped his portmanteau and stacked his rifle, and as he did so the owner of the jacket entered behind him.

Royall recognized him as the one who had stood on the girl's left at the rail. He was perhaps three years older than Royall, almost exactly the same height, and quite thin.

"My name is Sean Donnell," he said, extending his hand.

Royall hesitated before accepting the hand, contriving to make the gesture ungracious.

"Governor Sprague wants to see you," said Donnell.

"No!"

"Oh, please now—" Donnell paused, then laughed. It was quiet laughter that seemed to be turned upon himself. "I'm sorry. I put it badly, didn't I? I mean, he is very anxious for a word with you when you can see him."

THERE were little differences from other men in Donnell's voice and dress, and Royall found himself unreasonably determined to use these differences to keep from liking the man.

He demanded abruptly, "You're a European, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing here?"

"Seeing your country."

"I've met your kind before," said Royall. "You come over and sniff around Boston a few days examining what you call our culture. You go to Washington for a week to satisfy yourself General Jackson is the uncouth tyrant you always thought he was. Then you visit Charleston or New Orleans, and go back home and tell your friends you've seen America and Americans are welcome to it."

Donnell looked past Royall's shoulder, through the small window, his eyes distantly focused as though he were trying to see beyond the Kentucky shore. After a moment he said, "Yes. That is so. I have just come to realize it these last few days. And now I'm wondering if it is not because I am afraid to stay longer. Yours is not a gentle country."

The unexpected answer made Royall uncomfortable. He recognized that Donnell was not trying to mollify him but was replying straight from his thoughts. He knew that he should make a friendly gesture and he prepared to do so, for already he felt a lifting of his mood. But it was Donnell, still gazing out the window, who spoke again:

"You know, I have often pictured myself doing some—some unexpected thing like you did out there a few minutes ago. I never could, of course. But if I did I'm sure it would leave me violently upset for weeks."

Royall felt an involuntary smile shaping his lips. "Enough," he said. "You win."

"I did envy you. You managed it beautifully, you know."

Royall saw with surprise that Donnell was completely serious. To Donnell it had been a dashing thing, a thing of life and sparkle and humor. This diffident stranger obviously was incapable of such an act, yet found it admirable. And Royall, who had been driven into such rash displays time without end by some force within himself that he could neither understand nor conquer, found in them only cause for bitter self-reproach.

It was a paradox that held some elusive secret of human nature, and suddenly it was important for him to grasp it. At once he longed to seize it in both his hands, grapple with it, wrest it forcibly from its place of hiding. But it lay deep within his own nature and the nature of this foreigner. It would not yield itself in a day.

Characteristically, Royall put his thoughts into words: "Too bad you're not going to Fort Gibson, too."

Donnell's eyes were startled as they came back to Royall's face. "But—Governor Sprague and his daughter are going there, you know."

"The devil!" exclaimed Royall. "Governor Sprague. Governor Sprague! Who is Governor Sprague?"

"He was governor of one of your states until recently. Now he is engaged in some commission for President Jackson. You really should see him."

"All right. Where is he?"

"In the next stateroom, waiting for you."

"Stay here. I'll be right back."

Royall descended to the aft hold and found his luggage. He rummaged until he pulled out a shako exactly like the one that he had flung into the river. It was not quite so new, but its white lace was equally spotless. A feeling of completeness, of unity and oneness, returned to him as he placed it upon his head. It was an act of necessity, completely without vanity.

Donnell observed the headpiece, and his eyes moved thoughtfully over Royall's face, but he made no comment as he led the way to the adjoining stateroom.

The girl rose and stood beside her father as they entered. The older man shook Royall's hand with a brusque impatience. "I'm Jacob Sprague," he said. "My daughter Elizabeth, Mr. Royall." Almost without pause he continued, "Beth, will you take Mr. Donnell with you?" And to Donnell, "You won't mind, sir?"

"Delighted," said Donnell.

Beth Sprague met Royall's frankly appreciative gaze with a cool, small smile. One direct glance seemed to satisfy the curiosity she had about him, for she turned to Donnell and moved toward the door.

Royall turned his attention to Sprague, who sat watching with approval the backs of Donnell and his daughter as they moved out the door. Sprague's face was heavy and red. He had the jowls of a man who eats well, and now they were moist and sagging as though from great weariness. His eyes were puffed and bloodshot.

"Sit down, young man," he said. "Sit down—there—on the hair trunk. Confound these cubbyholes. No place to talk. So you didn't want to see me, eh?"

Royall's glance went involuntarily to the thin partition separating the two staterooms as Sprague talked briskly on. "Yes, I heard. Couldn't help it. No way for you to speak to Mr. Donnell. He's a gentleman, you know. And I'll say here and now, I don't share his admiration for that exhibition of yours. A reckless thing. A very reckless thing."

Royall broke in, "What do you want of me, sir?"

SPRAGUE raised a hand for silence. Motionless, he moved his eyes toward the door and then the window. Then he leaned toward Royall, whispering angrily, "Protection, young man. Protection those fools in the War Department wouldn't give me. There's fifty thousand dollars of public money in that trunk you're sitting on."

Royall looked at the trunk beneath him. It was old and battered, its brown horsehair worn completely off at the edges and corners. Not a likely receptacle for a fortune in cash. The older man's nervousness and conspiratorial air left him curiously untouched.

"Why so much?" he asked.

"Why are you going to Fort Gibson?" countered Sprague.

"Because I asked for assignment there."

"That does you credit, sir. But it isn't my point. The garrison at Fort Gibson is being strengthened because we're moving the entire Choctaw Nation to the new

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Western lands. That is why you're going. That's why I'm going. President Jackson has seen fit to appoint me commissioner to the Choctaw West, in charge of the removal. These funds are to pay the first costs—if I ever reach there with them, and alive."

"Who is after you?"

"Who's after me? Confound it! River pirates. Thieves. Ruffians. They infest this whole country. I haven't slept a wink for a week, and neither has the captain. He says as a fact that if we ever get stuck on a sand bar they'll board us, make off with every valuable aboard and burn his boat."

"So that's why you wanted to see my identification."

"Exactly. When I heard somebody yell that a man was shooting at us I thought—it was a dangerous thing to do, sir. A very dangerous thing."

"Who knows about the money besides the captain?"

"Donnell and Frank Ollers."

"Donnell is a foreigner. Why tell him?"

"I have just said, young man, he is a gentleman. A gentleman of a noble North Ireland family."

"I like him too. That's not the point. If you're going to trust a—I beg your pardon. Who's Frank Ollers?"

"An influential merchant of Arkansas Territory. We met in Washington and have traveled all the way together."

"A square-cut black beard? And smokes cigars?"

"Yes. He owns this boat and a great many other enterprises. Could be governor of his territory, but his affairs take all his time."

"Does anyone aboard suspect?"

"I don't—no, I don't think so."

The hesitation was apparent. Royall asked quickly, "Who?"

"One of the men we call the Texas bunch. Sometimes I go out on the deck there for fresh air, but I always stay where I can look in at this window. Yesterday I was on the deck and he opened the door here. I think he was just drunk and got the wrong stateroom. He stumbled out when I yelled at him."

"Is one of the Texas bunch named Scanlon?"

"That's them. We call them the Texas bunch because they're going down there to take up land." Sprague smiled knowingly. "That's the story. I can tell you confidentially, Mr. Royall, that events are stirring in Texas. Sam Houston is on his way down there, and you know how close he has been to the President."

Royall nodded. There was nothing confidential about it. He had heard it from adventurous men in Washington, on the Ohio, in St. Louis. He had even wondered whether the dispatch he delivered in St. Louis had something to do with Texas. Few topics were more talked about in the Army.

"Some of that bunch look like they might be running to Texas ahead of a sheriff," he said.

"Oh, they're all right. Ollers says they're not dangerous if they're watched. He buys them an occasional drink."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Stand guard in here sometimes so I can get out. Sleep light at nights. Escort me to Fort Gibson."

Royall thought of Elizabeth Sprague and her contradictory loveliness. "Of course," he said.

ROYALL awoke hungry. Darkness still filled the window, but as always, it was impossible for him to lie abed longer. Slipping silently from his bunk, for Donnell still slept, he got into uniform and boots.

It was too early for breakfast service. He took the companionway steps three at a time to the hurricane deck. Eastward the first flush of the new day was upon the sky, lining the broken line of the Tennessee shore. Royall moved up and down this topmost deck in long, eager strides.

When dawn washed the last stain of night from the sky he ceased his pacing and hurried below to breakfast. He was almost finished when Frank Ollers appeared and took the seat opposite him. Ollers grunted a greeting, then busied himself combing his damp beard with his fingers. Its square cut gave his face an extraordinary width to match his thick shoulders. He had shrewd black eyes that held his thoughts away from other men, and as he worked at his beard they rested contemplatively upon Royall.

The scrutiny continued so long that Royall raised his glance from his plate in annoyance.

Ollers continued to stare unblinkingly, then presently smiled. "I like a man who's proud of his appearance. Means business for my store."

"Your store?"

"Sutler store. At Fort Gibson. Mine's the first license."

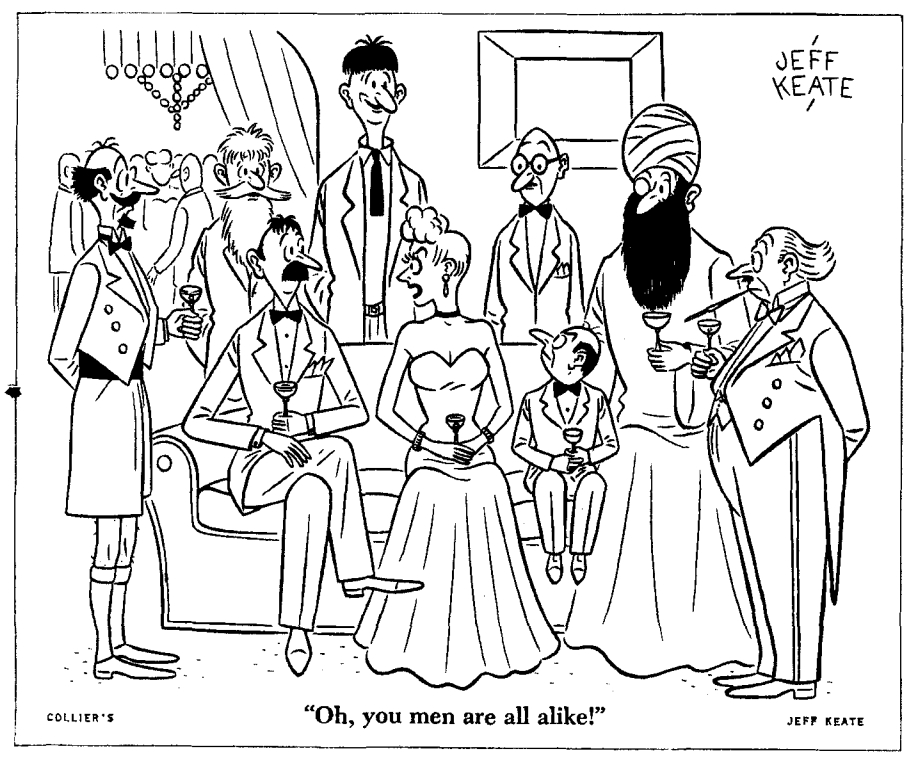
"I see."

"Carrying in fresh supplies this trip. Everything from horse brushes to violin strings for Ed Traut."

"Major Traut? I've seen his name in correspondence. He's second in command there, isn't he?"

"Commanding now. Colonel Arbuckle took his arthritis to Virginia for the summer."

Royall caught an undertone of satis-



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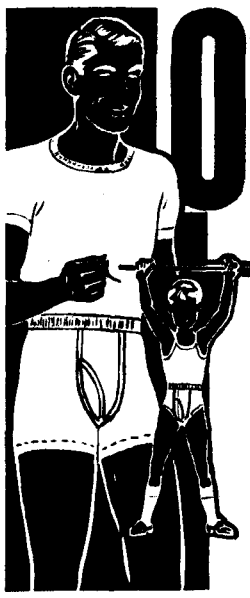

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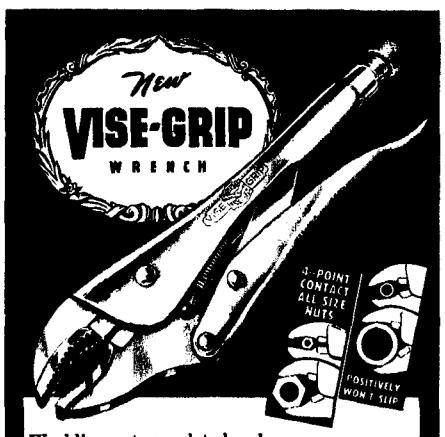

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faction in Ollers' voice. He said, "You seem to know what goes on there."

Ollers found humor in the remark. He replied, "You don't know much about this country, do you?"

"Nothing at all."

"You'll find I have a hand in a great many things. A great many. If it has a Christian dollar in it, I make it my business to know about it."

"Then you must plan to bid for the Choctaw removal."

"Bid?" A rumbling chuckle came out of Ollers. "Yes, I'll bid," he said. "I'll move 'em!"

"But won't it go to the low bid?"

"That's right." Ollers was laughing at him now. Royall felt suddenly stupid, like one who has shown ignorance of a thing that is common knowledge.

A servant came with breakfast. Ollers found knife and fork and attacked the ham before the Negro's hand relinquished the plate. Royall drained his coffee and started to rise. Ollers raised his fork in a restraining gesture. He waited, the fork uplifted, until the servant was beyond earshot, then leaned across the table.

"Heard a little something last night. The Texas bunch is putting Scanlon up to a fight with you."

Royall nodded. "That's been going on ever since I came aboard."

"I've seen it. This is different. Scanlon's going to pick a fight and challenge you to meet him on the landing at Montgomery's Point. Fists and boots. Or knives if you will. He fancies 'em."

"Why?"

Ollers shrugged. "Something to break the monotony. They're a wild crew."

Royall said thoughtfully, "I should have had it out with him the day I boarded. It's pointless now. I'll stay away from him today."

"Your choice," said Ollers indifferently. "But you'll be making a mistake."

"A mistake? Avoiding a brawl a mistake?"

"You're in uniform, aren't you? Aboard this boat you're the Army. You look good. You shoot pretty—at your own hat. But you're like the rest of the Army. You don't fight."

THE bite of the words was delayed by the complete impersonality with which they were spoken. But when it came, Royall felt the hot blood of anger swell in his temples. Ollers, watching his face, broke into booming laughter.

When it subsided to a chuckle he said, "Now don't challenge me, young sir. I can talk that way because I'm the best friend the Army has in the territory. Hell, I tell Colonel Arbuckle the same thing. The Army can't keep the Pawnees off the settlers' backs. They can't even keep the tame Indians from robbing us blind. And why? Because Washington won't let 'em. I'm not calling you a coward. I'm just telling you why people out here have no use for the Army."

Royall asked coldly, "How would a river-shore brawl change that?"

"Your choice," repeated Ollers. His manner said he had no further interest in the subject. But as Royall rose he caught a gleam in those black eyes. It was gone so quickly that Royall wondered if he had imagined it.

Returning to his stateroom he found Sean awake but still abed. Donnell sat up smiling. He moved slowly, wearily, as though the night had consumed instead of replenished his strength. Royall saw with a shock that his face was quite pale, his eyes shadowed by loss of sleep.

"What a waste!" exclaimed Royall. "You're riding the mightiest of rivers into the beautiful unknown. And you loaf abed!"

Donnell dropped back to his elbows. "You Americans bustle about too much," he said. "I'm beginning to believe it's a national characteristic."

"Don't start that again. I'm a simple soldier, sir, and I'll leave philosophy to you decadent Europeans."

"Phil, be serious with me for a moment. I want your judgment about something—something very important to me. All night I have lain awake telling myself that if I go to your Fort Gibson, I shall be buried there. Tell me—should I go?"

The light answer on Royall's tongue died as he saw the earnestness on Donnell's face. He asked soberly, "Why do you think you would die there?"

"Because I am not strong—" Donnell paused. "No, that is not the honest way to say it. I am weak. I was a sickly child. My boyhood, and my manhood, too, have been spent with books and studies and travel. I am weak physically.

"I am afraid of you, of this river, of what lies beyond. It isn't exactly a physical fear. It's—oh, I don't know. Yet there is something about all this, all of you, that is pulling me on. I do feel it, you see! I do love it! Perhaps out there at your Fort Gibson I could find in myself—no, Phil, it's too hard to make it all clear. But I do know that this is a decisive moment in my life. In some way it is now or never for Sean Donnell."

Royall could not answer at once. He was moved by Donnell's intimate heart-searching, by the picture he had received of things suggested but not said. There was loneliness in Donnell—a loneliness that set him apart and made him helpless.

Another thought came to Royall then, and he put it directly into words, "Has Beth asked you to go?"

"She—no. Her father has suggested it. He said I could be useful to him in moving the Choctaw."

Royall nodded, remembering the approval he had observed on Governor Sprague's face when Sean and Beth were together.

"Beth is a part of it," Sean continued. "You are too, Phil. But I want you to understand that I am going for the good or the destruction of myself, and not because of any of you."

"You are going? You've decided then?"

"Yes, I'm going. But I still want your opinion."

Royall said slowly, "Fort Gibson has the reputation of being the hardest duty in the Army. It is notorious for some kind of miasma that has taken off a lot of soldiers. You are entitled to know that, Sean. But it should not make any difference. I believe you should go. I'm very happy that you're going."

He extended his hand. Donnell took it. An awkward silence came upon them until Donnell said lightly, "Right now I'd better get something into my stomach or I'll never go anywhere."

Sean dressed, and they emerged together into the saloon. It was partly filled with passengers at breakfast, most of them eating with the subdued self-consciousness of sleepy travelers. At the forward end of the table near the bar, however, the Texas bunch was eating rapidly and with gusto, raising their voices in rough laughter.

"See you later, Sean," said Royall. He turned out of the saloon, conscious that the eyes of Ollers and the Texas bunch were following him.

RETURNING to the hurricane deck, he found half a dozen other passengers lounging there. He stood at the rail, watching the shore line and thinking of Ollers' advice. The pleasant excitement of Sean's decision had momentarily pushed it from his mind. He was sure Ollers spoke fact. Scanlon was a dolt and a bullyragger. Others of the Texas bunch obviously were inciting him to the quarrel.

From the corner of his eye he saw Scanlon and two of his companions reach the hurricane deck and move casually in his direction. He waited until Scanlon was three strides away, then moved to his left until a woman passenger's chair was between them.

It was too late for Scanlon to change direction. Royall walked forward and started down, feeling the first stirrings of anger. This was the second time he had stepped aside. There would not be a third.

Below him Beth Sprague started up the companionway. He stopped, and as he watched she lifted her skirt high and skipped lightly up two steps at a time.

"Father wants you," she said. "He would like you to stay in his stateroom while he attends to something or other."

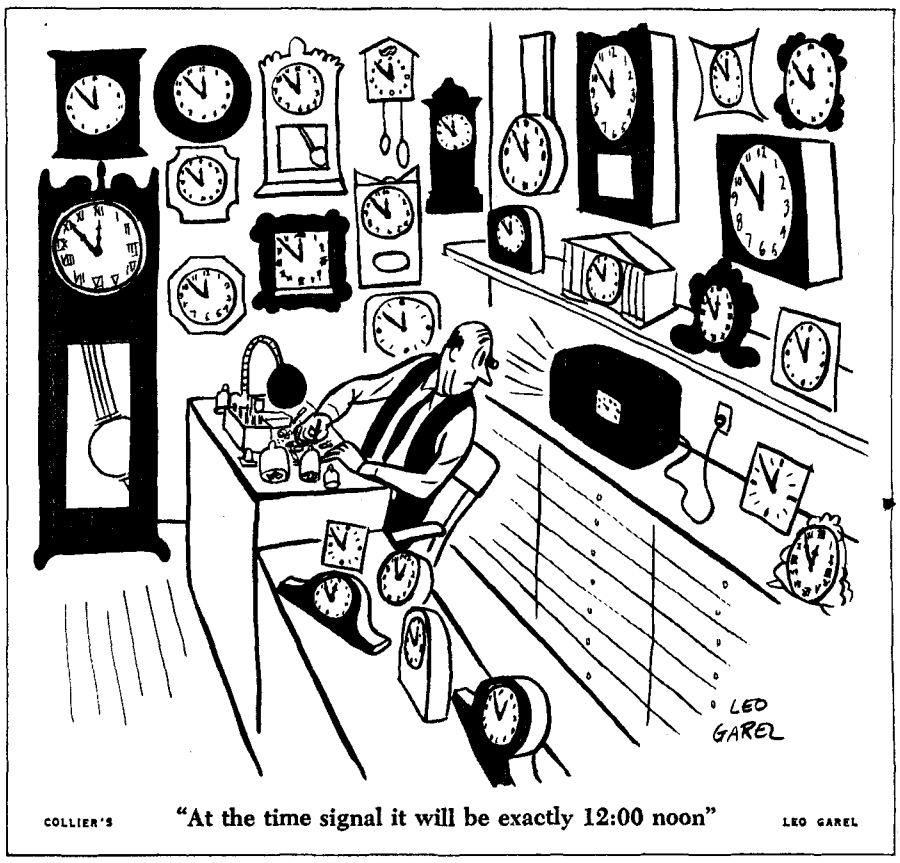
Royall asked, "Did Sean tell you he is going with us?"

"Yes."

"Is that why you're skipping up stairways?"

He asked the question teasingly, expecting to see confusion in her face. Instead she flashed back, "I love to run up stairs, Philip Royall. And it's none of your business why."

They laughed together, and for that moment he thought he had broken



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through the barrier of diffidence, almost open distrust, she had raised against him from their first meeting.

Thirty minutes later, as he lounged alone in Sprague's stateroom, Ollers knocked and entered. Ollers said at once, "Scanlon is telling the others you're dodging him."

Royall nodded. "Up to now."

Ollers crossed to the hair trunk. Seating himself, he stroked the worn hair idly. His head was bent, and he gave the impression of a man undecided as to whether he should speak. Presently he said, "I don't like talebearing. Every grown man should take care of himself. But for one of Colonel Arbuckle's officers I'll make an exception." He paused, then resumed briskly: "It's no good. They'll trap you as you leave the boat. They're going to force a fight."

"All right," said Royall suddenly. "Tell Scanlon to wait for me on the landing."

He watched Ollers' face closely as he spoke, but saw nothing there beyond the briefest of hesitations. Ollers snapped, "I'll not be go-between."

"Then wait here."

He did not have far to search. Scanlon and the others were bunched together in their customary places at the bar. Approaching them from behind, he locked his hands together in front of him and drove his arms like a wedge between Scanlon and the man on his right. He threw the full weight of his body behind the wedge, and the two men staggered apart. As Scanlon rocked on his left foot, grabbing at the bar to recover his balance, Royall lifted his elbow and drove it against the man's ribs, high up under Scanlon's arm. Scanlon lost his balance entirely and was saved from falling by the man who was standing alongside of him.

Confusion and surprise spread over Scanlon's face, giving way to anger. He lunged cursing at Royall, with a swinging blow that Royall took high on the arm. The bruising pain of it deep in the biceps told Royall that this man possessed a brute strength.

"Not here!" yelled a voice behind Scanlon. Three men leaped on Scanlon, riding and pinning his big arms. The man behind Royall jerked him backward, out of Scanlon's reach.

Royall waited until the blind rage was gone from Scanlon's face. Then he said, "I'll see you on the landing. Fists and boots."

As he shook his arms loose he saw triumph in the faces behind Scanlon. So Ollers was right. They did want the fight on the landing.

ROYALL lay loosely on Sean's lower bunk, listening to the hurried steps through the saloon, the shouts of passengers and the deep bawl of the mate overseeing the discharge of cargo. The boat had been tied up for ten minutes yet he remained here, waiting for Sean's return. Tension flowed strongly through him. He raised a leg, stiffened it and let it fall. The muscles were loose and without feeling. He had learned that from infinite practice, just as he had learned that swiftness could actually improve marksmanship. Tension sharpened all his faculties, but did not bind his muscles.

His plans were made. He intended to chop Scanlon mercilessly, cut him and slash him into a bloody hog of a man. It would not be easy. But no moment's doubt troubled him. Obscurely, it was to demonstrate something to Ollers that he had decided upon this course.

Donnell entered, his mouth drawn and unhappy. Royall asked, "Are the Spragues off?"

Donnell nodded. "Beth has gone up to the inn. The governor is on the landing." He picked up Royall's shako from the upper bunk, staring at it unseeingly. Then he burst out, "Phil, don't do it! This is brutal. Grown men don't fight over nothing, like dogs!"

"Yes they do, Sean."

Donnell said helplessly, "I—I think I can see some of it. There's some quality in you that makes the ruff rise on other men. But it's not your fault."

"Perhaps it is." Royall put on his long coat and buttoned it. He policed his uniform, took the shako from Sean and straightened its visor meticulously. Swinging his cartridge box to his shoulder, he grasped the portmanteau and his rifle. "Come on," he said.

He led the way across the saloon and through the cross-hall to the starboard rail. Emerging there, he was aware instantly that word of the approaching fight had spread. Men thronged the rail here and below, and he heard voices directly above him on the hurricane deck. They were in a holiday mood, laughing and shouting and some calling bets.

Through the sundown shadows he made out a two-story inn, set back on rising ground. Beth Sprague stood on the second-floor gallery. He was momentarily disturbed. But if she intended to watch, he could not help it. A small wagon, pulled by a single mule, was making its way from the inn to the landing. A smaller steamboat was tied up below the Rachel. Below that, he observed several skiffs and the bow of a keelboat. Just above the water line was a pile of barrels and crates and trunks, newly unloaded from the Rachel. Beyond it waited Scanlon, a throng about him.

Royall threaded forward and down the companionway, conscious of the expectant faces turned to him as he passed. Some black. Some thickly bearded. Some brown and weathered. A few that were barbered and well tended. But all filled with the same curious relish.

Ollers and the captain stood on the main deck amidships, watching the group ashore. Some absorption in their attitudes suggested alertness. Royall kept his glance on them until he reached the landing plank. His foot touched shore before he observed Governor Sprague.

Sprague came from behind the pile of cargo, walking beside two Negroes carrying the hair trunk. The wagon drew up beside them, and its driver jumped down to help them lift the trunk. Then Royall saw one of the Texas bunch stroll over and engage Sprague in conversation.

A chill of danger cut through Royall, stopping him and lifting him to his toes. Swinging about, his eyes swept the boat. Ollers and the captain no longer were at the rail. He could not find them.

"What is it?" asked Donnell in quick alarm.

Royall did not answer. He studied the crowd around Scanlon. He could pick out Scanlon because of his height, and he saw Scanlon's gaze on him across the heads of the others. But the crowd was too densely packed for him to make out how many of the Texas bunch were there.

Scanlon's voice bawled out, "Come on, soljer boy. Come take your skinnin'." He stood spread-legged, his bold eyes confident.

"Coming," said Royall.

HE HANDED his rifle and cartridge box to Donnell, removed his coat, folded it atop the portmanteau and placed his shako on the coat. When he straightened he lifted his eyes to the inn. Beth Sprague still watched.

He moved forward, stepping lightly and slowly, still not sure of this, trying to find the new danger his senses told him was here. As he drew closer the crowd opened, making a lane for him. He saw only one of the Texas bunch with Scanlon. He observed two others walking casually toward Sprague and the man who already held Sprague in conversation.

Then his attention swung back to Scanlon and he saw that he had no more time. Scanlon was preparing to charge. His kind always did. He intended to crush Royall to the ground, to ride him down and keep him down with boot and knee and thumb.

In the second before Scanlon shifted his weight to lunge, Royall leaped for him. Scanlon checked himself involuntarily, swinging his huge right arm back to cock.

Royall halted his running leap just within Scanlon's reach. He stopped suddenly, his body lightly poised and loose at the knees and hips. That plunging right fist of Scanlon's reached for him and he took it high on his chest, riding his body back with it until it lost its force.

This was the time. Scanlon's broad, straining face was wide open. This was the moment to stun him, to tear out his strength and leave him helpless for the deliberate slashing Royall had planned. That plan was forgotten as the blow went home, precise and controlled and true. He threw the whole lifting weight of his body behind it, trying for the kill. He must end this quickly. He must search out the new danger here.

Scanlon staggered and fell sideways to a knee. He rocked forward on that knee and then he shook himself and his head came up. He was too much meat and bone and hardened sinew to go down under one blow, even a poleax blow. Royall plunged in, hammering that face twice again as Scanlon tried to pull erect. Scanlon sprawled, landing full on his back. He pushed himself up, crouching and staggering half around so that his head was turned away from Royall.

That was when the first shot came from the direction of the Rachel. It was followed almost at once by two more, the deep, booming roars of big-bored flintlocks. The crowd broke apart, some diving to the ground, some running aimlessly. From somewhere came one more shot and a yell of triumph.

Royall heard the shots as he drove in once again, but the pulse of combat beat through him now with a raw fury. He struck again and again without pity until Scanlon's mouth went slack and he sank limply down.

Royall faced about then, breathing deeply and feeling the pain in his hands. He saw Governor Sprague motionless against the wagon, staring down at the body of a man. A second one of the Texas bunch sat on the ground holding a bloody arm, and the third stood facing the steamboat with arms upraised. From the direction of the skiffs came the Rachel's mate, pushing another of them

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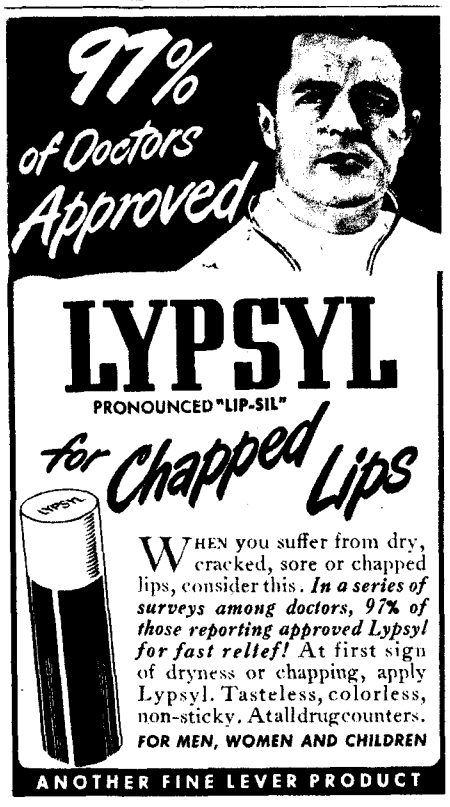
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ahead of him with a pistol. The captain and the clerk stood on the Rachel's hurricane deck, rifles pointed at the man with upraised arms. Frank Ollers was swinging down the landing plank.

"Phil! What is happening?" It was Donnell, standing at his side. He saw Beth running down from the inn.

"Come on," he said.

They hurried to Sprague, who had picked up the pistol of the man at his feet and was looking blankly at it, shock written on his face. Ollers came up. He glanced at the dead man, then reached across and shook Sprague's hand.

"A wonderful piece of luck," he said gravely. "If we hadn't got out the rifles to make sure that these blacklegs didn't interfere with a fair fight—"

He brought his smile around to Royall. "Neatly done, sir," he said. "Fort Gibson is getting an officer who can stand up and fight." He extended his hand, and Royall responded automatically. For a moment Royall believed him. It had been luck, a fortunate coincidence. Then he felt the bite of pain as Ollers' fingers closed about his bruised knuckles. He saw the amusement and contempt in those black eyes; and knew that Ollers intended him to see it. He had promised to protect and escort Sprague. He had been drawn into a brawl that made the robbery possible, and was brawling when Sprague needed him. Accusations against Ollers now would make him wholly ridiculous.

THE steamboat Deerlick of forty tons, Captain Wade commanding for Frank Ollers, owner aboard, passed the abandoned and crumbling stockade of Fort Smith on a late spring afternoon. A short time later the captain called attention to the blazed oak marking the western boundary of Arkansas Territory. Beyond this blaze no white man traveled lawfully except upon authority of the Army.

When the sun was full in his eyes the captain eased under a promontory and tied up for the night. "River's dropping," he said to Royall, "and when she's low she's wicked as a shallowhearted woman —this Arkansas."

Royall was standing in the bow the next morning with Beth and Sean Donnell when he observed a flatboat drifting down toward them. It was painted a bright red. Four soldiers manned its oars, and a second lieutenant of infantry held a negligent arm over the steering oar. The lieutenant saluted Ollers respectfully. Thereafter he kept his eyes on Beth until his craft fell far astern.

Ollers and Governor Sprague strolled forward, each contentedly working on one of Ollers' thin black cigars.

"The whisky patrol boat from Fort Gibson," said Ollers. "You'll be sitting in that lieutenant's place soon, Mr. Royall."

Donnell asked, "No whisky for the Indians, Mr. Ollers?"

"Or soldiers," said Ollers. "It causes a great deal of the Army's trouble."

Some slight amusement on Ollers' face made Royall inquire suddenly, "Whose whisky?"

"A lot of it is mine," Ollers replied promptly. He turned to Sprague. "It comes from the distillery I showed you at Little Rock. I sell only to honest merchants. But I can't control their sales."

Sprague nodded. "Naturally."

"But," said Beth, "there are barrels and barrels of it in the hold. I saw it."

"Blockade runner, am I?" Ollers smiled. "No, Beth, that is licensed Sutler stores."

"For whom?" persisted Beth.

Her father frowned. Ollers gave Royall a measured look. "For disillusioned young officers," he said.

"This is odd," said Donnell. "If that boat is supposed to catch whisky runners, why is it painted a flaming red?"

Ollers tossed his cigar in the river. "Major Traut's idea. Give 'em a sporting chance, he says, then punish 'em hard when you catch 'em."

Donnell's eyes circled the river scene. They were entering upon low, alluvial shores topped by canebrakes that stretched monotonously for miles. Today and yesterday these brakes had alternated with thick, dank tangles of woodland rarely relieved by higher ground. It was desolation without the lure of beauty.

"I think," he said, "that men must make a game of many things out here. It becomes a necessity." . . .

Afternoon had arrived again before they reached the mouth of the Neosho. Royall and Beth waited in the bow while the captain poked anxiously across the sand bars. Presently the captain raised a hand, and Royall showed a laughing Beth how to touch off the little signal gun that warned Fort Gibson of their approach. Then he went to his trunks and added sword and eagle spurs to his uniform.

The flag, hanging lifelessly from its peeled log, came into view first. Almost at once the full stockade of whitewashed logs was there, squatting just above flood mark on the low east bank. A wooded knoll rose to the northeast, and a few outbuildings struggled aimlessly up the foot of its slope as though seeking escape. Around three sides of the stockade soldiers toiled among small, irregular patches of garden, and now they leaned on their implements to gaze at the Deerlick. Two yokes of oxen, dragging logs with infinite slowness, appeared along a trace from the southeast.

Governor Sprague's eyes were on the landing ahead, his heavy face solemn. Beth turned from the scene to look at her father, and a brief unhappiness touched her mouth.

It was Ollers who broke the mood. "Claptrap," he said briskly. "This is the end of nothing. There's five hundred miles of good country for white men between here and the Rockies, with nothing in our way but red heathens."

A quartermaster's detail issued from the west gate and marched with broken step to the landing. Officers and men hurried in an eager knot behind. Deck hands ran out the stage plank but no one boarded. They seemed to be waiting. Then a lone officer emerged from the stockade and came with quick, swinging stride. The crowd pulled apart to make a lane for him. He came on until he stood at the plank. There he stopped and stared up, a slim, handsome man in his middle thirties with a hawk's nose and cold gray eyes.

"If you forgot those violin strings, Frank Ollers," he said, "you can pull in this plank now and take your damned steamboat out of here."

"I've got 'em, Major," laughed Ollers. "Best gut in New York."

"Ahhh," said Major Traut. He swung quickly up the plank.

THE crowd pushed aboard behind him, the officers among them following him to the captain's cabin.

Traut bowed approvingly to Beth. "I shall see at once that the women of this station make you welcome," he said. "The men will be your own problem—Governor, we are completely at your service. Colonel Arbuckle left instructions that you shall have his quarters."

"Thank you, Major. I shall also need quarters for Mr. Donnell here."

"This young man? Certainly. Mr. Donnell, you look frail. I suggest you complete your business here and depart before the summer heat."

Traut moved crisply to take Ollers' hand, ignoring Sprague's sudden glower and Donnell's dismay.

"Harriet should be here," Traut continued. "Damn it, Ollers, that daughter of yours is a trial to this post." And to Royall: "Who are you, sir?"

"Philip Royall, sir, reporting to this regiment."

Ollers broke in, "A handy man in a fight, Major."

"Indeed?" Traut inspected Royall with a swift scrutiny that missed nothing. "What kind of fight, Mr. Royall?"

"I have never fought, sir."

"Then what—" His gaze moved keenly to Ollers, and back to Royall with comprehension. "I see. More steamboat brawling. And did you win?"

Royall said quickly, "Mr. Ollers won."

A girl's sudden merriment, high-pitched but musical, came from just outside the cabin. Then she was at the door and her laughter filled the room. She stood there on the arm of a subaltern, a dark-eyed, brown-skinned girl surveying the cabin with a defiant gaiety. Her hair

"At least we have something left—we've got each other!"

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was held up by a red turban to show earrings fashioned of large gold coins. Moccasins encased her small feet.

Traut scowled and went to her at once, offering his arm as the lieutenant stepped abruptly back. She did not take it, for her eyes had found Ollers and the laughter went out of her face. She gazed across at him with a steady, set insolence. Traut reached for her hand, placed it on his arm with an impatient, possessive gesture and moved with her to Beth.

The dark-eyed girl accepted Donnell's bow, then shook off Traut's hand and crossed slowly to Ollers, giving Royall a long, direct regard as she advanced. She stood directly before Ollers, her arms at her sides, her eyes meeting his. "Welcome, my father," she said. Her voice was low and mocking.

Ollers lowered his head in a nod of greeting, waiting as though he expected more, perhaps a rushing outburst. When none came he answered carefully, "You look well, Harriet. How is your mother?"

"Busy." Her tone became faintly challenging as she added, "And happy."

"That's good. Tell her I'll be over to see her tonight. There are things aboard for both of you."

"Mother will be pleased." She turned to Royall, smiling and waiting.

Ollers said reluctantly, "This is Mr. Royall, Harriet. My daughter."

Royall said wickedly, "Your father never mentioned a daughter. Was he worried about my prowess?"

"Oh, good!" She laughed up at him with a free and natural boldness. There was a wildness in this girl, and beneath it a strong and primitive passion was smoldering, and he thought how like a gypsy she looked until he remembered that the Cherokees and the Creeks wore turbans like hers. His eyes followed the roundness of her cheeks and shoulders and the curves beneath her muslin.

"My father doesn't talk about me," she said, "because I'm an exile."

"Now, Harriet—" began Ollers. It was the first time that Royall had ever seen him uncomfortable.

Still smiling up at Royall, she asked, "Did you ever hear of Miss Sally Pierce's Female Academy, Mr. Royall?"

"At Litchfield in Connecticut." He nodded. "I went there from the academy for a party one Christmas."

"Was there a sleigh ride to Goshen?"

"Yes. And then a dance, at the tavern. Don't tell me you—"

She did not let him finish. "It seems a long way off now, doesn't it? But, you know, my father's house in Little Rock has become farther away to me."

In the silence that followed she met and held Ollers' stony gaze. Across the room Major Traut listened with impatient deference to Governor Sprague. A captain and two first lieutenants surrounded Beth. Donnell nodded courteously to a plump, lively little man in a linsey-woolsey jacket—the civilian surgeon, by the looks of him. The steamboat captain entered, a Negro servant following him with whisky and glasses.

"Goodby, Mr. Royall," said Harriet Ollers. She flashed him another smile and whirled gracefully away to Beth, and led her from the room.

Ollers produced a fresh cigar and bit down upon it but made no move to light it. "You will be happier here, Royall," he said, "if you stay away from my daughter."

(To be continued next week)

OUR POISONED WATERS

Continued from page 21

utilizing sewage gas (Springfield, Illinois, finds it saves $8,000 a year in electricity bills), and by selling sludge. And there is indication that in many cases plants will be able to pay for themselves over a period of years.

Industry has been quick to catch on, too. For example, before the states began to crack down on them, many American distillers dumped the slops from their stills into the nearest river, where the half-fermented grains rotted and acted exactly like human wastes. The slops from a good-sized distillery were the equivalent of the daily wastes of 500,000 people.

In 1930, when the state of Illinois expressed its disapproval of such activity to the Hiram Walker plant in Peoria, the Hiram Walker people hired a young state employee named Dr. C. S. Boruff to work out the problem for them. Boruff put the slops through a series of drying operations and discovered some amazing things: that the grains, having absorbed great quantities of yeast and vitamins in the whisky-making process, possessed three times the food value for cattle that ordinary grains did; and that another by-product of the slops made baby chickens grow to broiler size in two weeks less time than usual.

Hiram Walker rushed to put in a big separate factory to convert the slops into bagged feed, and within a comparatively short time the Peoria plant was making a million-dollar annual profit on material formerly dumped into the Illinois River.

As the result of all this, the rest of the industry rushed to follow suit, Boruff rose to be one of the top executives of his company, the Illinois River got cleaned up considerably, and the name "slops" became the more genteel "stillage."

In the same way a pair of steel plants, when told to stop pouring their acid wastes into the Rock River, came up with a recovery process whereby they can use the waste acid over and over again. This saves them $100 a day. Elsewhere in the country, a large brewery developed a bouillon cube from its beer-making wastes; a varnish plant is marketing corn oil from its former wastes; a paper mill made $30,000 in royalties on the process it had to develop to save paper fiber instead of dumping it into the river; and one of the most popular breakfast cereals on the market today is fortified with Vitamin B_1, a waste that formerly went into innumerable streams and killed millions of fish.

Today, many industries, like the Ford Motor Company, are spending millions of dollars on research to discover how to render their wastes harmless. Other companies are waiting for assistance from the U.S. Public Health Service's laboratory at Cincinnati. It was there that famous bacteriologist C. T. Butterfield first isolated the Zooglea organism that does the work in sewage treatment plants; and so far, the laboratory has found that phenol wastes can be removed by a similar biological process, and that chlorination under certain conditions does away with deadly cyanide wastes. They also have isolated a bacteria that eats parachlorphenol, the dangerous industrial waste resulting from the manufacture of 2-4-D, the weed-killing plant hormone.

So at long last the big cleanup of our poisoned waters is under way. It's not going to be an easy job because, as Carl E. Schwob (able officer-in-charge of the Water Pollution Control Division of the U.S. Public Health Service) puts it, "Our rivers didn't get this way overnight, and they can't be cleaned up overnight."

Last year, former Surgeon General Thomas Parran told Congress, "The organic pollution alone is the equivalent of 8,000,000 dead and disintegrating mules dumped into our waterways every year."

That leaves us with about 7,900,000 mules to go.

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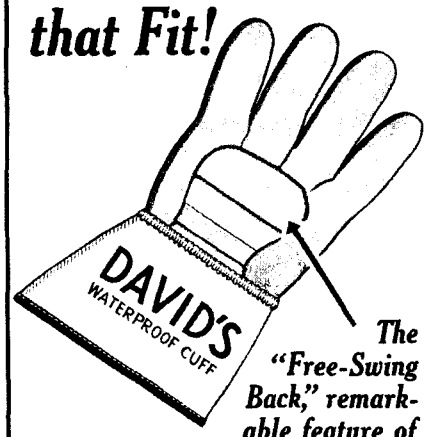

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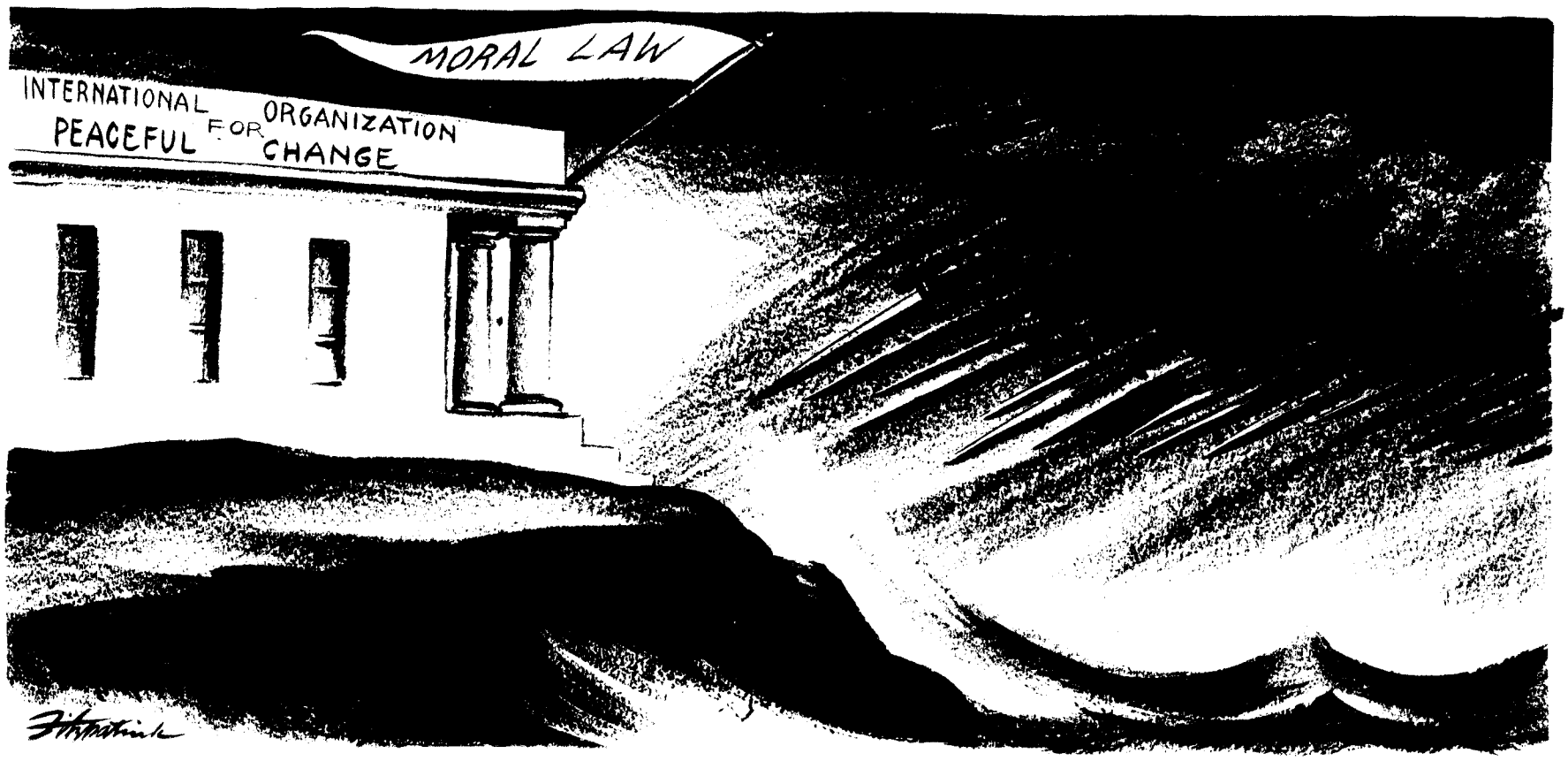

Collier's believes...

THE GATE TO PEACE IS THE CHURCH DOOR

WHAT DOES A reasonable, well informed religious man think of war and the prospects of war at this time?

John Foster Dulles is such a man. He is an eminent lawyer whose business is international. So he might be counted well informed and perhaps even reasonable. He is an active churchman. In fact just the other day he flew to Amsterdam to talk to the World Council of Churches about war and how to prevent it.

Also, Mr. Dulles is politically important because of his connections. He is Thomas E. Dewey's friend and adviser on international relations. If Governor Dewey were to be elected President, many think that John Foster Dulles would be Secretary of State.

These facts doubtless persuade him to measure his words carefully. Nevertheless, he is trying to answer questions which every thoughtful person of good character asks himself in these troubled times.

Well, for one thing, although hating war as he does, John Foster Dulles sees no hope in a surrender to Communism. Christianity believes in peace. Communism believes in war. He points out that we would not find peace by abandoning our Christian faith and surrendering to Communism. The Soviet regime is not a regime of peace. Violence and coercion are the accepted methods of the Communists although class war is usually preferred to national war.

Mr. Dulles reminds the world that the recent Cominform indictment of the Communist Party in Yugoslavia charged as a grievous offense the Yugoslav belief that a "peaceful growth," of Communism is possible with capitalism. The heresy of the Russian Bukharin who was executed in the Russian purge of 1938, was that he believed Communism and capitalism could live together in peace. So it would appear that Henry Wallace's program of surrender to the Communists is not the road to peace with Russia.

Mr. Dulles, however, is one of those who believe, as Sherman did, that war is hell. He thinks this is the time for the churches to expose the evil and futility of war. He disagrees with those who talk about war "as though it were an unpleasant but necessary remedy for existing ills."

He faces the fact that at times war may have to be risked, even by Christians who hate war, as the lesser of two evils; and he is sure there can be no holy war. There is no reason to think, he says, that a new war now would accomplish any good.

But will we have any choice between war and surrender to the Communists? Mr. Dulles thinks there is a solution. He thinks that we can have a little time to put our house in order.

What should we do? Try to remove the basic cause of war. What is the basic cause of war? Mr. Dulles agrees with the churchmen who say that in a living world, change is inevitable and that unless there are political institutions that make provision for peaceful change, there is bound to be violent change.

Here is where the churches and good men and women who loathe and dread war can help practically. First, we have to be sincere; the churches have to believe in a moral law that is the only sanction for man-made law. Second, we have to believe that every human being has dignity and worth. Both of these beliefs are religious. Where men hold such ideas peace can prevail.

Western democracies, the Christian countries, have never created adequate international institutions for peaceful change. Domestically they have done much better. If we will do what is possible now toward establishing international institutions that make possible change without war, Mr. Dulles argues, present difficulties will recede. If we, who believe in moral law and human dignity, make our political practices match our faith, the Communists will be deprived of the arguments they now use against us.

Such is the political creed of a highly intelligent churchman. Until someone can make a better statement of the faith of civilized men it will stand. Can you better it? W. L. C.

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